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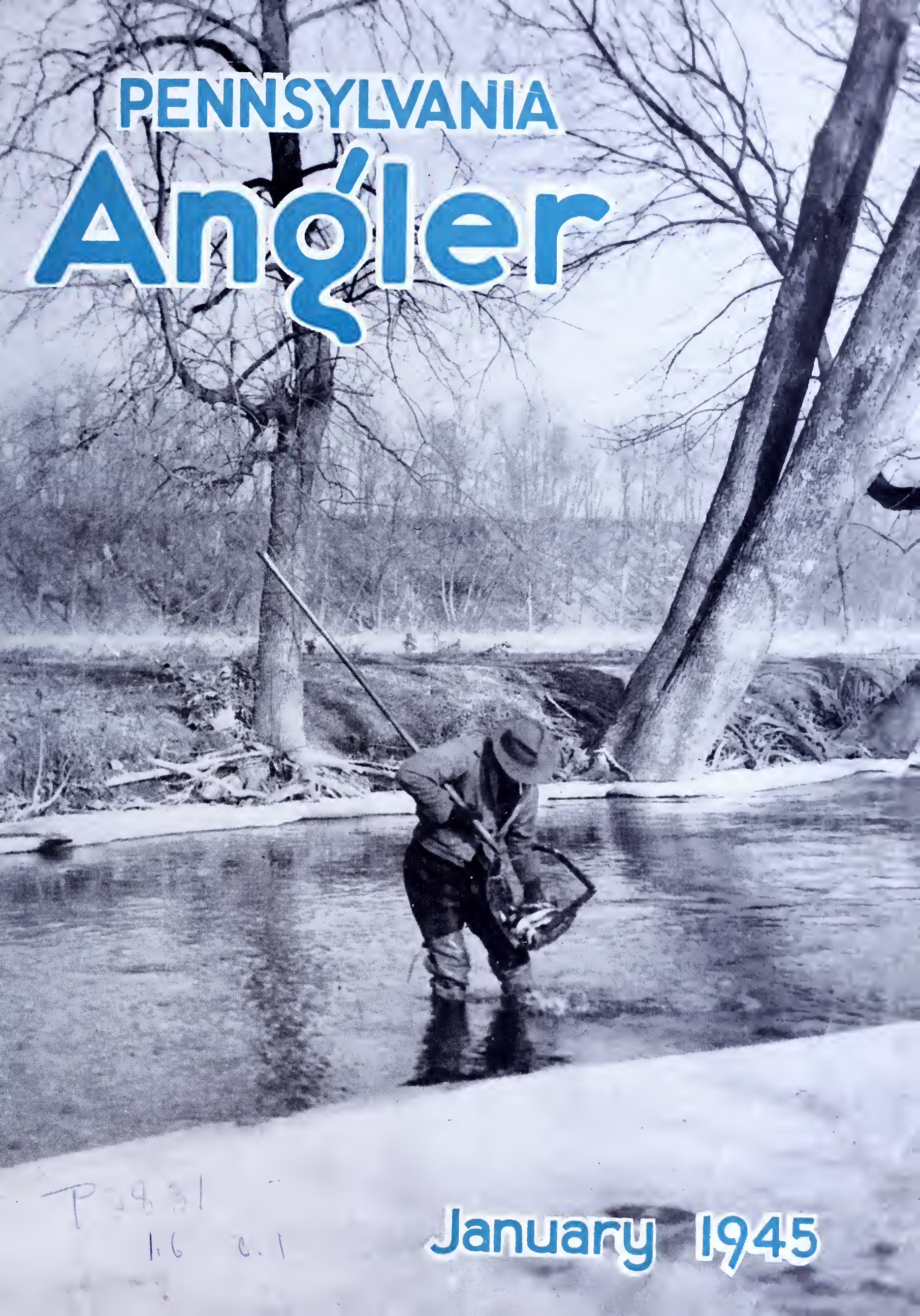
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# PENNSYLVANIA Angler



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January 1945



# PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

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★

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# PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

VOL. 9, No. 1

January, 1945

## Cover

### Early-Spring Trout Stocking

Photo by STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER,  
Harrisburg Evening News

## *In This Issue:*

### The Making of a Caster

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### What Fly To Use

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### Honor Roll--

Penna. Fish Commission

## EDITORIAL

THE ANGLER firmly believes that it expresses the grateful appreciation of every man, woman and child, who has learned to love the peaceful and unadulterated atmosphere of our great outdoors, when we in the name of honest conservation salute the greatest conservation-minded Attorney General in the long, long history of Pennsylvania; the Honorable James H. Duff.

When stream pollution reared its ugly head on French Creek, Venango County recently, action of the type long yearned for, really and truly came into material form and the wheels of the Department of Justice began to turn and turn fast with Attorney General James H. Duff himself swinging the big club; a refreshing departure from other days.

Thousands of fish were killed, yes tons of fine game and food fish, pike and black bass and muskellunge, some measuring as long as thirty inches. There was no guesswork about the magnitude and seriousness of the destruction. "The flow of this deadly substance into the stream was not an accident; it did NOT escape from the refinery as a result of causes beyond control. It was removed from the refinery and DUMPED in a place where it was as certain to enter the stream as rain falling in the same location."—declared the Attorney General in arguing the case before the Courts of Dauphin County. "The outrage against the public is that this poisonous ammonia liquor could have been disposed of easily and harmlessly by the Corporation. Instead it was evidently decided to dispose of it without cost to the refineries by recklessly dumping it into the stream regardless of consequences."

"If this type of flagrant disregard of the public interest is to go unpunished, it is idle talk of a conservation program in Pennsylvania."

These are phrases with a real punch behind them, the only kind of talk apparently that will really be effective in any campaign to end stream pollution. An injunction against the discharge of ammonia liquor by the Refinery was granted by the Dauphin County Courts, while at the further direction of Attorney General Duff, criminal prosecution in the courts of Venango County against the Refinery is now pending.

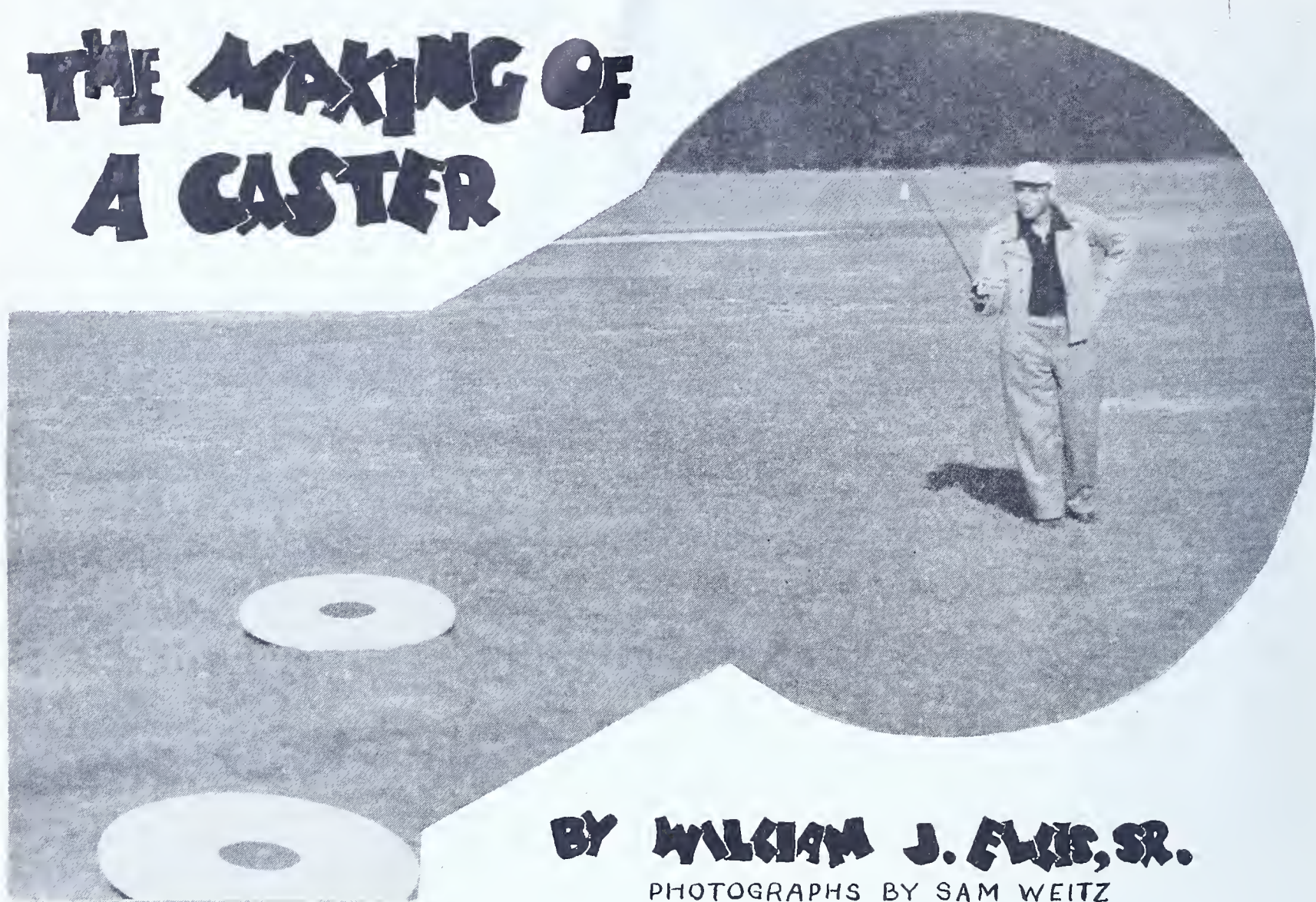
A FINE JOB! Courageously done! We arise with conservationists and sportsmen and citizens everywhere to pay you our signal salute—Attorney General James H. Duff.

—The Pennsylvania Angler

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# THE MAKING OF A CASTER



**BY WILLIAM J. FLIS, SR.**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAM WEITZ

Sam Weitz practicing on the Casting Court of the Dover Fishing Club.

Bob Hall was flabbergasted! There was Sam sitting up in the bow of the boat just as if nothing had happened. Bob couldn't deny what he had just seen, but still . . . well, it just couldn't be. He felt like the "rural gent" who had just seen a giraffe for the first time, and after taking a good look said: "There ain't no sech animal!"

Sam's complacency seemed to get Bob's goat. Finally, after refraining from any comment for over an hour since it happened, Bob could hold in no longer: "Sam," he said, "I think that was about the luckiest cast you, or anyone else, ever made!"

"Well," began Sam, "I—"

"Now don't tell me you called your shot!" interrupted Bob. "I know all about that. You said you could make that hundred foot cast and place your plug right on top of the bass, and you did, but I still think you were just bluffing, and got away with it."

"Huh! So you think I was bluffing?" mumbled Sam, partly to himself.

"I don't think . . . I know it! You couldn't do that again in a hundred years!"

"Want to see me?" smiled Sam.

"Do I?" exclaimed Bob, "I'll row back there now, and bet ten to one that you won't come within yards of that spot this time."

Sam laughed out loud: "Save your money Bob, but start rowing!"

Mumbling something about being C-

double-O-ditto, Bob started to row. Sam had reeled in his plug, and as the boat started across the lake under Bob's powerful strokes, he did a little reminiscing about the cause of all this discussion.

He didn't blame Bob for being skeptical, because, underneath that calm exterior, he had experienced a combined feeling of surprise and elation himself. The part that pleased him the most was the confidence he had in his ability to go through with it.

Yes, that confidence in his ability to cast, plus, of course, the ability, was the greatest asset he had ever added to his accumulation of angling technique. Less than two years ago, the real art of casting had been a complete mystery; and the way it had come to him read like a page out of the "Arabian Nights." Sam never tired of telling it.

It was in the spring of 1942 that Sam Weitz had picked up a copy of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER and read about the casting activities of the Dover Fishing Club. An old time fisherman, Sam didn't believe that there were any new thrills for him in the art of angling; still, this competitive casting sounded different, and at least he would meet new friends with a mutual affection for the out-of-doors. So, he wrote the secretary for a membership application and eventually joined the club.

Early in May each year the Dover Fishing Club holds an intracub tournament as a

sort of prelude to the casting activities for the season. That year Sam decided to get busy at once and show his new friends how good an old time fisherman could cast. So, armed with his best casting rod, most expensive reel, and a psuedo confidence he went out to the field all set for a big day.

It was a big day; in fact, one of the biggest days of his life; but not in the way he had expected. Casting was not as easy as it looked.

Sam learned more that day about handling a bait casting rod than he had learned in all his years of practical fishing. Not that he had been doing anything actually wrong, but there was something about the way those tournament casters handled themselves that immediately won his admiration. They seemed so completely relaxed and had such absolute confidence in themselves that they exerted no effort at all; and the deadly accuracy with which they could hit those targets was almost uncanny.

All his life Sam had been accustomed to winning. He had been an athlete of outstanding ability since boyhood. Running and swimming had been his best events. In 1915 he had won the Middle Atlantic A.A.U. indoor championship for 1000 yards, breaking the track record at Duquesne Gardens in Pittsburgh by three seconds. The following year he had repeated his performance in Philadelphia defeating Howard Berry, who



at that time was one of the country's outstanding athletes.

He had held several swimming crowns and in 1917 was acclaimed winner of the fancy diving contest at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, while serving in the navy during the first World War; but here was a competitive sport which tied right in with his favorite outdoor recreation, and he wasn't even close to being a winner. Not yet, at least, but he'd show 'em! Or would he?

Then and there he determined to become a caster . . . He used his eyes, his ears, and asked a lotta questions. The other Dover Club casters were glad to help him. Instead of considering him as a competitor, they regarded him as a fellow member who wanted to learn, and Sam was an apt pupil.

He learned that that relaxed feeling and attitude of confidence, shown by the better casters, was largely due to the fact that they used practically no arm movement at all. They made their wrists do most of the work. Even the hand used in gripping the rod was relaxed. In all his years of practical fishing, he had never even learned how to hold his rod. He knew all about keeping the spool of the reel in a vertical position, with the handle on top, and applying thumb pressure on the flange instead of on the spooled line; but tournament casting showed him another little detail that he had completely overlooked. He had always wrapped his fist around the rod grip and squeezed it similar to the tenacious grasp of Babe Ruth preparatory to pasting the pill out of the lot. The resulting tenseness of his wrist muscles made it almost impossible to get full efficiency out of the snap, so necessary in the forward cast. He was also giving his thumb plenty of extra work for no good reason.

In gripping the rod, the expert tournament caster places the four fingers of his casting hand on the underneath side of the handle and keeps them close together with the heel of the hand resting on top. The heel, of course, is the marginal part of the palm next to the wrist, and below the lower joint of the little finger; not the fleshy pad at the base of the thumb. (See photos No. 1, and No. 2 in the accompanying group.)

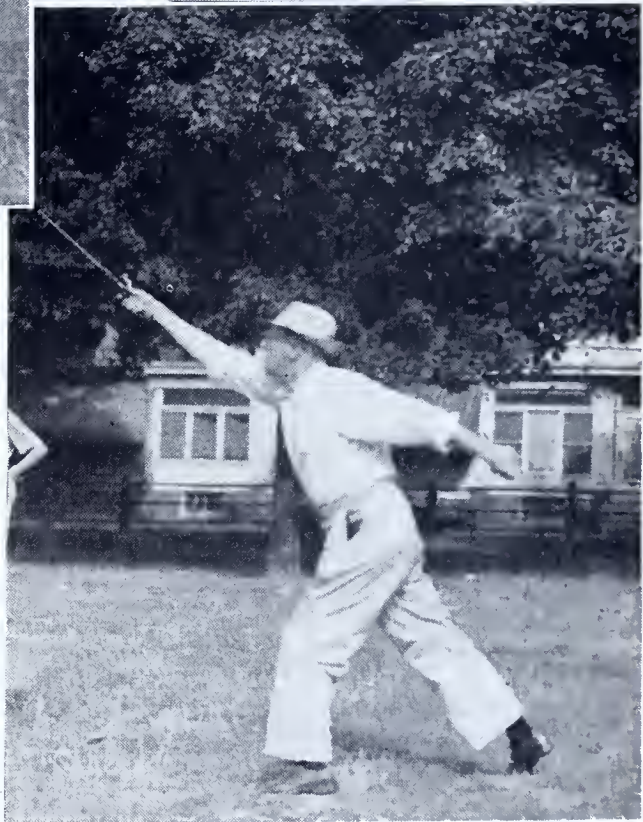
With the reel in its proper position, the thumb will now rest naturally with the tip against the side wall, or the inner flange of the spool. The palm of the hand forms a cup just above the handle of the rod, (see photo No. 3) and the reel is under full control with practically no thumb pressure. All strain and tension is eliminated from the wrist and the whole casting arm is relaxed.

Sam found it rather awkward breaking away from that old viselike grip that had become a habit over years of fishing, but he was amazed at the way his accuracy improved as he gradually mastered this one little detail. His wrist action also was enhanced by this method of gripping the rod.

Never before had Sam realized the full significance of wrist action. This is not strange, because it is a phase of casting that has been treated rather hastily by most writers on the subject. It is generally referred to as "that delicate wrist movement" and the reader is then treated to a rather voluminous description of how the upper



These casters helped the Dover Fishing Club win the 1944 championship in the Middle Atlantic Association of Casting Clubs: Above, Jacob A. Busch, winner of the "Surf Longest Event." In circle, Harold G. Lentz, the only triple winner of the tournament, was high man in the "Surf Average Event," the "Fisherman's Special Longest," and the "Fisherman's Special Average." Right, Floyd Minor was tops in the 5/8-ounce Plug Distance Event.



and forearm should be held still while the wrist is made to do all the work; but seldom a word on how to help the wrist in its task. An analysis of this wrist action, with the object of increasing its efficiency, is of paramount importance.

Plug casting, more than any other kind, is done almost entirely with the wrist; distance tournament casting, of course, is the exception. The controlled cast, where accuracy is the objective, employs only the forearm and the wrist, and mostly the latter. The fingers and hand, however, play a very important part, and if properly used, do as much toward controlling the cast as the wrist.

Having mastered the details of the grip as described above, the caster stands facing the target. The upper casting arm brings relaxed at his side; the forearm is nearly horizontal. The rod is resting in his hand as shown in photograph No. 3. He is all set to cast. Then—

The wrist is snapped from a horizontal

to a vertical position and instantly back to horizontal. Not just moved, but SNAPPED! Right there is where the fingers are brought into play simultaneously with the wrist. In fact, they give the snap.

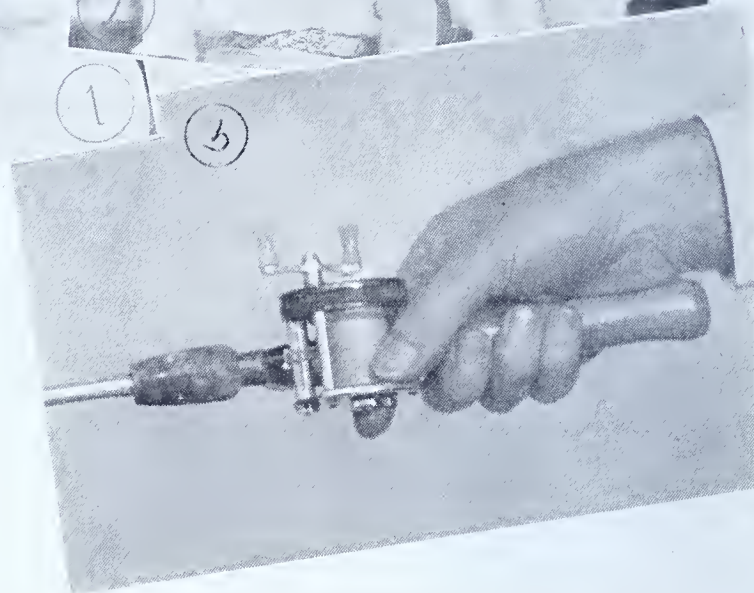
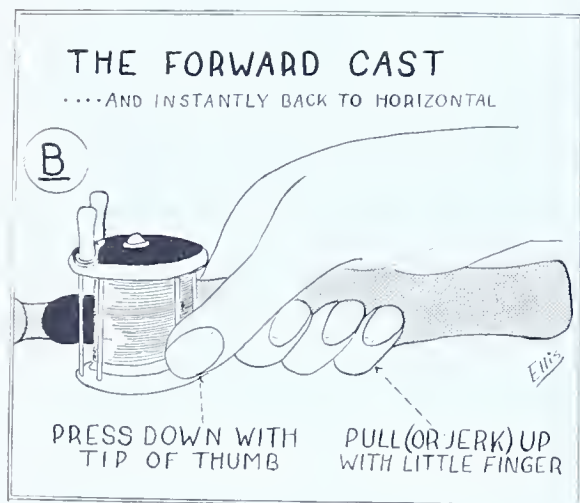
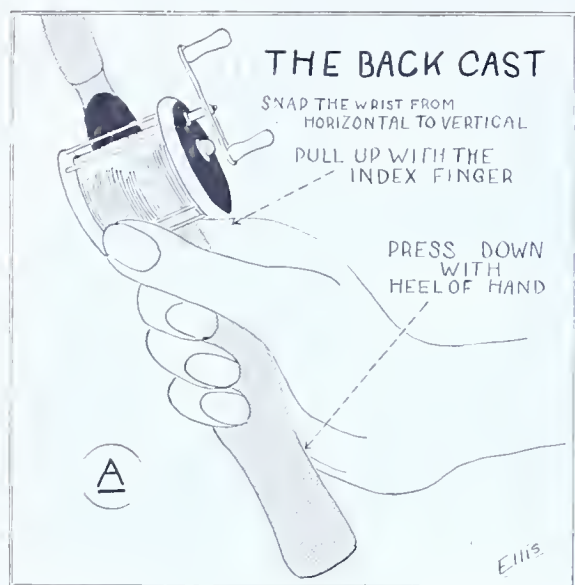
Pull up with the index finger and press down with the heel of the hand as you bring the rod from horizontal to slightly past vertical, or the one o'clock position, thus completing the back cast. Then, press down with the thumb and pull (or rather jerk) up with the little finger as you go into the forward cast.

All this must be done in a scant two-fifths of a second, or about one percent of the time it has taken you to read about it. A quick one-two count is used. The back cast on the count of one, and the forward cast on the count of two.

The novice is advised to practice this a few times with nothing but the rod in his hand. He will soon notice what a snappier and freer wrist action he has acquired by using

Next Page





Floyd Minor watches the writer demonstrate the proper grip while plug casting. No. 1—The four finger tips are placed underneath the rod grip with the index finger in the hook. The fingers are kept close together. No. 2—The heel of the hand is lowered so that it rests on the top of the rod grip. The fleshy pad at the base of the thumb should not touch the grip. No. 3—The thumb is dropped so that it rests with the tip against the exposed portion of the spool. The palm is cupped into a hollow just above, but not touching, the rod grip.

the wrist, hand, and fingers as directed. And, most important of all, throughout the whole cast, there must be no sign of tenseness. Success depends upon complete relaxation.

At first Sam found difficulty in obtaining the distance he had been able to get with the old arm movement. His accuracy was nearly infallible on the closer targets, but his casts were falling short of the eighty foot mark. This, of course, was only natural when the muscles of his hand and wrist were doing a job that had previously employed his whole arm, so the problem now was to build up these muscles.

Here his early athletic training and gymnasium work was a great help. Sam knew indian clubs were one of the best wrist developers to be found. So, he got busy with the clubs and worked out a special routine to develop the wrist and hand muscles used most in casting.

All that summer he worked; developing his wrists with the clubs, and perfecting his "art" on the casting court. By the time the Dover Fishing Club held its Fall tournament for competitive casting, Sam was placing a  $\frac{5}{8}$  ounce plug with deadly aim for distances up to a hundred feet, and was rapidly bringing the  $\frac{3}{8}$  ounce plug up to the same mark.

Then came that Sunday in June, 1944, when he had actually set a record. Of all his athletic achievements, none had given him such a feeling of satisfaction as the winning of that  $\frac{3}{8}$  ounce accuracy event. It was the proudest moment of his life.

For years Barney Berlinger had been the

favorite plug caster at the annual Willow Grove tournament sponsored by the Middle Atlantic Association of Casting Clubs. He still was, and furthermore, he had just captured the  $\frac{5}{8}$  ounce accuracy event. The crowd was expecting him to repeat in this.

Sam, on the other hand, was practically unknown, and he was slated among the first to cast, in fact *the first*. Naturally he was slightly nervous, for he knew that the Battling Barney was right on his heels waiting to top any score that was made.

When he heard the referee call "perfect" at the first target, he knew that the battle was won. He became cool as a mint julep, and put every bit of concentration at his command into his task. Something told him he couldn't lose.

The crowd and place were forgotten; he was back on the Dover Club's casting court practicing with Al Freck and Ray Bird and some of the other members. The staccato note of that little "ping" made by the plug hitting the targets was the only sound audible, except for the voice of the referee as he repeated that "perfect" for the second, third, fourth, fifth—Gosh! He had lost count! How many more did he have to go? Was that a miss? Yes, by inches . . . then again, "ping."

At last it was over, and he suddenly became aware of the crowd around him. There were the boys from the Dover Fishing Club congratulating him. What was that they were saying? "Ninety-Nine!"

Impossible! The only score that could possibly beat him was a perfect 100, and that had never been done. In fact, it was first time on record that ninety-nine had been scored in a Middle Atlantic Competitive Tournament.

On that same day Sam watched other members of the Dover Club come through winners. Floyd Minor was tops in the  $\frac{5}{8}$  ounce distance event. In the distance surf event Jake Busch came through with flying colors, and Harold Lentz captured the blue ribbon in three of the ten events held. Other members had placed in all these events and had accumulated sufficient points to make the Dover Fishing Club the association champions for that year.

All of the above winners owed their success to the fact that they were members of a casting club that concentrated on bringing out the best that was in a man. For years this club had been building champions in the salt water field. Far out in front was Harold Lentz, who was acclaimed the world's champion shortly after the first World War; and who, twenty years later, had staged a miraculous come-back. Then there was Charlie Vollum, Ralph Bowman and others. All these surf casters had the Dover Club to thank for their success; and now the fresh water casters were topping the field in competition. Sam was not only proud of his accomplishment, but proud that he was a member of such a club.

During all this reminiscence, Bob had been



making progress with the oars, and Sam was suddenly brought back-to-earth with: "This looks about right, or shall I bring it a little closer?"

Sam looked up and spied an old tree trunk, about a hundred feet away, sticking up out of the water at a rather sharp angle. Less than two feet away a rock jetty looked as if it were anchoring the other end of the log to the bottom of the lake. In his mind's eye he could picture a bass hiding under the rocky ledge waiting to dart out and grab any intruding form of aquatic life that might venture into the natural cove formed by the tree stump and the rocks.

"Shall I pull a little closer?" repeated Bob. "No," replied Sam. "I'll try it from right here."

"Feeling sort of cocky eh! Well go to it."

Sam's plug was on its way before the words were out of Bob's mouth. Reeling in all excess slack to bring the lure right up to the tip of his five and one-half foot rod, he let drive with a terrific wrist action that sent it forward like a bullet. At no time did it appear to be fifteen feet above the surface of the lake. Contrary to the traditional method of dropping his lure from a point directly above the objective, Sam shot with such force that the plug flew in a direct line for the target.

Spl-a-a-a-a-ash! It hit the surface a few inches from the rock. For the second time in as many hours, Bob was amazed. He was speechless . . . just stared with an expression like a little boy caught stealing cookies. The cast was perfect; the distance well over a hundred feet; and the target, bounded by the tree stump and the rocks, was less than two feet across.

The strike; the way the bass churned up the water around that old tree trunk; and the fight that followed is no part of this story. That's all happened lots of times. Of course, making a bass rise from its secluded cover twice in the same afternoon, isn't exactly an everyday occurrence; but the real pay-off, the climax, was the fact that Sam had come back the second time, and from an unbelievable distance, placed the plug right where he wanted it.

Both anglers were silent on the return journey. Finally, as they were stepping out on the dock, Bob spoke: "Sam," he said, "we've been fishing together for a good many years, but I've never seen you cast like you did today. Can't understand it?"

"Tournament casting!" replied Sam.

3,000 TROUT STOCKED  
IN BUSHKILL CREEK

While local nimrods have been turning their attention from small game to the stalking of deer, the anglers of this section are not being neglected by the Pennsylvania State Fish Commission.

Evidence of this is found in the announcement by Darl Bethmann, chairman of the Fish committee of the Easton Fish and Game Association, that 3,000 trout, of the popular species—brown and rainbow—were planted in the Bushkill. Walter B. Purdy assisted in the stocking which covered the stream from Devil's Cave to the Stockertown bridge.

Seasons and Regulations Governing the  
Principal Game Fishes for 1945

With but one exception, the seasons and regulations for the taking of Game Fishes in Pennsylvania in 1945 will remain the same as during the year 1944. The one exception is muskellunge the legal size of which has been increased from twenty-two (22) to twenty-four (24) inches. This increase was made in order that this fine fish which furnishes so much sport in the lakes and streams of Northwestern Pennsylvania will be further protected.

The size, season and number of the principal game fishes are as follows:

TROUT—Charr, commonly called brook trout, or any species of trout except lake or salmon.

Season: April 15 to July 31.

Size: Not less than six inches.

Number: (One day) combined species: Ten.

TROUT—Lake or salmon.

Season: July 1 to September 29.

Size: No size.

Number: (One day) Eight.

BASS—Small and largemouth.

Season: July 1 to November 30.

Size: Not less than nine inches.

Number: (One day) combined species: Six.

PIKE PERCH—Otherwise called wall-eyed pike or Susquehanna Salmon.

Season: July 1 to November 30.

Size: Not less than twelve inches.

Number: (One day) Six.

PICKEREL.

Season: July 1 to November 30.

Size: Not less than twelve inches.

Number: (One day) Six.

MUSKELLUNGE—(Western or Northern Pike).

Season: July 1 to November 30.

Size: Not less than twenty-four inches.

Number: (One day) Two.

Fly Fishing for Trout 300 Years  
Before the Birth of Christ

"I have heard of a Macedonian way of catching fish and it is this: Between Boraca and Thessalonica runs a river called the Astracus, and in it there are fish with spotted (or spreckled) skins; what the natives of the country call them you had better ask the Macedonians.

"They have planned a snare for these fish and get the better of them by their fisherman's craft. They fasten red wool around the hook, and fit onto the wool two feathers which grow under a cock's wattles . . ."

Those words were written by Aelian three centuries before Christ. They describe the first known trout fly. They show how incredibly old is this recreational activity which we call angling.—*Texas Game and Fish.*

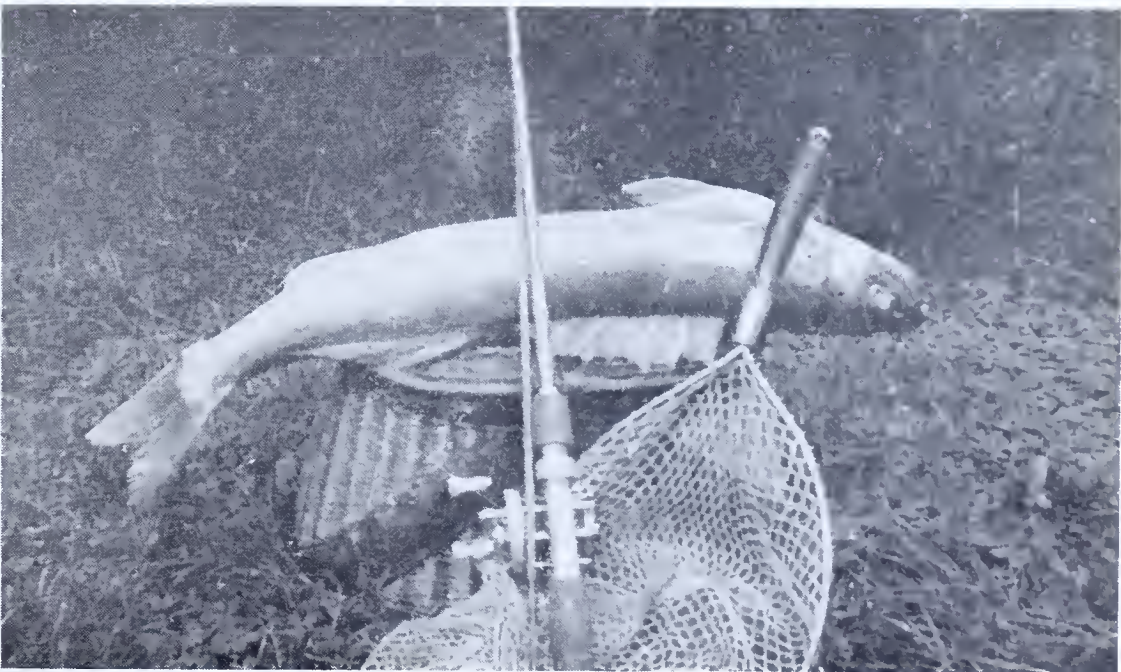
LEHIGH OFFERS THE PACE

Lehigh County set a goal of 2,300 members by the end of 1944. Their roster already includes 2,309 thus topping the goal by nine with the new hunting season not yet started.

Lehigh County reported 611 paid entries in their recent live trout fishing contest, the 11th annual event of this type conducted by the association. The contest is not a money maker. Receipts were only \$152.75 while it cost \$370.00 to stage the affair.

Of the one thousand large trout ranging from 10 inches up to a rainbow of 28 inches in length, a total of 857 fish were caught at one time or another throughout the day. Anglers in the contest only killed 108 fish.

The fish remaining after the contest were netted from the enclosure at Dorney Park and planted in the Little Lehigh.



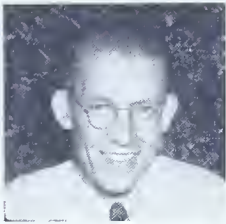
Pike perch, 26 in., 5 lb., 4 oz., taken from Raystown Branch, Juniata River near Everett, Pa., by Ralph V. Mostoller.



# WHAT FLY TO USE?

## Some Hints on the Proper Selection of Lures to Get Action in Your Favorite Trout Book

By DICK FORTNEY



Dick Fortney

CAN you explain, Mr. Angler, why you are using that particular pattern of fly you have sent floating down the trout brook? Do you have a special reason for believing that it is the one fly that will interest the fine fish that you know live in this stream? Is your choice based on the season of the year, on conditions that prevail on this stream, and on a study of the kind of natural insects the trout are eating? Or do you just make a habit of opening your fly box, choosing the feathered lure that happens to catch your eye at the moment, and then using it in the hope that it will arouse the interest of a trout?

These are questions that might well be put to every fly fisherman in Pennsylvania this winter to set him to thinking of the all-important question of what fly to use—and where and when.

Few men have a liking for the school of angling authorities who would reduce the fine sport of fishing to an exact science. There is something sacrilegious about reducing angling to a coldly calculated scientific procedure. Yet it also is a fact that without a certain fundamental knowledge of stream insects and their relationship to the art of catching trout, an angler never gets the most out of his sport.

There are four factors which must be understood and taken into consideration in the selection of the proper fly, wet or dry. These may be set down as follows:

1—Color. 2—Water Type. 3—Size. 4—Fish Behavior.

Let's begin our thinking with the first point, color—and by that we mean the color, or rather the colors, of the natural insects which live in and around the trout streams of Pennsylvania.

John Alden Knight, the nationally known angling authority whose articles have appeared in this magazine, attaches great importance to his observation that trout stream insects progress through a very definite series of color changes in the period from the middle of April to the end of July. No doubt many other anglers have noted the same color changes from month to month,



Trout that are freely feeding on an active hatch of insects are not always easy to catch.

but probably few have gone to the trouble of charting these changes and watching them develop year after year.

Yet knowledge of this color cycle is valuable to every trout angler. Admittedly when a hatch of insects is in progress the choice of a fly to imitate them is relatively easy. But when no hatch is in evidence, and when the trout are not on a rise, the angler must rely on guesswork and trial and error, both of which waste valuable time and are not very productive—unless he is armed with the knowledge of what natural insects are present, even if unseen at the moment.

From the opening of the Pennsylvania trout season, April 15, until the first of May, natural insects are predominantly black and dark blue in color. And the angler who knows this fact can immediately reduce his list of probable fish catchers to these patterns: Blue Quill, Black Gnat, Dark Coachman, Quill Gordon, and Dark Olive, or those other patterns of wet and dry flies of the somber colors.

During the month of May the natural color of stream insects becomes lighter, the list for this period of the trout season including blue dun, olive, dark brown, and medium brown. And the well informed angler will make his first choice from among such pat-

terns as the Hare's Ear, Gray Quill, March Brown, Blue Quill, Whirling Dun, and Dark Cahill.

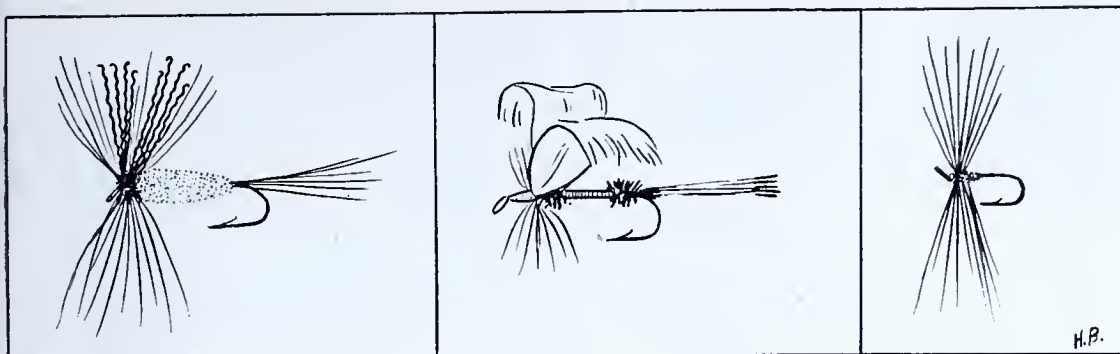
(Incidentally, flies used in the first two weeks of the season continue to be good during May. This is true all during the season, because hatches of insect life are continuous, and thus the list is constantly being lengthened as the season progresses).

May also brings some special hatches, including the Alder and the Ginger Quill and Iron Blue Dun, during the last half of the month, and the justly famous Shad Fly along about the final week of the month.

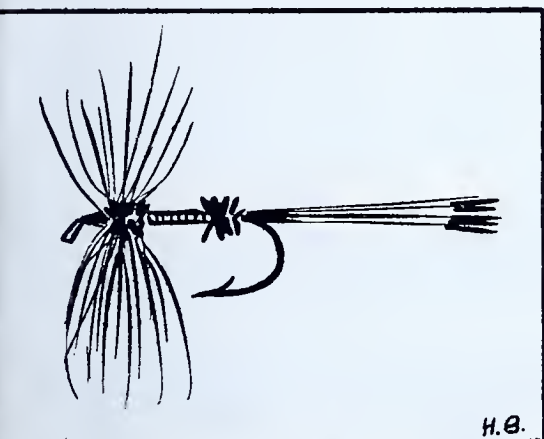
It is a bit hard, and it is scarcely necessary, to draw a line between the color cycles for June and for July. The natural insects appearing during these two months all tend to the lighter colors, with tan, buff, and honey predominating. The imitations first on the list are the Light Cahill, the Honey Dun, and the Pale Evening Dun, as well as other patterns of flies of the more brilliant shades.

And there, boiled down into a couple hundred words, is the sum and substance of the color cycle in stream insects. Memorize it, use it, and you will have gone a long way toward knowing what fly to choose some day next season when the air is clear of insects





Three favorite "Gun 'Em Up" flies—Left to right, The Wulff, the Fan-Wing, and the Spider.



Bivisible Royal Coachman.

and the trout are not actively feeding.

Let's go on to the second point—Water Type.

To set down a set of rules concerning water types, as has been done with colors, is virtually impossible because, as every angler knows, any stream has what we may call a personality of its own and certain distinctive characteristics.

I had a terrible time the first couple of fishing trips I made to limestone streams. Being accustomed to fishing clear water brooks and creeks, I could not understand why time-tested patterns failed to produce, and then a more experienced angler came to the rescue.

He pointed out what has been confirmed—that dark color flies are decidedly the proper choice for lime water. The Blue Dun, Gray Quill, Black Gnat, and the small Black Spider are consistently good producers. Wet flies also are used to special advantage in this clouded type of water, and the proper trend always is toward the smaller sizes, the sixteens and eighteens, and even an occasional twenty.

Two personal experiences will illustrate.

In one of the large pools in Elk Creek, near the town of Millheim, Centre County, I came upon the hungriest trout I ever have seen. It was mid-morning, and the sun was shining brightly, but this fish was rising consistently—a rise about every 30 seconds—and taking floating flies. The way the sun was shining I could plainly see the fish emerge from behind a large underwater rock, rise through the cloudy water to the surface, scoop up an insect, and then drift back toward the rock.

To discover the type of fly the trout was taking was impossible, because I stood on a road about ten feet above the surface of the water and not more than 20 feet from the rising fish. So I faced the nerve-testing task of trying out patterns until the fish was in-

terested, all the while running the risk of putting him down with a careless cast.

Under terrific pressure the first cast was made with a Light Cahill that was already tied to the leader point. The fly was cast upstream from the feeding station of the trout and allowed to drift down to him. He came up, but turned back without an attempt to take the lure.

The knowledge that flies of somber colors were best on this stream came to the rescue, fortunately. The Light Cahill was snipped off, and a Size 14 Blue Dun tied in its place. The cast was carefully made.

This time the trout didn't just investigate. He took the fly slowly and deliberately—in that characteristic fashion of a trout that is very sure of what he wants—and not until the fish turned back toward his hiding place did I set the hook.

There was a short, sharp battle, and a rainbow 17 inches long was scooped up in the landing net.

In Pine Creek, in the same vicinity, a trout that must have been all of 20 inches long arose twice to look over a dry fly one rainy morning—and then struck viciously on a Newville Midge, Size 20. Of course, I didn't land the trout on the tiny fly and the fine leader that had to be used with it, but there was the thrill of fooling the big fish.

There is another stream where quill-bodied flies rank first. And it is no secret that on almost any trout stream worthy of the name there is one certain pattern that is more effective than others.

This lore about stream and water types may well be added to a knowledge of stream insects in choosing fly patterns.

Third on the list is size, and this is a topic which deserves a whole article in itself but which for the purposes of this discussion can be set forth in short order. The question of size, incidentally, is of importance mostly when a hatch is in progress and the trout are feeding.

There are two things to do: First, to try to match the size of the natural insects; secondly, if that fails, to use contrasting sizes.

Matching of natural sizes needs no explanation. Even the extreme novice at fly fishing can master that. But we must never lose sight of the fact that matching of natural sizes is not always successful.

The solution is size contrast.

Many an angler who begins fishing with, let us say, a Light Cahill and when that fly does not produce turns to a Henderson, and then tries a Royal Coachman, and on down the line, would have vastly better chances of success if he kept right on using the Light Cahill—but changed sizes.

If he started with a size 14, let him turn to a Size 16, and if that doesn't produce

action, then try a Size 12. He will soon learn that a change in size will produce results far more speedily than a change in patterns, that is, if the angler is using a pattern appropriate to the season of the year and the type of water he is fishing.

And now for Point No. 4, the most interesting of all—Fish Behavior. For convenience and in the interest of coherence, subdivide this point into two general areas—1—When the trout are actively feeding. 2—When trout are lazy.

What has been established about fly sizes may be repeated almost word for word in regard to fly patterns when fish are actively feeding. The angler can hope to interest the fish either by an imitation of the natural insects or by a fly in contrast to the naturals.

The art of imitation of the natural needs no lengthy explanation. The angler simply gets his fly among the naturals and waits until a trout takes it.

But there often are times when a trout will ignore the imitation, no matter how good it is. Granting that the leader is light and long enough and that the cast is properly made, the reason probably is that the trout has become surfeited with the type of insect which it is eating. In that case, the technique of contrast is essential.

First, the angler may try a fly that is considerably larger than the natural, relying upon the aroused curiosity of the fish to prod it into striking. Or he may use smaller, making it harder for the trout to detect fraud. Or he may experiment with a pattern that is distinctly different, again trusting that his lure will catch the eye of the trout due to the fact that it is not the same as the natural insect on which the fish has been feeding.

Before turning from this point, two additional observations should be set down. Sometimes trout are on such a rampage that they will strike almost any pattern of fly. And sometimes they are so finicky they will turn up their noses (figuratively, of course) at all offerings.

One summer afternoon two of us were fishing on a small trout brook in the central part of the state, and we had a perfect fishing experience. In about three hours each of us caught nearly 50 trout and, by a strange coincidence, for we were a good half mile apart all the time, we killed only nine fish each, all of them better than ten inches in length.

My friend caught most of his trout on a Quill Gordon, and I took nine on a bivisible Royal Coachman, but both of us used a dozen other patterns with success during the afternoon.

Another time, on a different stream, a companion and I came upon a pool where at least 20 good fish were actively feeding. In an hour before dusk we both ran through all the patterns in our fly boxes—dry flies, wet flies, even nymphs and a couple of streamers—and not one of those trout made even the semblance of a pass at one of our lures.

I just don't know the answer to a situation like that.

And now comes the last point—the question of what fly to use when fish are lazy and indolent, uninterested in natural insects as well as in imitations.

The best policy is to use one of the pat-

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SC1/c Donald K. Geinger, popular Waltonion of Everett, now in Uncle Sam's Navy.



Bob Greener, of Lancaster, and two fine trout.

## WITH ROD AND LINE

By CLYDE ROLLER

A move that will probably be gladly welcomed by fishermen was made recently when the War Production Board authorized increased production of fishing rods, reels, hooks and other articles of non-commercial fishing equipment. Persons who have looked for some of these things in stores recently need not be told that they were getting scarce, or had been scarce for some time.

In authorizing limited manufacture, the WPB revoked an order that had since May 31, 1942, prohibited production of tackle or repair parts using metals, plastic and cork. Also, the order had limited manufacture of hooks to 50 per cent of the output for 1941.

The change in regulations resulted, it was pointed out by the WPB, from recent cut-backs and war contract cancellations. The Board added that the action will "not only help to supply returning servicemen with fishing tackle but, to a limited extent, will enable civilians to augment their family food supply with fish."

**NOTHING COMPARES WITH THE CLEAN WHOLESOME ENVIRONMENT OF JUVENILE FISHING. HERE IS A CLUB ACTIVITY WHICH SHOULD APPEAL TO EVERY ORGANIZATION IN PENNSYLVANIA**



Kiwanis Lake in Farquar Park in the city of York, and a glimpse into a fine program sponsored by the York Chapter Izaak Walton League of America in cooperation with the city and the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. Here thousands of children of all races and creeds find fun in clean character-building recreation. Fishing equipment is furnished by the Izaak Walton Chapter of York while John S. Ogden, State Fish Warden, assists in general supervision. Busy little minds and hands diverted into good channels in these hectic wartime days.





# REPORT OF MINE SEALING PROGRAM ON THE WEST BRANCH--SUSQUEHANNA WATERSHED

By MELVIN E. HINKLE, Chief Engineer

*As Edited and Condensed for Publication in THE ANGLER J. A. B.*

Prior to 1941, approximately \$23,000.00 was collected through public subscription by sportsmen's organizations in the following central Pennsylvania Counties—Lycoming, Tioga, Clinton, Center, Cameron, Clearfield, Elk, Union and Northumberland.

This money was required as part of the Sponsor's contribution upon application for a W. P. A. project for sealing abandoned bituminous coal mines in the above counties comprising a large portion of the watershed of the West Branch Susquehanna River. The purpose of sealing the mines was to attempt to reduce the amount of acid mine waters flowing into this river so that it could again be safely stocked, at least in part of its length, with fish life and to bring back other recreational facilities which had long passed out of existence through the ever increasing rate of bituminous coal mining in this watershed.

In May 1940, the Work Projects Administration, upon the prior approval as a public health measure and clearance by the United States Public Health Service, approved a sealing project officially sponsored by the Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters, and allocated specified amounts of W. P. A. funds which could be spent in each of the nine counties mentioned. The Department of Forests and Waters pledged the balance of the required Sponsor's contribution. The project was to be under the technical supervision of personnel supplied by the U. S. Public Health Service.

On May 12, 1941, the project was officially placed in operation when an office was opened in the Williamsport Sun Newspaper Building, Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and the necessary personnel was approved consisting of a chief engineer, an investigator, and a chief clerk.

## Results

The project operated for nearly a two-year period, from May 1941 to April 1943. During this time, preliminary survey work was 70% completed over the watershed area with 847 mines having been visited and 1045 samples of mine water collected. The chemical analyses of these samples showed that 193,528 observed tons of acid per year was being discharged into the West Branch Susquehanna River. On the basis of the 70% survey completion, and to the fact that most of the heaviest acid producing mines were included in the survey, it is estimated that the River received a total of 250,000 tons of acid per year.

Clearfield County was by far the most acid producing area and Lower Kittanning coal was the most acid producing seam.

Sealing work was conducted on 13 abandoned mine areas with 11 being completed. The total acid worked on was 35,208 observed tons per year with a resulting reduction through sealing of 21,174 tons per year, or 68.2% of the production, based on a 3-month period of resampling the mines after sealing. The acid reduction amounted to 8.47% of the estimated total acid received by the river.

A total of \$41,149.88 was expended on the 13 sealing units for a unit cost of \$1.94 per ton of acid reduction. Of the total cost \$16,383.17 was Sportsmen's funds, costing the sportsmen \$0.774 per ton of acid removed from the river.

## Preliminary Survey

Preliminary surveying of mines was necessary to build up in the various counties a back-log of abandoned mines, or mine areas, producing sufficient acid drainage to be feasible and economical for sealing, with properly executed waivers obtained from the mine owner giving his permission for the mine to be sealed, and the abandoned areas properly inspected, sketched and construction cost estimates prepared, against the time when laborers would be made available by W. P. A.

Although the W. P. A. Project as written up and approved only authorized labor, which was paid from Federal funds, to operate in the nine counties listed above, supposedly covering the entire West Branch Susquehanna River watershed, it was later found that a large portion of Cambria County and the western part of Sullivan County were also included in the watershed area. Survey work, only, was therefore extended into these two counties and particularly in Cambria County, and is the second largest acid producing area.

An average of 70% of the mines in the watershed area were surveyed and sampled, with 847 mines having been visited and 1045 water samples collected. All of these samples were mailed to Harrisburg, Penna., where they were analyzed at the Pennsylvania Department of Health's Chemical laboratories and the results mailed back to the mine sealing office. Here, all calculations were performed and decisions made as to whether or not a mine was suitable for sealing. The total results of the water analyses show that 193,528 observed tons of acid per year was flowing into the West Branch Susquehanna River.

Of the 847 mines surveyed, 306 were active producing 120,208 tons of acid, 48 were marginal (not completely abandoned or continually active) producing 8,017 tons of acid,

and 493 were abandoned producing 65,301 observed tons of acid per year. The abandoned mines represent 58.2% of the mines and produce 33.8% of the acid. Also, of the 847 mines surveyed, 300 were dry mines, or 35.4% of the total. A dry mine is one which has no drainage flowing from the mine openings, or has only periodical drainage during a year and then chiefly after heavy rainstorms, whereas, a mine termed as "wet" is one which produces drainage continually throughout the year and derives its water mainly from underground seepage.

The Lower Kittanning seam, produces by far the largest portion of the acid mine drainage with an average of 416.5 tons of acid per year per mine. This seam contained 51.4% of the mines and 93.6% of the acid. From the information collected in the field, the Upper Freeport seam, is the second most acid producing seam with an average of 80 tons of acid per year per mine. Excluding the mines reported on this coal seam in Cambria County, the average would then be only 3 tons per year per mine. The third most acid producing seam is the Brookville seam, with 54 tons of acid per year per mine. The other four seams are so low in acid production that sealing work on these seams could be omitted except in exceptional cases.

The number of mines and total acid produced in each county of those mines which produce 100 tons of acid or more per year. The results showing only 14.7% of the total number of mines surveyed are included in this category, yet they produce 79.9% of the acid.

The West Branch Susquehanna River has its headwater a little below Spangler in Cambria County. The first sampling station along the river was at Cherry Tree, Clearfield County, but which is practically on the Clearfield-Cambria County boundary line, and shows the river at its most acid condition, having a PH of 2.7 and acidity to Methyl Red indicator of 720 parts per million (P. P. M.). The acidity then decreases going downstream to Clearfield City, Clearfield County, a distance of about 35 miles. The river at Clearfield had a PH of 4.3 and a Methyl Red acidity of 8 P. P. M. Between Clearfield and Renovo Borough in Clinton County, a distance of approximately 50 miles further along the river, it again increased in acidity chiefly from receiving drainage from the highly acid Clearfield and Moshannon Creeks and from mine drainage coming from the Bitumen area in Clinton County. Continuing downstream from Renovo, the River showed a continual decrease in acidity over a distance of another 45 miles until at



Williamsport, Lycoming County, it is continually changing back and forth from slightly acid to slightly alkaline. An analysis of the river water at Williamsport generally shows considerable acidity particularly after heavy rain storms in the western part of the watershed, when "slugs" of acid mine water are washed downstream. This condition may occur anywhere from 3 days to two weeks after a sudden rise in the river stage and usually lasts for only a period of one day.

The two most acid main tributaries to the West Branch Susquehanna River are the Clearfield and Moshannon Creeks. Some considerable acid minor tributaries are Dutchman's and Mine Runs in Lycoming County, Babb's Creek in Tioga County, Cook's Run in Clinton County, Bennett Branch in Elk County, Trout Run in Center County and Moravian and Moose Runs in Clearfield County.

The following streams are mainly alkaline in reaction and are largely responsible for the neutralizing and diluting effect of the River acid between Renovo and Williamsport-Lycoming Creek, Pine Creek, Bald Eagle Creek, Young Woman's Creek and Sinnemahoning Creek.

#### Financial

Of the total cost \$21,743.35 was W. P. A. funds, \$1,492.50 was Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters contribution, and \$7,597.63 was Sportsmen's expenditures.

The W. P. A. portion of \$21,743.35 covered the labor cost of sealing work and includes foremen and timekeeper's salaries.

The Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters contribution of \$1,492.50 includes only rental charges for trucks and drivers supplied by this Department. Department of Forests and Waters contribution not charged off and still to be prorated among the sealing units amounts to \$698.36 consisting of \$336.00 for office rental including light, heat and water, and \$362.36 as the estimated cost of the office supplies and equipment supplied by them. A further contribution of \$832.50 should be credited to this Department as their share of the total cost of the project consisting of \$522.50 for the cost of making 1045 water analyses at \$0.50 each, and \$310.00 as depreciation of small tools at 5% per month for 12 months on an average monthly inventory of \$500.00 worth of tools used on the sealing jobs. The total Department of Forests and Waters contribution still remaining to be charged off against the sealing units is \$1,530.86.

The total Sportsmen's Organization expenditures made only by officially approved and signed Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters vouchers was \$16,383.17 of which only \$7,599.63 has been charged off against the sealing units. This leaves \$8,783.54 of overhead charges designated as "administration, supervision and surveys, and others," still to be prorated against the mines worked on. With 21,174 observed tons of acid reduced through sealing, it cost this Organization \$0.774 per ton of acid removed from the West Branch Susquehanna River.

#### Conclusion

Under normal conditions, with an ample supply of labor, it is believed that a mine sealing program could reduce a substantial

portion of the remaining acid mine waters flowing into the West Branch Susquehanna River to the point where subsequently the water would remain in an alkaline condition throughout the year and could, therefore, again be stocked with fish life without future harm, besides the many other recreational, industrial, domestic and economic benefits that would result.

Any mine sealing project, to liquidate itself and begin to pay benefits, is subject to maintenance the same as any mechanical engine, a house, or even fishing equipment. Unless every sealed unit is periodically inspected and breaks or failures repaired for the length of time required for the sealing unit to obtain stability, one year, maybe five years, then the sealed unit will not be functioning at maximum efficiency and eventually may be back to the condition where it will be manufacturing as much acid as before being sealed. It is necessary, therefore, for a mine sealing program to be successful and to pay the maximum benefits for provisions set up to finance a permanent maintenance department closely coordinated to, and working in conjunction with, the primary construction work.

It should be borne in mind, that during these war years with the mining of coal to the limit of present facilities, that an enormous increase in the production of acid mine waters is to be expected. In normal times the yearly increase in mine acid production is about 5 per cent. That, each year the total acid from mine waters being received by our streams is 5 per cent greater than the previous year. Now, and for the duration of the war and in all probability for several years after, a safe estimate for this yearly increase is 10 per cent. So, it can be seen the necessity of setting up a huge mine sealing program as quickly as feasible.

#### FINANCIAL REPORT OF HAROLD A. BROWN, TREASURER MINE SEALING FUND WEST BRANCH SUSQUEHANNA RIVER

##### Receipts

|  |             |
|--|-------------|
| Cash Contributions .....                           | \$23,555.40 |
| Promissory Note Clinton County Commissioners ..... | 1,000.00    |
| Total Receipts .....                               | \$24,555.40 |

##### Disbursements

|  |             |
|--|-------------|
| Paid Commonwealth of Pennsylvania Department of Forests & Waters for sponsors share of cost of project ..... | \$16,395.49 |
| Printing, telephone & stationery ..  | 198.47      |
| Postage .....  | 5.44        |
| Investment in U. S. Govt. Bonds Series F, Par Value \$9400 .....   | 6,956.00    |

(These bonds are registered as follows: "The Consolidated Sportsmen of Lycoming County, Trustees for the West Branch Mine Sealing Council," and with the promissory note listed below are in the safe deposit box of the Consolidated Sportsmen of Lycoming County in the West Branch Bank & Trust Co. at Williamsport, Pa.)

Promissory note of Clinton County Commissioners delivered to Consolidated Sportsmen of Lycoming County, Trustees ..... 1,000.00

Total Disbursements ..... \$24,555.40  
HAROLD A. BROWN,  
Treasurer.

## Only Man Can Be Destructive Of Trees

With Him He Brought The Products Of The Mechanical Age To Destroy Them

By W. M. MASSEY  
Editor, The Jasper Advertiser

Bill Massey is an ardent conservationist who loves the woods and all that are in them. The following is reprinted from his column, "Mind Run".

"Only God Can Make a Tree" the poet says in one of the great song-poems of the present day. Paradoxically enough, only man can destroy a tree as man does.

We know of none of nature's more bountiful provisions with which man is more wasteful and destructive than he is with trees.

Trees man found when he came here. Yet he has learned little of how to protect and prolong this natural resource on which he is dependent.

Man brought with him fire he thoughtlessly and often wilfully uses to destroy the young trees. Those trees that escape destruction by fire are retarded in growth and value.

Man brought with him axes, saws, railroads, trucks and other things of the mechanical age for the more rapid cutting of trees. Being more easily harvested, man takes them all so that it makes it impossible for nature to reseed the cut-over areas, even without hindrance of fire.

This is all bad enough. Yet of the trees that manage to reseed and escape the forest fires man only knows how to use about 40 per cent of them. He wastes the tops and the stumps. At the mills he wastes the slabs and the sawdust so that in the end only 40 per cent or less of the tree is used. But that is not the only way man is good at wasting a tree. He likes to cut the tree just as it is beginning to reach the stage of most rapid production. Of all the crops of the soil, timber is the only one that man deliberately harvests immature at a direct and heavy loss to himself. Man doesn't like to aid nature in pruning and thinning and so permits still more waste.

We could go on and on citing cases of how man can waste with trees; how he can take them all from marginal land and let erosion finish the job; how erosion and forest fires ruin the streams that would produce meat and recreation and how erosion and forest fires drives away the game.

But man is beginning to learn. He is

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## PLANTING FOR THE FUTURE

When William Penn first set foot on American soil Pennsylvania was covered with one of the finest stands of timber in existence. Her 28,600,000 acres were densely crowded with trees of great height and huge girth, that had been growing for centuries.

Private land owners and farmers are beginning to realize more keenly than ever before that idle acres are liabilities. By planting them to forest trees they are now changing these areas from liabilities into assets.

During the past eight years the boys of the Vocational Agricultural Classes and of the Junior Sportsmen's Club of Schwenksville High School have set a minimum of 5,000 trees to be planted annually by them.

The trees are purchased by the Perkiomen Valley Sportsmen's Association and are planted on idle lands of the neighboring farmers. This project has become quite popular with the boys, farmers, and sportsmen. All three will eventually benefit from such a program. Trees planted in this manner will be of direct interest to the sportsman in that it will provide cover, food, and protection for game as well as serve to hold and regulate water levels in the adjacent streams. The farmer finds that he is able to utilize otherwise useless and eroded land, and that such plantings will prevent any further erosion, and will in time provide an income for him. The boys learn the fundamentals of tree planting and feel that they are playing a vital part in helping to conserve the land and trees of our country. The boys have planted over 60,000 trees during the past eight years. Every time they pass an area planted by them they point with pride and remark, "I helped plant those trees." Seedlings for such plantings usually come from one of the nurseries of the Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters, and the contracts are secured from the District Forester. Trees planted are of the evergreen varieties such as: spruce, red pine, tamarack, white pine and hemlock. Red pine and white pine are the varieties which seem to grow best in this particular locality. Some years as high as 96 per cent growth was observed. Naturally, this percentage of growth varies due to the soil and climatic conditions. Some of the first plantings are now showing definite signs of soil erosion control, to say nothing of the vast amount of cover, food and protection afforded our game birds and animals.

Tree planting is a long time program and is the only practical way to bring idle land back into production. It is now evident that local, state, and national organizations are co-operating in an attempt to preserve, rebuild, and use wisely our material heritage—the land and its products.—Fred W. Eurich, Supervisor of Agriculture, Lanco High School, Schwenksville, Pa., and published in *The Sportscafter*.

Bass don't always hunt the deep holes in hot weather. Quite often they lie in the shallows, back in the weed-beds or at the edge of a shelf or cutbank. That's when you get those smashing surface strikes on popping bugs or plunkers.

## PENNSYLVANIA'S

## "WINTER-WONDERLAND"!



Typical Trout Streams in Center County  
Following Heavy Snowfall

(Photos by Staff Photographer)





# LITTLE JOURNEYS INTO YESTERYEAR

## Series I

### THE OLD LOG CABIN

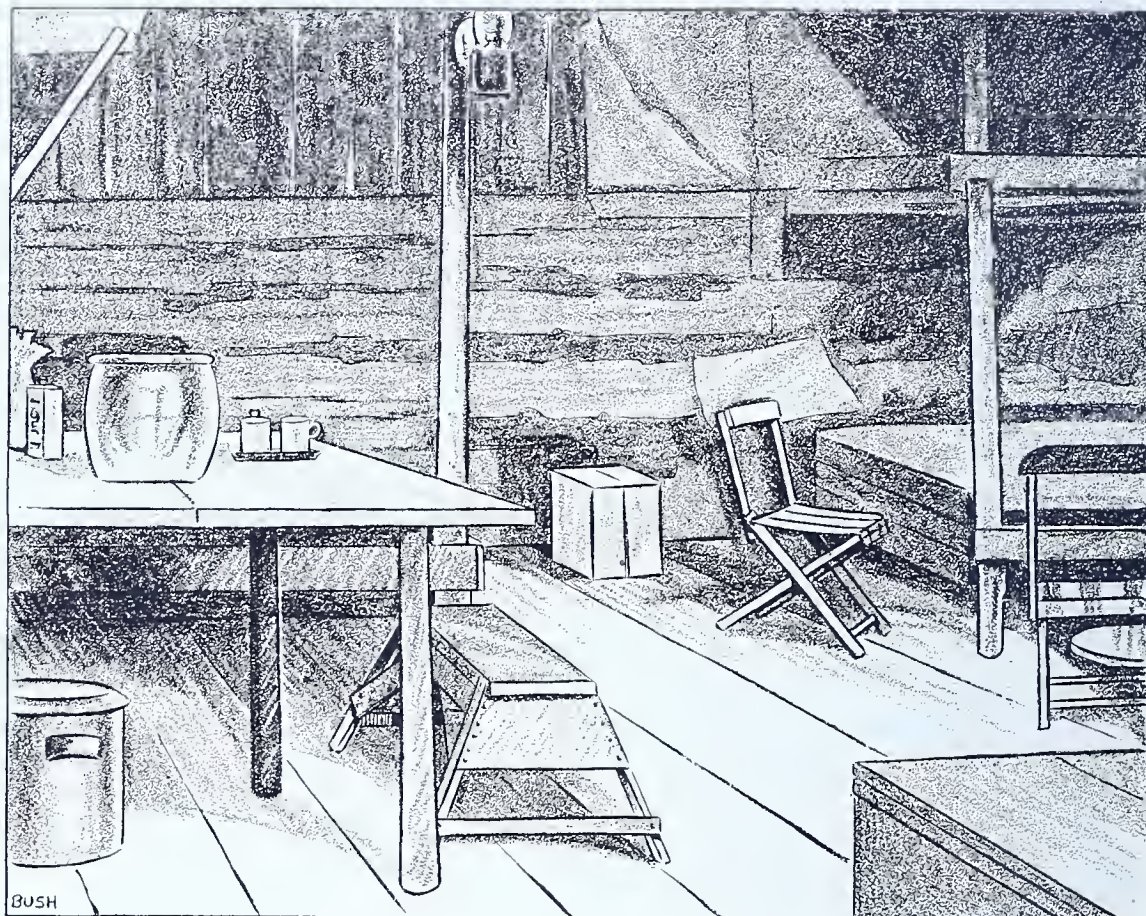
By



J. ALLEN BARRETT

Wasn't much to look at, just a hewed log cabin thatched with mud and chips while the floor and gables were constructed from odds and ends to be found only 'round a typical sawmill of some forty-five years ago; yet a most pleasing and inviting scene when you arrived from a ten mile trek. A trek which lead over two mountains and followed a trail of brush paths. A trek in which you were loaded down with either fishing or hunting equipment and your part of the provisions to last the party the best part of a week. Old haversacks of the Spanish-American-War type, strapped over the shoulders and packed tight with potatoes, beans, eggs, bread, jellies, fitch, pan-cake flour and other hard staple items for human sustenance.

The trail followed a rather unique course with well located and established watering places. First, "Mischler's Spring" near the point of beginning from which stop we proceed out through the "Glen" past the "reservoir," to "Road-Makers" shanty where the Northern foothill of "Powels" mountain reared ahead. "Smoke-Hole" the next spring just over the top and on the southern slope always refreshed the traveler after the strenuous hike over the hump. On down to the "Hand-Board" to skirt the backwoods fields of "John Shuck" cross the creek and hit the "Burnt-Off" trail across Peters mountain. Next stop, "Hanover Spring" then the pitch and almost immediately the treacherous task of negotiating the steep "Sun Side" and into the deep narrow "CLARKS VALLEY." Meeting up with the old road, rutted deep from heavy logging we arrive at the "Raccoon Tree" and head west down the valley. A foot log at "Camp Felty" and we crossed the creek in the last half mile. (Later this crossing was made on the "Bordner Hole" drift pile almost opposite the camp.)



Interior of the old log cabin. (Sketched from an old tip-type).

To say that "the Old Log Cabin" was a welcome sight is but to put it very mildly. Nestled there as it was, facing the steep rocky pitch of Stoney Mountain while to the rear and within stones-throw was the foot of Peters Mountain with just the narrow rough road and the beautiful creek separating them. Often several big rattlers or copperheads were killed on the way. Ruffed Grouse took flight almost at your feet along the tight trail and now and then, not often, a deer track was found in the sandy loam along the road or near a spring. This then was "Clarks Valley"—and this then—too was the setting of the "Old Log Cabin."

Built at the turn of the twentieth century, I believe about 1902 it weathered the storms of years and provided a haven of ruggedness and security to all who passed through it's simple crude portal. Here as a boy, I learned the rugged underlying principles of woodcraftsmanship from men who were masters, both fishing and hunting while the cabin was erected primarily as a headquarters for fishing. Trout, Brook Trout only, pike, White Fish (Fall Fish) and eels were plentiful and many were the fine catches taken from Clarks, a stream which in it's day was second to none found anywhere. Back in the deep recesses of the woods, highly inaccessible. No motor cars,

difficult with horse and buggy, one's only transportation was "Shank's Mare" and if one was too tired to walk—well one just didn't get there. The stream with its pure spring water, white glistening sand bars. With long hairy-like grass waving gently in the flow of the water. Logs, drift piles and overhanging spruce and brush provided a most ideal habitat for the natural propagation of some of the finest brook trout I have ever seen and a native twelve inches long in those days was something to be truly proud of.

The "Old Log Cabin" wasn't a big affair, just one room with double built-in bunks at the one end and a table and stove at the other yet there was warm individuality in everything there. The handiwork of outdoorsmen presented itself at every turn. Back of the stove (old fashioned wood-burner) was the wood, wedge-split and cut into lengths by the biased swing of an ax, while just inside the door stood the water pail and basin with a small mirror hanging directly above. Not far from outside the door and to the right was one of the best springs of water to be found in the entire valley. Here was the built-in refrigerator. A crude plank box lowered into its ice-cold water and into which were placed crocks and jars containing the perishable



food. Directly below the refrigerator an excavation provided excellent space for holding fish at protective temperatures for many many days.

Into this environment I ventured at a very tender age. Alone? No! With my dad and my brothers and seasoned veterans of many years before me, fishermen of the first rate—all of them. No one living today who knew them would dare dispute the prowess of men like "Ben Ferree," "Dan Hawk," "Billy Hoover," "Bill Wingert," "Amos Row," and "Bill Barrett" my father. All expert fishermen and accomplished shots, both shotgun and rifle. Then too, there was "Ed Buffington" and "Wally Wynn," "Link Carl," "Geo. Wren," "Charlie Bordner" and many more to say nothing of the brothers, Charl, Lew, Bert, Roy, Sam and Bill. Fred never went for it. "George Kosier," "Ed Gratz," "Ray Wallace," "Jerry Horner," "Horace Worthington," "Geo. Budd," "Tom Bellis," "Forrey Hensel," "Sparrow Dourich," "Kosier Stein" and his dad "Charlie"—all found happiness and relaxation within the shelter of "The Old Log Cabin."

When age overtook that grand old structure a rising generation took over. Yes, quick action was needed to repair and preserve its ruggedness there in the wilderness; no wonder then that "Ben Ferree, Jr." and his brother "Jake" together with "Sam Barrett," "Ed Buffington," "Gib Bowman," "Luke Troxel" and others of the younger element pitched in and together put the old house "back in order."

Like a sentinel of friendliness it glistened in the sunlight of day and closing its door at night provided warmth and protection to all within. The aroma of boiling coffee, frying fish or ham and "Clark's Valley Potatoes" was indeed an atmosphere fit for a king. Sometimes I can almost hear the high pitched tenor of "Dan Hawk" as he let loose with one of those old familiar U. B. Hymns, while he busily engaged himself making the meal. The call of the whip-poorwill outside the door and sometimes the shrill, sharp scream of a bob-cat foraging on the mountainside or along the creek. The inky blackness of night, the blinding flashes of lightning with its succeeding peal and rumble of thunder re-echoing back and forth between the hills—all this now only adds to reminiscence.

Where one man fished in those days—today fifty are fishing but gone forever are the old familiar stretches of water. Stretches of fine trout water which in the progress of civilization were forced to yield to the demand of Pennsylvania's Capital city for clean mountain water. With the construction of the Harrisburg Reservoir we witnessed the passing of a veritable fishing laboratory. Meccas which will for lifetime remain indelibly impressed in the memories of those who learned to know and love them. To those who will never know the thrills of the "Straight Waters," "Bordner's Hole," "The Old Corduroy," "McKissicks," "The Smith and Wesson Riffles," "The Black Riffles," "The Z," "The Clay Hole," "The Three Runs" and the "Flying Dutchman" or "Summer Resort" now the site of the YMCA Boys Camp and named "Camp Shikellimy" for the old Valley Indian chief—to those folks I can only say that you have really and truly

missed a mighty lot. And Eastward, up the Valley such old familiar place names and trout spots as at "The Plane," "Angeline Shanty" and "The Fish Basket" have all followed the trail immortalized by Margaret Mitchell in her classic "Gone With the Wind."

Yes! Grand and glorious times were those days, those days of the "Old Log Cabin" in Clark's Valley. Scenes of rugged happiness. Experiences enjoyed by students in the school of Americanism. Wholesome fun with an abundance of nature's own tonic of stimulating healthfulness. Gone! Gone like the roar of the wind, like the rush of the sea, like the deadening last peal of thunder to be lost on the endless plains of oblivion.

"Old Log Cabin," we still see you standing there just like you did forty and more years ago; even though a hundred feet of water now covers and licks at your endearing site. We miss you, Oh! how we miss you; but in our frugal helplessness we can only plan and prepare for the unknown days ahead and then on that Last Great Day, deep in our mortal hearts we know we shall again see you, see you amidst all the other hosts of your kind, in all your glory and in all your kindness, up there among "THE CABINS IN THE SKY."

Ralph and George Mostoller with dad's wall-eyed pike caught Sept. 24, 1944. Size, 29 in., 7 lb., 2 oz.



## RESTFUL RELAXATION

Fish can be bought in the market place

So it isn't the fish I'm after;

I want to get free from the care-drawn face  
And back to an honest laughter.

I want to get out where the skies are clean,  
And rest on a mossy brink.

I want to get out where the woods are green  
And I want a few hours to think.

Oh, it isn't the fish I am greedy for,  
It's the chatter and song of birds,  
And the talk of trees that I've known before.  
I am weary of selfish words.

I want to stretch out, just my soul and I  
In a place from the strife afar,  
And let a few care-filled hours pass by  
As I think of the things that are.

Oh, it isn't the fish that I go to get,  
Though there's joy in a swishing line  
And a splendid thrill when my grip I set  
And a speckled brook trout is mine.  
But my soul seems cramped in the stifling air  
That is heavy with talk of gain,  
And I want to get out where the world is fair  
And there isn't so much of pain.

Fish can be bought in the market place,  
But I long for the running streams  
And I want to be free from the care-drawn face  
And the city of dreadful dreams.  
I want to stretch out, just my soul and I  
On a sun-kissed river shore,  
And be, as a few mad hours rush by,  
The man that I am, once more.

—Anonymous.



# NO FISH IN THE STREAM? TRY IT AGAIN!

By GEORGE KRUMSICK

(Missouri Conservationist, Nov. 1944) Editor, The Washington (Mo.) Citizen

**W**HAT was wrong with fishing during the Summer of 1944?

Nobody seems to know; however, the first thing that many fishermen did when they returned from a few trips to a creek or river without a mess of fish, was to complain and say that the streams are "fished out." Some tried to find fault with the stream-restocking program, claiming that something is lacking, or that the work isn't being done in the proper manner.

There apparently are still many fishermen who believe that all that is required to bring every angler good luck on any stream, is to dump in a few millions of fish—that the fish will survive and grow anywhere, and that they will always be greedy to take the bait.

If you are one of those fishermen who went out on several occasions last summer and caught few or no fish, a few of my observations and experiences over a long period of years may interest you. Also, it may enlighten you to know that when you go to a stream for sport, have no success, and come home complaining that there are no fish, your complaint may be based on reasonable grounds and again, it may not. If the water you fished is a stream where you caught fish in other seasons, the chances are ten to one that your complaint is false. Unless a stream has been dynamited, has been heavily seined or gilled, or has been very low all spring and summer, an average number of fish should be there. Even though there are more than the average number, that does not mean that you will have "luck" on the days you go there. If you have fished on streams for thirty, forty or fifty years, you will not attempt to pick an argument on that score.

## *The Novice May Score*

Even the best of fishermen on the best of waters, occasionally experience poor fishing. Also, a fellow who knows little about the art sometimes goes to a spot where fishing is reported to be poor and comes back smiling and happy, meaning, of course, that he had success.

Fish are not like chickens—they don't eat all the time. When fish are not feeding on whatever bait you use, or are not in mood to strike an artificial lure, your creel will remain empty. How do I know? Well, I learned my lesson over a long period of years. As far back as 35 and 40 years, when our smaller streams were still in excellent condition and there were definitely more fish in them than there are today, I occasionally came home from a few hours' or day's trip with few fish. We didn't have a fish commission those days, so I couldn't blame the Commission. I would not have done it anyway, because I had enough opportunity and experience to learn that when a fellow goes fishing and does not catch fish,



Muskie, 48 inches and weighing 28½ lbs., taken by Kenneth Arnold of Sharon, Pa. Caught on a Heddon Crazy Crawler near Slackwater Bridge, Shenango River, Mercer County.

that is no certain indication that there are no fish. I could relate many, many instances when fish would not take the bait or lure in pools where I actually saw lots of them. I shall mention just a few of them as examples.

## *The Bass Were Cagey*

One beautiful Sunday over thirty years ago I took a fishing partner along for bass. The water was very clear and we had an assortment of flies and spinners. We could think of no reason why we should not have big success that day, as conditions appeared to be right. We were fooled. Except for a few perch, our creel looked slim. Now if the water had not been so clear, we might have sworn that some other fishermen had al-

ready depleted the supply, but the clear water enabled us to see the fish and discover that they were there.

Approaching a favorite bass hole, we made numbers of long casts without a rise from anything, yet when we got near, we saw several bass dash for a rocky ledge. The north side of the pool was shady and we picked a cool spot behind some large boulders to rest and exchange opinions as to why we were not getting any encouragement from the bass. Perhaps ten minutes elapsed when a glance at the deep, rocky pool showed three bass edging away from under the ledge and leisurely swimming back toward the center. My partner and I sat quietly behind the big rocks and waited

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ONLY MAN

(From page 10)

learning that reforestation, selective cutting, timber thinning and forest fire control are big things. He is learning that they not only mean more wealth to him personally; he is learning that they are ways of prolonging industry and its payrolls.

Man is learning also that when it looks like he must cut all, a row of pine trees left standing can be far more valuable to him than when they are run through the sawmill. Man is learning that it is cheaper to pay a little for fire protection than to pay a lot in fire loss.

And finally, man is learning that prosperity can be furthered by finding profitable ways to use the tops, the stumps, the resins, the sawdust, even the cull timber in thinning. Man may even progress so far as to learn that by discing and seeding fire breaks through his woodlands he can raise game as well as timber on the same land. There is hope that, some day, man will realize that there is more profit in wise use and protection than in waste and destruction of trees.—Reprint from *The Alabama Conservationist*.



Battery of early holding troughs for baby trout, and daphnia beds, at Huntsdale Fish Farm.



Edgar Boyd of Manchester and the fine Susquehanna wall-eyed pike he caught in the Susquehanna River near York. 29 inches and weighing 6½ lbs.



FISHING HINTS

In late summer when waters are stagnant, fish sometimes have that "muddy" taste. A good way to get rid of this objectionable flavor is to soak the cleaned fish in salt water for several hours before cooking. Hardy fish, like bullheads, carp or catfish, can also be "sweetened" by keeping them alive for several days in clean running water. A tank, springhole, or livebox kept in a running stream will do the trick.



## "WHAT FLY TO USE"

(From Page 7)

terms that for the purpose of this article may be called "gun 'em up" flies. My own choice of this group are the bivable Royal Coachman, spiders, the Wulff patterns, and fan-wings.

Nobody has ever been able to explain the potent lure of the bivable Royal Coachman. It certainly does not represent any living insect, with its red silk body, its fore and aft collars of green herl, its yellow tail, and its brown hackle with a white frontpiece. But there are legions of anglers who count the Royal bivable as essential as their rods and reels and who have time without number successfully turned to it to redeem a day astream.

The fan-wings, big fluttery specimens, are effective probably because they represent big and luscious insects, but I dislike them.

The Wulff patterns are good for a reason we'll quote from Lee Wulff, the designer of them, himself.

"How do you account for the success of the Wulff flies?" this famous sportsman was asked at a gathering of fishermen where he spoke.

"Well, I think the trout take them for fat and clumsy bugs which have fallen off a bush or tree into the water," Mr. Wulff replied.

That is explanation enough for me.

Last on the list are the spiders, my favorite dry flies. They have so often produced action in apparently lifeless water that I make dozens of them every winter and never go trout fishing without a full range of them. My favorites are black, brown, ginger, and gray.

The spider is anywhere from the size of a nickel to the size of a silver dollar in circumference, sparsely tied, with a Size 14 or 16 hook, short-shank and with upturned eye, and of gold finish if possible.

Hold it to the light for a clew to its effectiveness. It looks exactly like a tiny black insect from which light rays are radiating in all directions. I have a feeling that is exactly what the trout thinks the spider dry fly is.

Sometimes it stands on its hackles, held upright by the bend of the leader point; sometimes it lies flat on the water, but the trout makes passes at it in either position. They like it, beyond a doubt. Evidence of that is the fact that many a trout caught on a spider has the hook buried in the back of its tongue, deep in its mouth.

Now let's add up the points:

The color of natural insect's . . . the type of water . . . size of artificial flies . . . the behavior of fish.

These hold the answers to the questions:

Can you explain, Mr. Angler, why you are using that particular pattern of fly you have sent floating down the trout brook?



## GAR PIKE

The above illustration reveals a Gar Pike taken from the Presque Isle Bay at Erie, by J. J. Kane of 250 W. 8th Street, Erie, Pa. Mr. Kane and his wife, during the past season, caught several of these killers.

Of extreme interest to fishermen in Pennsylvania, the Gar Pike is a living remnant of pre-historic days. His fossil is today recovered imbedded in the same geological strata as the fossil of the dinosaur. Unlike other forms of fishes, the Gar Pike is encased in an armour of bone and some idea of its impregnability is gathered from the fact that it is rather difficult to cut one in half with an axe. They are entirely predators and have no commercial value whatsoever.

Long and slim, with a long duck-like bill, both upper and lower jaws are equipped with stout sharp teeth. They live to kill, and are very, very harmful to fish life in any of the waters of this Country.



Commissioner of Fisheries, Charles A. French displays fine specimen of walleye pike at the Pymatuning Fish Farm while Ross L. Leffler, president (right), and Robert Lamberton, vice-president (left), Penna. Game Commission, look on.

**Buy Bonds and Keep  
Them!**



(From page 14)

As the minutes went by, one smallmouth bass after another appeared, and after about fifteen minutes both of us counted 27 bass in an area about 30 feet square. We quietly edged away from the boulders and made some long casts over the school of bass. Again, not one would take the lure.

About the middle of that week, a moderate rain fell—just enough to raise the creek slightly and discolor the water a bit. Knowing that the bass were there, we could not resist the temptation to go back the following Sunday. We found the water in excellent shape for live bait, so we seined a few dozen minnows. We struck it right, and it did not take us long to string up fourteen nice bass.

One July day, about 25 years ago, I was fishing another favorite creek. That day, too, the water was very clear, but the bass refused to strike. In one deep pool under an overhanging willow tree, I noticed five dandy smallmouths. I hated to pass them up. Having tried and learned that I could not tempt them with a fly and spinner, I tied an ordinary hook on the line and decided to try a frog for bait. After chasing small toads on a gravel bar for about fifteen minutes, I managed to catch three of them. I put a toad on the hook (without a sinker), tossed the bait on the pool, and allowed the toad to kick. When the toad headed down about four feet, a bass rushed forward and struck it. I set the hook and got the bass. Repeating the performance with the second toad, I got another strike but lost the fish. That left me one more toad to go on, and that last toad brought me the second bass. Had I been able to get another toad, I might have caught another bass, but I could not get the toad.

#### Third Day Brought Results

Three years ago—in the month of September, as I recall—I met a farmer friend who lives near the water, and asked him my standing question: "How's fishing?" He replied:

"It's a funny thing; I had three of my friends out last week and they stayed three days. They fished hard the first two days, but the bass simply would not take anything. They went back to the creek rather half-heartedly on the third morning, but when they came back to the house they had seven nice largemouths, and reported numbers of other strikes."

These men were really tickled, the farmer told me, but had they left in disgust at the close of the second day, their story might have been one of the many we hear so often.

As I stated before, if you go fishing and don't catch any fish, that is no certain indication that the fish are not there. Sometimes a change of bait may do the trick, and sometimes no bait or lure will tempt them on that particular day. Of course, there is always a question of doubt when the water is not clear enough for you to see the fish, as is generally the case on larger and deeper streams, or on smaller streams during the greater part of the season.

I remember a few years back when I fished along a slowly-moving channel where conditions seemed to be right for channel

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## Trout Culture

at the

## Pennsylvania Fish Farms



Extruding the eggs from a female rainbow trout. The eggs are expelled by the spawn-taker exerting a gentle pressure on the abdominal wall from forward toward the vent.

Extruding the milt from the male fish. The fertilization is external.





## Fisherman Solves His Own Lure Problem!



Clyde Wachtman

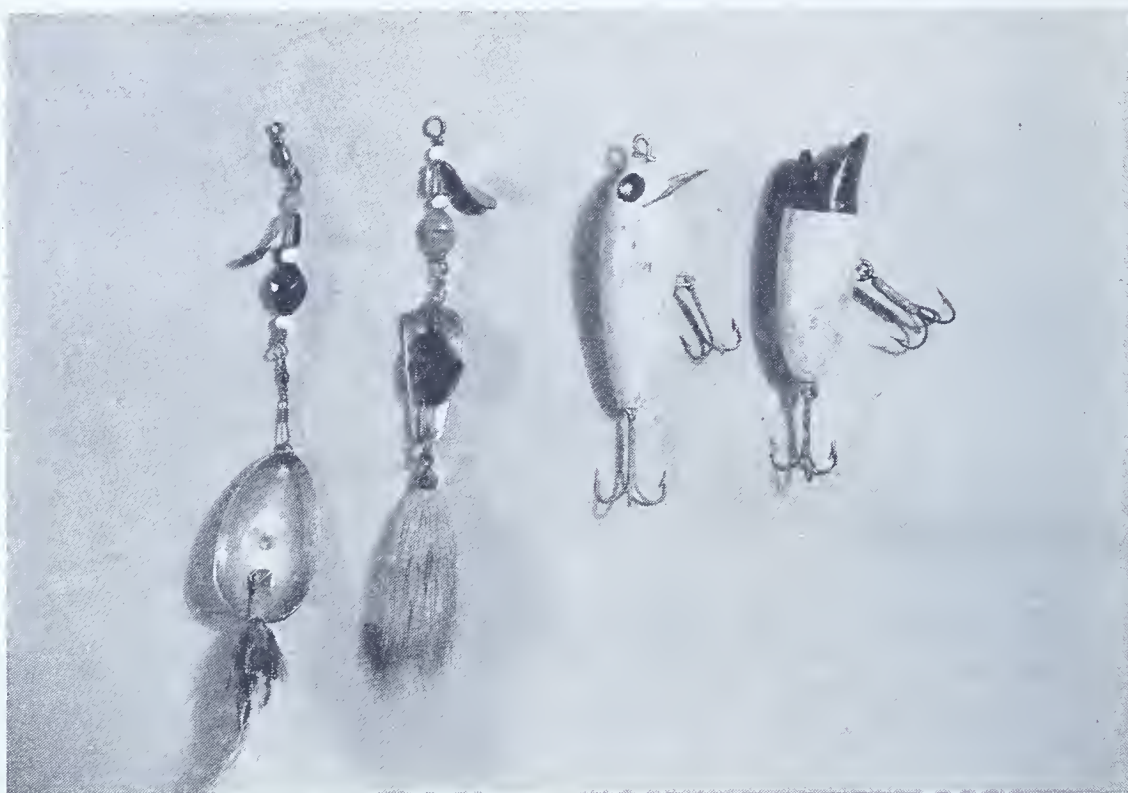


Photo by Marty J. Myers, Williams Grove, Pa.

Shortage of fishing tackle during these days of OPA and rationing certainly failed at any telling effect with Clyde Wachtman, ardent fisherman of Harrisburg. Clyde, a dyed-in-the-wool plug and spoon fisherman lost no time in solving the artificial lure problem. Being a sort of tinkerer like most fishermen he cast about his home and came up with a collection of household items from which he fashioned and shaped his own lures.

From the soft solid end of an ordinary window shade roller he whittled the bodies

of various styled plugs, using ordinary map-pins for eyes and small 5 & 10 cent-store screweyes for tie-eyelets and hook anchorage with small pieces of bright metal for dive and skipping effect, as illustrated in the above photo.

The spoons were constructed from table teaspoons. Note the vessel part of a tea spoon in the first item above. Here he fastened a hook buried in a festoon of buck hair and ringneck pheasant feathers. In the second item the top end of the teaspoon

handle is utilized while the rest of the lures are further constructed from old beads found lying around the house, paper clips, hair from a buck tail and swivels.

Did he catch anything on them?

The writer knows of some dandy salmon and black bass caught by Clyde Wachtman on the very same lures illustrated above. What Clyde has done, many others can do in the emergency while at the same time engaging in a very fascinating hobby-job during the cold months of Winter.

## THE ART OF 'HOPPER FISHING!

The sun was shining brightly overhead,

Along the stream you creep with soundless tread.

You have your favorite rod and auto reel,

Hanging heavy on your side is strapped your creel;

And if only they could see beneath the lid,

They would realize the reason why you hid.

You are after wiley brownies that lay feeding in the stream;

Sleek, golden, spotted beauties that are every sportsman's dream.

It takes caution and good judgment when approaching to a hole;

You must be especially careful, for a brownie is your goal.

Kneeling low beneath the hemlocks, always on the shady side;

You can't look into the water, for the trout will run and hide.

Now you figure out the distance to where you'll make your cast;

Then, after hooking on your 'hopper, you snap it in at last.

You hear it landing faintly, then, you feel a savage tug;

Yes, you've fooled another brownie with that dainty kicking bug.

Back and forth he battles; he is fighting for his life:

You dare not make a blunder now or it will end in strife

Can not pull with too much pressure; just a good tight line will do.

Let him play himself out pardner; then just ease him in to you.

Now just reach right down and grab him; rap him smartly on the head;

Gaze at him in all his beauty, even though he is now dead.

You're the victor, he the vanquished. Why? It's simple as could be.

You were just a trifle smarter; You: the foe he couldn't see.

H. E. (SNAKEY) SNODGRASS.

## WINTER HOBBY FOR FISHERMEN

By E. B. SPEAKER

*The Iowa Conservationist*

Don't throw away that old plug just because it looks tough—put a new party dress on it. A little paint can do as much for a battle-scarred plug as it can for a Hollywood pin-up girl! My tackle box is as full of worthless junk as the next guy's, but tucked away in its dark recesses are a number of priceless little gems—masterpieces of the craftsman's art. These rejuvenated baits look like "ugly ducklings" to my wife, but to me they are objects of great affection. Their beauty may be a matter of conjecture but their ability to take fish is unquestioned even by their most severe critics.

The practice of lifting the faces of old baits is nothing new, but it has gained momentum by the scarcity of new baits and may also have been influenced by the war-time emphasis on making things last longer. They who indulge in this hobby derive so much enjoyment from it we believe a few suggestions might lead to new converts.

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# TAKING LUNKERS ON THE SPINNING MINNOW

By "SKIPPER"

AS IS well known large brown trout rarely rise to flies, and among anglers it has become quite a problem as to just how to rid a stream of these old cannibals. That a few are caught on flies everyone will concede, yet for each one so caught at least three times as many are taken on bait. This may seem as a rather bold assertion, yet to convince yourself check up on the large fish caught in your own neighborhood—the percentage so caught will prove surprising. Understand I am not advocating bait fishing—far from it—yet when one of these old hellions takes possession of a pool, drastic steps become necessary if we wish to perpetuate the future sport of trout fishing.

Probably every stream has one or more of these old lunkers and our first problem is to locate their haunts. The signs are more or less distinct. Usually they hold sway in the deepest, most attractive and presumably most fished out pool on the creek. Ordinarily this pool is at the lower end of the stream, that is, in a locality where the water flows sluggishly and is of a fairly high temperature. If on a wilderness stream, such a pool may be characterized by an overhanging bank, a large submerged rock, sunken log or the twisted gnarled roots of a tree or stump at the waters edge; on a stream running through a more settled community it may be any kind of submerged junk, like an old stove, a collection of old automobile tires or any other of those objectionable eyesores that tend to take the pleasure out of fishing. In fact when a trout takes up his permanent abode, cover becomes vitally essential.

One of the most reliable indications on a well stocked stream, is that of a pool wherein trout can no longer be seen jumping. Watch out! Dynamiters haven't been at work, but some old lunker has moved in and taken up permanent residence!

Then another source of information is the fisherman you meet on the stream. Keep your ears open when some chap excitedly tells about a big brown trout, that snapped off his line like so much cord string down at the pool below the bend. It may be that you know all about that particular fish, even down to the four dollars and thirty-five cents worth of flies and tapered leaders he tore off your line. If so you extend a sympathetic hand to the sorrowing angler, join feelingly with him in cursing the old hellion and under the emotional stress that the occasion has produced, again reiterate your determination to lay that fish low if its the last thing you ever accomplish; if you never heard of a trout in that particular pool before, the canny thing to do is to appear as if you didn't believe him—keep kidding the chap until you have him pumped dry as to its exact location—and then by a devious route, hasten back and give the fish a try. The unfortunate angler meanwhile proceeding up stream is probably making plans to return and renew the conflict that evening, and now that his excitement has subsided he will

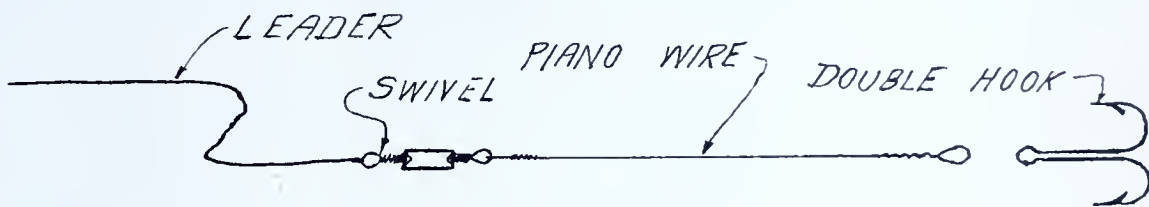


FIG. 1

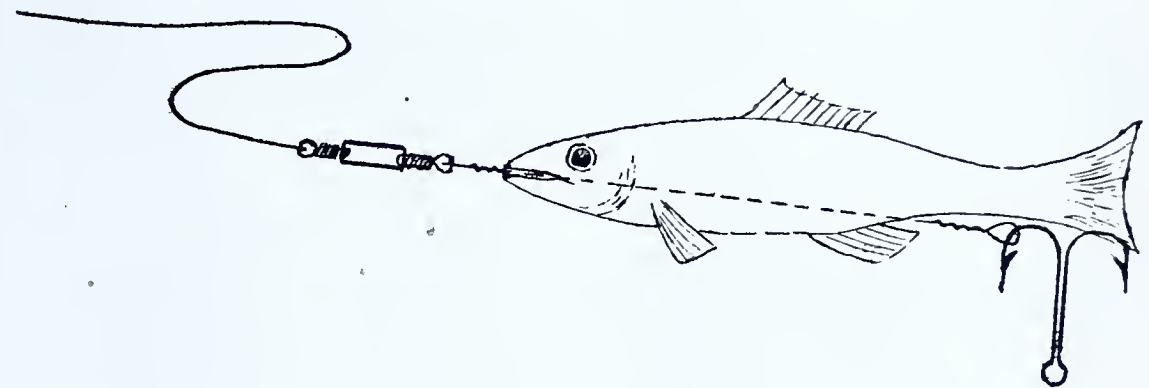


FIG. 2

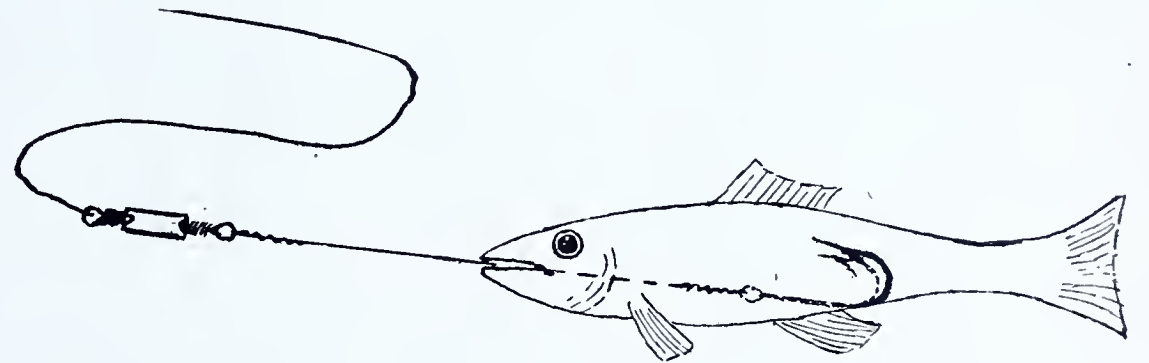


FIG. 3.

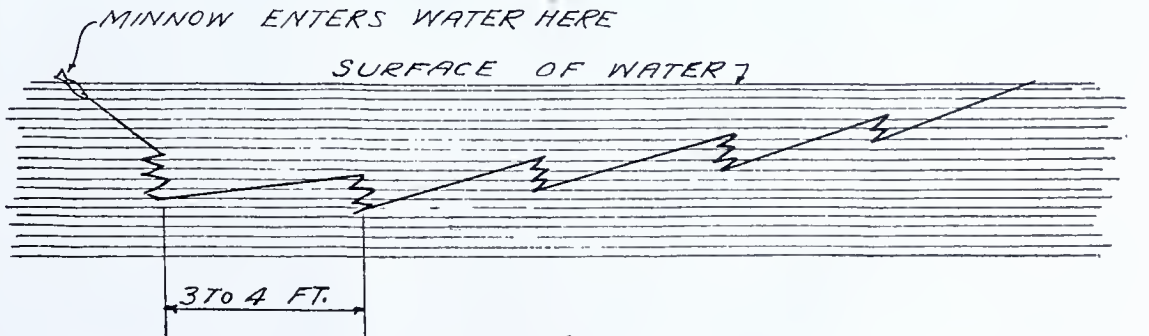


FIG. 4.



## LUNKERS ON THE SPINNING MINNOW

(From Page 19)

regret having told you but will gain considerable comfort, from the thought that the ignorant fool didn't believe him anyway.

It's really peculiar the transformation a trout undergoes after it reaches a large size. No longer is it content with such small insects like caddis flies, midges, mayflies and the like, but it must have something more bulky and satisfying. Suppose that we investigate its diet and see what satisfies this demand.

Ranking first in importance are minnows and fish ranging up to one half its length in size. This is really a conservative figure, for the brown trout is so predatory that it will not hesitate to attack even larger fish. Then again we have frogs, mice, night crawlers, helgramites certain large crustaceans as the crawfish, some of the larger Mayflies, like the shad fly or drakes, lamprey eels, small water snakes, the water worm or larvae of the giant crane fly *Tipula*, and still others.

As the trout increases in size it becomes more powerful and ruthless so that self preservation causes other fish to shun and avoid it. That is the reason we seldom see small trout in the pool occupied by the cannibal. In short it is the survival of the fittest—when he moves in the others move out. Here in this dark deep retreat he dwells alone, ready to rush tyrannically forward and give battle to any smaller fish who might have the temerity to invade his domain. His case can be likened to that of a human being—a killer—shunned by society and resentful over his lot. Who knows but what this brooding—probably more so than hunger—causes him to lead the life of a recluse and to slay so wantonly. The fish he kills are legion and it is a conservation measure to have him removed. In the interest of our future sport, let us try and catch him.

This is a tough problem! Having caught a few of these large trout and lost many more, certain mistakes after these unsuccessful ventures became glaringly apparent. Invariably it was the tackle. One, two, three and four drawn gut leaders may be alright for floating a fly over an ordinary fish, but when you buck up against one of these old lunkers use "FINA" as the minimum thickness—or better yet "REGULAR"—the next larger size.

Fish the pool after nightfall, especially if the water is clear. If it is necessary to wade, do it cautiously, make no commotion and be sure you know the depth of the water. A little preliminary scouting during the day will help considerably in getting the lay of the land. Usually in clear water, large trout remain in cover during the day time and start foraging only after nightfall. This is the time when bucktails and spinning minnows are the most successful.

One of the best times for using night crawlers or large fish worms is immediately after a rain which is of sufficient intensity to raise and discolor the water. This fact is well known by all bait fishermen, for at such times, trout are very active, darting here and there in search of anglerworms

washed down by the flood. A long fat night crawler, stretched out full length on a gang hook has accounted for many a large trout when the water was at such a stage.

When the creeks are beginning to clear—that is when the stream bed is visible in water about eighteen inches deep, the spinning minnow has everything stopped when it comes to catching trout.

A bucket in which to keep the minnows alive until ready for use is a decided asset, for the fish are then firm and retain all of their natural colors.

Refer to Fig. 1, which illustrates the rig to be used. It may be constructed by hand, for all that is necessary is a swivel, a piece of piano wire and a double hook. Sometimes two swivels are employed—one directly above the other—to facilitate the spinning motion.

Figures 2 and 3 illustrate the manner in which the minnow is placed on the hook. The wire is inserted in the minnows mouth, pushed through its body, brought out its vent, when the double hook is slipped over the loop. The shank of the hook is then pulled inside the minnow, so that one hook lies on each side of its body. This is the spinning minnow rig used by all the old time bait fishermen. A friend of mine uses a somewhat similar method. Instead of the wire, he ties a long loop in the end of his leader. This he pulls through the minnow with the aid of a darning needle, the eye of which is filed down to give a hook. After the loop is pulled through, the double hook is fastened in the usual way.

To cast the minnow like a fly, a rod weighing at least six ounces should be used if a permanent set is to be avoided. A lighter rod can be used if the minnow is tossed out by hand, using the method outlined below.

Strip off the reel sufficient line for the cast which is to be held in loose coils in the left hand—that is, make the same preparations you would as in shooting the line. With the right hand grasp the line about eighteen inches above the minnow, work the arm with a circular motion and when sufficient momentum has been obtained toss out the minnow, meanwhile shooting the coils of line held in the left hand. Casts of thirty feet or more can be secured in this manner with no fear of damaging a fine rod.

There are various ways of working a minnow through the water—one of the best known is that illustrated in Fig. 4. The minnow is retrieved in a series of short abrupt jerks which tend to make it appear as if it was trying to escape from some larger fish. As it moves through the water, it will be kept in a continuous turning or revolving motion from which it derives its name of spinning minnow. If this spinning motion is difficult to obtain, slightly bend the wire running through the fish or as an alternative add another swivel slightly above the present one.

Do not strike the instant the trout seizes the minnow, but wait until the beginning of the second run—then give it the works! When the trout seizes the minnow it starts off with a rush; then it stops, turns the fish in its mouth and swallows it. This may consume as much time as three minutes or more depending on the size of the bait. When

it starts out again, allow the trout to take up all the slack line, then set the hook.

After its first momentary fright has subsided, instinct will cause the trout to head for its retreat, and whatever you do keep him away from that spot. I have lost more than one large fish who got a dead pull on the leader by wrapping it around rocks and roots,—a favorite trick of theirs. So at the expense of your tackle, work the trout away from all obstructions, get it out into open water, and there fight it out.

You will quickly learn that getting the best of one of these old lunkers is a man sized job, yet a job so packed with thrills and moments of suspense, that many men forsake the usual methods of trout fishing and concentrate entirely on these old fellows. Probably the greatest satisfaction of all occurs when the vanquished monarch is proudly displayed in the window of the local sporting goods store, and an admiring throng outside is enviously gazing in. Then the cup of satisfaction is full, and Oh Boy! Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!

## WINTER HOBBY

(From page 18)

Remember that old dare-devil you smacked against the rocks, knocking off most of the paint? Scrape off the rest and we will start from there. Take off the triple hook, swivel, and other removable accessories and give the convex side of the spoon a base coat of enamel. Do not cover the concave side of the spoon. You may use white, black, red, or any other color that strikes your fancy. Allow this first coat of paint to dry for at least 24 hours. If you prefer, you may repaint the bait as it was originally. If, however, you feel a creative urge, and have a bit of time and energy to expend, you may achieve an effect which will become the envy of all your fishing pals. The only limitations are the imagination of the artisan—and, of course, the patience of his wife in cleaning up the mess!

If you have saved some duck or pheasant feathers from your last year's hunting forays, dig deep and extract a few teal breast feathers. These make an ideal foundation for the plastic surgery to follow.

Select a few nicely marked feathers—the number and size of these depending on the size of bait you wish to cover. Only the tip of the feathers are suitable for this purpose, so discard the downy portion. Fit the feathers to the bait and make sure it will be well covered before proceeding further. Keep these near at hand as the next step requires fast work. Apply a thin coat of varnish, lacquer or shellac to the painted surface of the lure, allowing it to dry until it becomes tacky or sticky.

Place the tip of a feather at the base of the spoon, spreading it out so it will cover as much of the surface as possible. Add additional feathers, each slightly overlapping the preceding one like the scales of a fish, until the entire spoon is covered. Give this feather-bedecked surface a thin coat of shellac or varnish. If you want to dress it up a bit more, add a row of small pheasant





## REMEMBER! -- By Jim

neck feathers up the center, fish scale fashion, paint a pair of eyes and give it another coat or two of varnish. Give the triple hook that came on it to some good catfisherman, replace it with a white bucktail streamer fly, and you will have a bait that will take walleyes, largemouth and smallmouth bass with the best of them.

Maybe you prefer frogs for fall fishing. This can easily be arranged, too. If you are inclined to be a bit on the lazy side, simply skin a leopard frog, stretch it tightly over the convex surface of the spoon and allow it to dry. Trim the surplus skin from the edge of the spoon with scissors. Apply a couple of coats of good shellac or varnish and the job is complete.

If you are a little more ambitious and want a brighter color pattern, try this one. Capture a live frog and place it in a jar where you can study it for a model. The coloration of frogs will vary widely, but a bright green one makes a more appealing bait in

the tackle box regardless of what the fish thinks of it. Give the spoon a base coat of enamel or lacquer simulating the background color of the live frog. Observe the model closely, and then with a pencil sketch in the spots on the painted surface of your own creation. With an artist's brush and oil colors, paint on the overmarkings. Allow this to dry for several days, then apply a thin coat of silk flyrod color preservative. After the preservative has thoroughly dried, apply a coat of clear varnish. A pair of green bucktail streamer flies, serving as legs, will complete the lure.

Perhaps you like a scale-finished lure. In this case proceed as follows: Cover the convex side of the spoon with a coat of aluminum, gold, white, copper, or most any color lacquer or enamel. Let it dry at least 24 hours. Tightly wrap a small piece of fine mesh bobbinette over the spoon and tie it firmly so it will not slip. Spray a contrasting coat of thin, rapid-drying lacquer

over the center and side portions of the spoon, leaving an edge of at least a quarter of an inch where no "scales" are added. Small mouth sprays or an atomizer should be used in preference to a brush for this operation. The lacquer will dry very rapidly, and the bobbinette may be removed, care being taken to avoid smearing. A final coat of colorless lacquer completes the job.

The dare-devil type lure has been used for explanatory purposes because of the ease with which it can be rejuvenated, and the fact that nearly everyone has an assortment of them, many much the worse for the wear.

## Lehigh County Fish & Game Ass'n Take Action To Establish Living Memorial

Through the unanimous action of more than 800 Association members attending the 23d annual meeting, the Executive Committee was empowered to earmark the sum of \$1,000 from the 1945 budget to purchase a LIVING MEMORIAL to members of the Association now in the service.

The project, as outlined in the motion, calls for the acquisition of land adjacent to Public Game Lands No. 205, Lehigh County. When the purchase is completed, the tract will be immediately deeded to the Commonwealth for the Pennsylvania Game Commission as a Public Hunting Ground.

In addition to the basic sum of \$1,000, the Association was authorized to accept donations from the members towards the MEMORIAL. All money received will be added to the budgeted fund and the land enlarged accordingly.

Interest in the local project has been reflected by many letters of inquiry which the Association has received from various sportsmen's organizations in the State.

## A WHOPPER

What is believed to be the prize catch of the season in the Harding Pa. Area, is a 29 inch Pike, commonly known as Susquehanna Walleye, and weighing 8 lbs., was caught in the Susquehanna River near Harding. The successful fisherman was J. Sorrell O'Malley of Plains, a prominent sportsman and President of the Independent Baseball League. O'Malley made the catch while plugging from the River Shore and using a Pike Minnow No. 700 as a lure. Residents of the Upper Luzerne County Town, who viewed this fish, stated that it was the largest and finest ever caught at this point.

It was interesting to note that upon cleaning this Pike, its stomach contained a 9 3/4 inch Carp and a 5 inch Bass. Others in the party with O'Malley were Michael Govlier of Plains, who landed a 27 inch, 6 pounder and John Berezich, also of Plains, who hooked one but "it got away".

Unfortunately no photograph was made.

Keep those fishhooks sharp! The points get dull, bent, or broken off with use or rust, or from contact with rocks, snags, or other tackle. Pointing them up frequently with a small file or stone takes little time and pays dividends in a larger percentage of well-hooked fish.







## Stocking the Streams of Pennsylvania by--

*The Pennsylvania Fish Commission*



Sally Dean, 8 year old daughter of "Wally" Dean, of Meadville, and the 23 inch walleyed pike she caught in Conneaut Lake.



Catasauqua's assistant postmaster "Dutch" Witt and fine 26 in. 8 lb. walleye taken from Wallenpaupack.

### GETS BIG WALLEYE

Eddie Kniesley of Safe Harbor, Lancaster County caught a 7 lb, 28 inch walleye-pike in the lower Conestoga Creek. A mighty large walleye to be caught in a creek.

Kniesley made the catch on the last day of the season.

—ROBERT GREENER  
Fish Warden  
Lancaster County.

**BUY BONDS!**



Under normal times and conditions a fleet of forty-seven specially designed tank trucks are busily engaged throughout the year planting tons of fish into streams and lakes open to public fishing.





## NO FISH IN STREAM

(From page 17)

catfish. I must have hit the wrong day, for I caught only one. Others were complaining about the "scarcity" of channel catfish that August and September, and no one could account for the poor catches with rod and reel during the daytime. That same fall, however, two members of our local chapter of the Conservation Federation made an observation float over the pool one night, and with an ordinary light used by giggers saw what they estimated to be over two hundred pounds of channel cats in that one channel.

### Winter-Kill Revealed Many Fish

Don't think because you can't catch fish in a deep or fairly-deep pool, that the pool contains no fish. The biggest surprise I ever had in over a half century of fishing experience came during a spell of zero weather between Christmas and New Year's day over twenty years ago. The fall before that winter the creeks were very low; there had been little rainfall, and everybody thought the last fish had been caught. Fish absolutely refused to bite that late October and November. Springs had stopped running, and when the leaves came down after the first frost, the pools in the creeks were covered and the water soon turned black. Late in December, the severe cold weather came and heavy ice covered the pools. Walking on the ice one morning, I noticed many dead fish in every pool, many large and many small ones. Most of the fish were on the bottom, belly up. Anxious to learn what kind of fish they were, I went home, straightened out a large fish hook, attached it to a pole, and went back to the creek. Directly over each dead fish visible through the thick ice, I cut a hole with an axe, and with the hook brought the fish to the surface. Within one small area, I took out a market basket full of largemouth bass, the largest weighing about three pounds!

I took out the bass only and might have gotten less than half of the dead ones in the pool, because on the north side of the partly submerged tree top, where the water was deeper and where might have been the most fish, the wind blowing over the surface had made the ice rough when it formed and I could not see through it.

No fish in the creek that fall? Well I swore there were none before the ice came, but I was never so badly fooled in all my life.

### Try Fall Fishing

I must admit, fishing was rather poor last summer on some streams; however, there were periods when anglers who fished at night or early in the morning, got their share.

Another thing I have observed time and again in the last fifty years, is that the best bass fishing on small streams is experienced during wet summers. I have had some very excellent bass fishing with minnows along the upper stretches of small streams, when the creeks were running lively and cleared up a day after a heavy rain. On the other hand, during dry summers, except for a brief period, bass fishing was generally poor. That is true of some other fishing, too; however, there are exceptions in all cases.

## THE ANGLER'S FIELD BOOK—By EDSON LEONARD PART IV CADDIS FLIES

Order: Trichoptera

Scientific Name: (1) Hydropsyche (general) Spotted Sedge  
(2) Brachycentrus (general) Grannom.

Derivation of Name:

pteron—meaning wing

trichos—meaning folded.

Analyses reveal that Trout consume Caddis worms (nymphs) in greater quantity than they do all other orders of aquatic insects. While Brown Trout, over a period of seasons, will devour more May Flies (Ephemeroptera) and become the single exception, the average consumption of Brook, Brown and Rainbow Trout combined clearly indicates a decidedly greater total percentage in favor of the Caddis worms.

The Order of Trichoptera includes many species of Caddis Flies and worms and the representatives in Pennsylvania are no exception. There are net spinners, case makers, and many other functionally different types which can be sub-divided into Carpenters, Moss-builders, Masons, Silk-weavers; all are adroit fishermen.

Caddis worms, alias "stick-worms" are well known to anglers everywhere and many are the Trout which have been landed with the use of a natural case impaled directly to a small hook. Certain of the Caddis are gregarious, in fact, it is the exception to find single specimens anywhere. Ordinarily they are in evidence by the thousands on the tops of rocks, etc. It is interesting to watch the worm extend slowly from his case, much as a turtle will ease his head from its bony shelter, and then pull himself, case and all in a lumbering fashion from place to place.

It has been said that the Caddis worms are the bread and butter of the Trout. Brook trout are greatly reliant on the productivity of the Caddis and go to no small pains to obtain the common "stick-worm." Rainbow take the creature wilfully whenever possible and Brown Trout pursue the worms continuously. While the Brown Trout shows secondary preference for Caddis for Caddis Larvae, he remains much aware of the pithy creature.

The most important genera to the fly-fisherman of Pennsylvania is Hydropsyche, the Spotted Sedge. This genera belongs to the net-spinning group and the conic shaped nets are commonly known. This net leads directly into a shelter constructed by the nymph of sand grains and small pebbles cemented into a surprisingly well shaped affair by means of a salivary excretion. Thus the crafty worms await the food they prefer to digest because the net will intercept the many minute organisms existent in the swiftly moving current. At will they can retreat to the shelter or leave it to carry on their exploration common to roving nymphs.

About one inch in length this interesting specie of Caddis is reason enough for continuous hunting from the trout. The color is neutral, somewhat like the shade of wet linen. The thorax, however, is usually a dull, muddy-grey color, and supports the six, powerful legs of the same dull tones.

The adult Hydropsyche is a beautifully marked insect of mottled brown and yellowish-straw. Hairy, like moths, it appears somewhat larger than it really is. Seldom does one ever see the Caddis fly during the day, particularly Hydropsyche because it is essentially a nocturnal type in habit. Emergency from the stream will find the trout rising in all areas and it is the general rule that the Caddis adult will never survive the ascension to the air.

The wings are supported over the back in a folded manner and identification is made easier because of this characteristic. As a whole, Hydropsyche presents a warm, golden cast the wings being the single exception.

The next most important Caddis member is Brachycentrus. Typically a fast-stream inhabitant, it is extremely hardy. In this instance the nymphal phase is best described as belonging to the carpenter group. Brachycentrus makes his shelter of tiny bits of wood marvelously cut to size and even tapered in a crosswise fashion; salivary excretions secure the pyramidal structure. Although smaller than the Hydropsyche (Spotted Sedge) the Brachycentrus (Grannom) is carnivorous and predatory, enjoying the larvae of May flies as they drift with the current toward the nets and shelters of the greedy worm.

Colors are cinnamon throughout with spotted wings and legs.

Time of emergence: Hydropsyche—May 15th.

Brachycentrus—Late May.

Night fishing with a No. 10 dry fly of similar coloration (provided the fly is producing) is excellent, but for more certain use, the nymph or wet fly is superior fished very slowly in deep pools. As a matter of fact, an imitation of the caddis fly fished almost in the same manner as a worm is the proper system. The Trout will pick it up regardless of its location.



# CADDIS FLY

ORDER  
TRICHOPTERA

SCIENTIFIC NAME  
HYDROPSYCHE (genera) only  
BRACHYCENTRUS " "



ED LEONARD

|             |                                |                      |                   |                 |   |
|-------------|--------------------------------|----------------------|-------------------|-----------------|---|
| COLORATION  | WINGS<br>YELL. BR.             | LEGS<br>SPOT. BR.    | BODY<br>YELL. BR. | TAILS<br>ABSENT | NYMPH<br><br>HOOK #12-3X LONG<br>HACKLE 3" DIA.<br>* DRY FLY 12, 14, 16 |
| COMM. PATT. | SHAD, CINNAMON, GRANNOM, SEDGE |                      |                   |                 |   |
| EMERGES     | MAY & JUNE                     |                      |                   |                 |   |
| NYMPH       | NEUTRAL, MUDDY- GREY HEAD      |                      |                   |                 |   |
| IMITATION   | WINGS<br>DK. WLDUCK            | HACKLE<br>LT. GINGER | BODY<br>YELL. BR. | TAILS<br>NONE   |   |

# CADDIS FLY

| DATE | STREAM | SECTION | WATER TEMP | WEATHER | HATCH | TIME OF RISE | WATER STAGE AND CLARITY | PATTERN TAKEN | PATTERN REFUSED | RESULTS DATA REMARKS |
|------|--------|---------|------------|---------|-------|--------------|-------------------------|---------------|-----------------|----------------------|
|      |        |         |            |         |       |              |                         |               |                 |                      |
|      |        |         |            |         |       |              |                         |               |                 |                      |
|      |        |         |            |         |       |              |                         |               |                 |                      |
|      |        |         |            |         |       |              |                         |               |                 |                      |
|      |        |         |            |         |       |              |                         |               |                 |                      |
|      |        |         |            |         |       |              |                         |               |                 |                      |
|      |        |         |            |         |       |              |                         |               |                 |                      |
|      |        |         |            |         |       |              |                         |               |                 |                      |
|      |        |         |            |         |       |              |                         |               |                 |                      |

CADDIS FLY

# CADDIS FLY

| DATE | STREAM | SECTION | WATER TEMP | WEATHER | HATCH | TIME OF RISE | WATER STAGE AND CLARITY | PATTERN TAKEN | PATTERN REFUSED | RESULTS DATA REMARKS |
|------|--------|---------|------------|---------|-------|--------------|-------------------------|---------------|-----------------|----------------------|
|      |        |         |            |         |       |              |                         |               |                 |                      |
|      |        |         |            |         |       |              |                         |               |                 |                      |
|      |        |         |            |         |       |              |                         |               |                 |                      |
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|      |        |         |            |         |       |              |                         |               |                 |                      |
|      |        |         |            |         |       |              |                         |               |                 |                      |
|      |        |         |            |         |       |              |                         |               |                 |                      |
|      |        |         |            |         |       |              |                         |               |                 |                      |

CADDIS FLY



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★—Made Supreme Sacrifice.

*"I Came Through and I Shall Return"*

—General MacArthur



# PENNSYLVANIA Angler

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# PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

VOL. 9, No. 2

February, 1945

## Cover

### Sucker Fisherman!

Photo by Marty Myers,  
Williams Grove, Pa.



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Attorney General of Pennsylvania

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## EDITORIAL

Fishermen and citizens generally, in Pennsylvania are fastening their attention on the "clean-up" of stream pollution as promised them and so ably placed before the joint session of the Legislature by His Excellency, the Honorable Edward Martin, Governor of the Commonwealth.

Governor Martin has minced no words and has certainly expressed the voice and the will of the entire electorate of our great state over which he presides as its capable Chief Executive.

The Governor's message does not just imply his interest in fishing, in fact fishing becomes a natural important secondary in the stupendous program. Paramount and first and above all else is the health and safety of the people of the state. Water which must be fit for human consumption; fit for industry; fit for every form of domestic and industrial use—and then, fit too as a natural sequence for all forms of recreation.

The promiscuous dumping of both human and industrial waste into the rivers and watersheds of Pennsylvania, **MUST STOP!** Streams, polluted and ruined over the years until today they have become veritable cess-pools, must be **CLEANED UP!** Clean, pure water must replace **FILTH** and **STENCH** and **POISON** if we are to continue in our industrial and agricultural leadership and at the same time maintain our standards of health and sanitation and the invigorating tonic of outdoor recreation.

Clean streams will provide clean habitat for all forms of fish-life and will in turn fire the **KNOCK-OUT** blow to Pennsylvania fishermen's greatest enemy—**POLLUTION!**

*We are grateful to you—Governor Martin!*

We join the multitude of Pennsylvanians in paying you our sincere congratulations and tribute of confidence.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER.



# STREAM POLLUTION

By HONORABLE JAMES H. DUFF

Attorney General of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania



Attorney General James H. Duff

**T**HE pollution of the streams of Pennsylvania has proceeded unchecked for more than a century. Insignificant at first, it has grown with the development of mining and industry and the expansion of congested areas of population. In recent years and particularly since the outbreak of World War II, pollution has mounted so greatly and has now become so vast in the aggregate that it threatens the health, welfare and security of the people of the Commonwealth.

Almost all the great centers of population of Pennsylvania are now wholly dependent upon the streams of the State for domestic water supplies, as are the various enterprises of the State, large and small, for supplies of water for industrial uses.

Yet, preposterous as it is, the more we have become dependent upon our streams for every kind of water supply, the more we continue to add to their corruption. In some areas of the State not a single stream remains unpolluted, even to the smallest tributaries.

An impartial examination of all the facts concerning our water supplies makes it clear that the continuation of the present course of pollution, considered in conjunction with the alarming decline in the levels of underground water tables, is bound to result in disaster.

Apart from the vital health and economic aspects of pollution, we have been grossly neglectful of our streams in their social implications.

Today in Pennsylvania the water of the great rivers in the most thickly populated

areas in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh are so vile in their contamination that swimming is prohibited under penalty of the law. In these congested areas where recreation is so necessary for the welfare of the community almost all types of aquatic recreation have been practically eliminated by reason of stream pollution.

It is estimated that the City of Philadelphia pours into the great rivers traversing her boundaries approximately three hundred million gallons of raw sewage per day. Pittsburgh pours less raw sewage into the rivers per day only in the proportion that her population is less. With the high bacterial count, necessarily incident to such gross pollution, the full reliability of such water for domestic use, even after the employment of the most scientific methods of treatment, is open to serious challenge.

There is definite evidence that the great wave of gastro-enteritis that descended from one city to another down the Ohio River Valley during the extremely low water in the drought of 1930 was water-borne.

In the terrible and mysterious disease of infantile paralysis, while it has not been demonstrated that the virus is disseminated through public water supplies, neither has it been disproven. Tests have satisfactorily established the conclusion that the activated sludge treatment of sewage will destroy the polio virus, indicating the further wisdom of treating sewage instead of discharging it untreated into our streams.

In the aftermath of the current war, with the inevitable introduction into the United States of deadly viruses and germs and diseases from all the dark corners of the world and the consequent and inevitable dissemination of new kinds of fecal poisons into our streams through untreated sewage, our

post-war plans must anticipate greater not less challenges to public health through stream contamination.

The pollution of our streams by mines, mills and municipal sewage is highly menacing to industry itself. Right now pollution has a tendency to challenge the industrial supremacy of the State so far as concerns Pennsylvania as the best location for industrial enterprise. The United States Army Engineers' Report to the Secretary of War in 1943 estimated that in the area adjacent to Pittsburgh alone more than one million tons of acid waste per year is dumped into the streams. In this locality it has been established that acid wastes cause calculable damage to installations of two million dollars a year without endeavoring to compute the great amount of intangible damages almost impossible of ascertainment. Like or similar damage is caused elsewhere in the streams of the State, varying only in degree dependent upon the amount and kind of pollution. It is sheer folly to contemplate with equanimity the continued growth of a menace that thus threatens every phase of the activities of the people of the Commonwealth. Water is necessary not only to live but is almost as essential in order to make a living.

The principal sources of stream pollution may be succinctly listed as follows:

- I. Industrial Wastes.
- II. Municipal Sewage.
- III. Mining Operations.
  1. Sulphuric Acid Water from mine drainage.
  2. Coal wastes and silt from mining and processing operations of anthracite coal.
  3. Deterioration and gradual erosion



Everybody loses when streams are polluted.





Photo Courtesy Pennsylvania Dept. Forests and Waters.

A fisherman's paradise? No! Just one of Pennsylvania's picturesque streams ruined by pollution—coal mine and industrial waste.

and washing away of old mine dumps.

4. Washing away and deposit in streams of loose soil and rock debris from coal stripping operations.

#### IV. Soil Erosion.

1. From unscientific farming.
2. Improper deforestation.

#### I.

Of the various kinds of pollution in our streams that caused by Industrial Wastes is probably the most easily reparable. Industry is not only better organized to decide upon and bring about desirable plant changes but is also equipped better financially to make them immediately effective.

From the technical legal viewpoint almost all industrial waste in our streams is violative both of the common and statutory law of our State, despite the fact that it has been permitted to continue almost unmo-

lest. Rather than await the termination of the war to institute a vast number of suits on a State-wide basis, or such other measures as might then seem desirable, the Department of Justice determined to write the heads of the various industries of the State, apprising them of the great seriousness of the existing situation and requesting them to make plans now for installations after the war, when material is available, to end industrial waste in our streams as far as the same is reasonably practical.

At this point it seems desirable to define what is meant by reasonably practical; because it might be interpreted as indicating that the purpose was merely to seem to want to clean up the streams without really intending, in fact, to seriously try to do so. Very definitely this is not the purpose. On

the other hand it should be made perfectly clear that in an industrial age like our own it is not physically possible to restore the streams to their pure and uncontaminated condition as they were when this state was agricultural rather than industrial as it now predominantly is. There are, however, definite standards of good water for an industrial age and it is those good standards that our program should attempt to attain.

A spot check on the replies so far re-

ceived from the heads of industry in Pennsylvania indicates not only that industry generally realizes the existing dangers to our water supplies but also that it is willing to make the installations requisite to bring about the fundamental change necessary to provide a general cleanup of the streams of Pennsylvania. Needless to say, those refusing collaboration will be proceeded against in due order by process.

(Turn to page 16)



Another tragic example of stream pollution in Pennsylvania. Small-mouth black bass—wall-eyed pike—muskellunge.



# TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF TROUT FISHING

By CHAS. M. WETZEL

THIS narrative begins at a time when the brook trout held complete sway in our streams. At that time automobiles were more or less unknown and the only way of getting into good fishing territory, was either by hiking across the mountains, or driving in with a horse and spring wagon, usually over a rough corduroy road infested with rattlesnakes. And believe me, those roads were terrible! Camping equipment kept up a continual clatter as the wagon bumped along, and quite often it was necessary to take the brush hook and clean out a particularly overgrown section before one could proceed.

But for all that, there were trout—literally thousands of them waiting to be caught. Everyone was familiar with the manner in which they moved upstream when the weather became warm—always in search of cold water—and it was this characteristic that quite often determined the location of our camping place. The hotter the weather the farther we moved upstream. Many a time during low water, I have seen pools where the entire bottom was covered with brook trout. They didn't do much in the daytime—just layed there with their heads upstream—but you should have seen the way they made the water boil when the evening hatch of flies appeared.

In those days we fished entirely with worms and the spinning minnow rig. Not that we scorned the use of flies—we simply did not know how to handle them. Worms were best during early spring or when the water was high and discolored, but the spinning minnow could be depended on at almost any time. We always caught the largest trout on minnows, and after a time we discarded the worms altogether. This spinning minnow rig is still in general use, and a sketch of it appeared in the last issue of THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER.

We always tried to keep the minnows alive until ready for use. Then the twisted wire was inserted in the mouth and brought out at the vent, when the double hook was attached. This attachment was simply made by slipping the loop over one of the hooks and pulling it forward to the eye. The entire rig was then pulled forward through the minnow until the hooks lay snug against the body, one on each side. And take it from me brother, this rig was a deadly outfit. Many a trout have I taken on it.

The minnow was retrieved through the water in a series of alternate jerks and pauses, the space of travel for each jerk being about two to three feet. It was fished slightly underneath the surface at such a depth, that one could always see the trout rush up and take it. Sometimes, I have waited as long as five minutes before setting the hook, but in general trout would swallow it very quickly.

Some of these spinning minnow fishermen were regular artists. They had the knack of working the bait in all directions, without actually removing it from the water—a practice seldom any more encountered.

Then one day I graduated from the spinning minnow class. John Van Horn, one of Kettle Creek's famous fly fishermen, took me under his wing, and imparted much practical information by the streamside. He was actuated no doubt by the seemingly unsportsmanlike way in which I was catching trout—larger ones than his—on one of those damn minnies. Here was a culprit badly in need of reform, and John wasted no words at all in telling me what a rascal I was, and what he thought of such tactics. Smarting under the injustice of his withering scorn, I deviated from the ancient custom, and took up fly fishing, or the gentlemanly way of catching a trout. This was in the year 1918.

John was one of the slickest fly fishermen I ever met. He could cast his flies clear on the other side of Kettle Creek exactly in the swirl made by a rising fish. To me that distance still seems remarkable, although it wasn't more than eighty or ninety feet. Since that time I have put out considerably more line, yet it doesn't seem near as far as the cast that John made that day, when he showed off and caught a trout clear on the other side of Kettle Creek. Such are first impressions and fond recollections of a kindly and tolerant instructor!

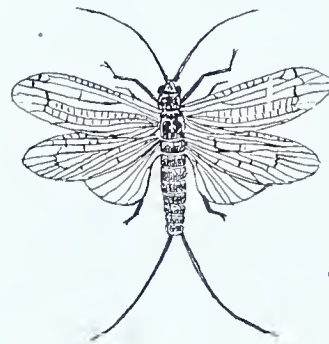
From John I learned many things, such as how to distinguish mayflies, stoneflies and caddis flies, the principal insects on which trout feed.

after these insects.

Mayflies were divided into three general classes, drakes, duns and spinners. All the large mayflies were known as drakes. Duns, were the title given to the mayflies as soon as they sprouted wings at the surface of the water; and after these babies sat around on the brush for a day or two, they shed another skin, and were then known as spinners. While on the wing, they were thus identified: duns flew away from the water, and spinners towards it. While making their way towards land, the duns would occasionally sit down on the surface to rest, for their wings were not yet firmly developed; this was the time when the trout would rush up and grab them. Spinners on the other hand were almost always rising and falling over the water—it was just one continual dance up and down. When they dropped down on the water to lay their eggs, trout were usually lurking around waiting for an easy meal. According to John, artificials representing the spinners were most successful, and he had a decided preference for those tied with an egg sac—an enlarged bulb near the bend of the hook.

The Stoneflies seldom appeared in the large swarms characterized by the mayflies. The early spring arrivals were usually black in color; and after these were gone, a brownish crop would appear. Around June and July those over the water were usually green or yellowish.

Caddis flies usually appeared in the greatest numbers around dark, or after nightfall. Quite often they would congregate in large numbers on rocks protruding above the

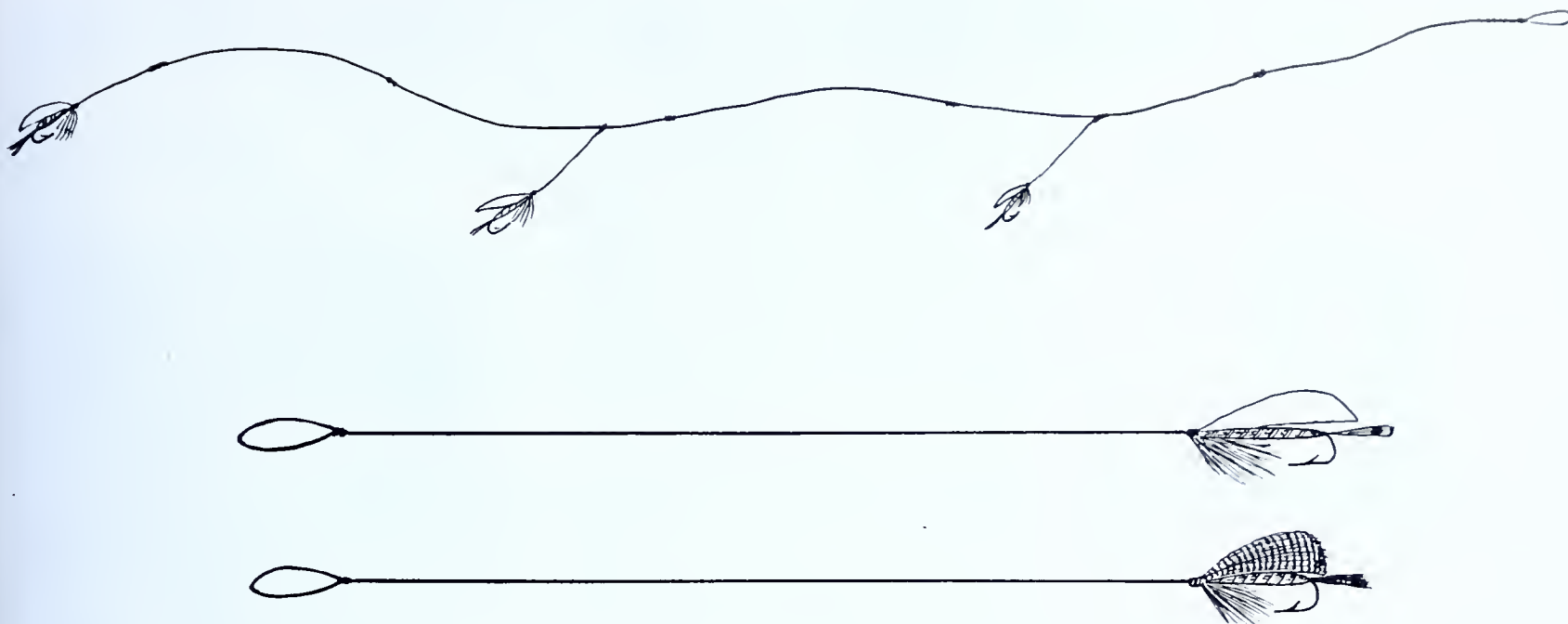


Wetzel 12-15-44

All these flies developed from creepers that wandered about on the stream bed. At certain times of the year, these nymphs or creepers would rise to the surface of the water and miraculously transform into the same winged flies that caused the trout to go "nerts" night after night. I learned that quite a few of our artificials were patterned

water, and would then descend beneath the surface to lay their eggs on the stones of the stream bed. According to John, this was the origin of wet fly fishing, for drowned insects invariably floated. Sometimes these caddis flies would appear in immense swarms, and many of them had egg sacs at the tip of their abdomens.





Wetzel 12-15-44

In those days everyone fished wet, that is, the flies were retrieved slightly underneath the surface of the water. Three flies were generally used, a point and two droppers; and they were tied on short looped gut snells, which offered an easy means of attachment to the leader.

We always tried to match the fly on the water, and sometimes very poor judgment was used. With it all though we caught plenty of trout; many a time have I taken two on a cast; and on one memorable occasion I hooked and successfully landed three—one on each fly—a feat which brought forth warm congratulations from my old friend John.

This fly fishing was a most fascinating game, and I took to it like a duck to water. I could now appreciate and understand John's abhorrence to the use of worms and spinning minnows; and I joined with him wholeheartedly in cussing and straightening out any misguided individuals we chanced to encounter, who were still pursuing this nefarious practice.

Then one day while out fishing, I encountered a gentleman on the stream, who while waiting for the evening rise, was spending his time tying trout flies. Watching him, I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to tie my own. This benevolent soul also took me under his wing, and in a short time I had accumulated sufficient hackles, feathers and floss silk to enable me to start out. The hardest part was learning to tie the whip finish—that famous fisherman's knot—and I must confess that I sweated blood over it before getting it under control. The equipment I had was crude, and the flies cruder still, but just the same, John and I managed to catch trout on them.

John's fly book was at least five inches thick and contained fully five hundred flies. A few years ago, it was my pleasure to again view that book, and the sight of it brought back pleasant memories of my old friend

John, who has long since passed over the great divide. While going through the book's contents, I could visualize John wading the Kettle Creek, covering the water all around him with a long graceful line, while farther upstream silhouetted against the evening's red glow stood Ira Weed—another old timer—who was just in the act of applying the coup de grace to a nice fat brook trout. Both the book and its contents were in a remarkable state of preservation, and it is one of Kenneth Wykoff's—to whom John had willed the book—most cherished possessions. In looking over the flies, all the old time favorites such as the King and Queen of the waters, Cahill, Rube Wood, Coachman, Red Quill, Grey Hackle, Red Hackle, Grizzly King, Professor, Cowdung and Golden Spinner were found, while here and there reposed some decrepit patterns, which I fancied might have been tied by me some twenty years earlier.

But getting back to my narrative. Whenever any tried and true patterns were running low, John would ask me to tie a number for him, and in this manner, I profited considerably from the years of experience he had gained on the stream.

About the year 1920, while Dad and I were fishing the Penns Creek together, we noticed a chap on the stream who all the while kept throwing his flies in and out of the water. He seemed to know what it was all about, yet the whole thing looked kind of "screwy". From a distance it appeared as if he was completely demoralized by the rising trout. Such a flogging we never saw before in all of our lives.

"How can anyone expect to catch fish with all these city fellows coming in and scaring them to death?" asked Dad disgustedly.

"Maybe he's only practicing. Let's go up and see."

We moved up to investigate. The gentleman completely accoutered in the last word in angling raiment was fishing!

"He was," he blandly informed us, "fishing dry fly."

Here was something new! Dad and I sat down on the bank to await developments. Smiling and inwardly pleased at the attention he was receiving from the two hicks, the gentleman started to "show off." And take it from me, he did! He used only one fly, and all the time he kept it floating on the surface.

No sooner would it start moving downstream, than some large trout would jump clear out of the water after it, then fall back with a mighty splash. It was so exciting that Dad and I were both struck dumb. In ten minutes he caught more trout than our combined catch for the entire day. He wasn't throwing in and out of the water all the time as it looked from downstream, but he kept waving his fly back and forth in the air considerable—to keep it dry—we mentally concluded. Now and then he would take a bottle out of his pocket and sprinkle something on the fly. Both of us thought it was some kind of magic fish lure but we were not sure. Dad could restrain his curiosity no longer.

"What do you have in that bottle?" he asked suspiciously.

"Oil, to make the fly float," he answered.

Dad appeared rather crestfallen. I looked at him, and he looked at me, and both of us decided then and there, that we didn't know a darn thing about trout fishing.

To be continued.

Here's an old one but as true as it ever was.

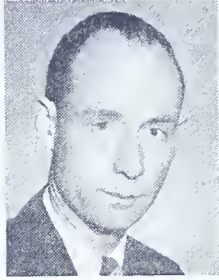
"A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, it's absolute bliss for two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, and the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, Faith; to a married woman, Hope; and to an old maid, Charity."



# THUMB YOUR REEL...NOT YOUR NOSE!

By RALPH SIDES

"Let's Go Outdoors . . . with SLIM," Lancaster New Era



Ralph (Slim) Sides

Most of us are in the same boat during these hectic war days and it is usually in dry dock, excepting for those rare short periods when we can find time to shove off and do a little fishing.

If we hear that the bass or salmon are biting . . . we can't drop everything and rush to the spot that very day but usually must stick to our wearisome tasks and try to fill in for the man shortage.

When it is eventually possible to snatch a few hours . . . the aristocratic game fish are acting temperamental and won't bite because the water isn't just right or the barometer says ixnay.

We try our luck regardless of conditions and cast until blue in the face, only to return home with a "hole in our creel."

Now that is when the lowly carp could soothe our jangled nerves and fill our baskets.

You may despise this fugitive from foreign shores because it destroys vegetation and sometimes renders waters unsuitable for game fishes which may otherwise occur in them.

The *Cyprinus Carpio* has done much to stir up sentiment as well as sediment in their rooting about in the mud of American waters.

However, what is your indignant huff getting you on your day off? Why sulk in a corner when you could derive pleasure in catching some of the prolific Minnow family which permeates our streams, rivers, lakes and ponds?

**L**ET me introduce you to the science of fly fishing for carp . . . now wait before you go into hysterics and deride the idea as preposterous, there has been something "new" added to fishing pleasure and strangely enough, carp has provided the fun.

I was paddling along the shoreline of the Susquehanna river one evening last summer, when I noticed carp feeding upon May-flies which littered the water. The next day the bass weren't biting and the carp were still active, so my brother Len decided to catch some on bread but I induced him to try one of the insects hanging from the bushes.

He flipped his line out among the bulging bubbles where the fish were preying on the

spent wings and soon a carp was snared, the slender rod bending double as he expertly maneuvered the splashing quarry to net.

I watched him land several and then couldn't constrain a desire to reap some of this easy harvest but found it wasn't as simple as it appeared.

I was ready to give up in disgust, when Len divulged the secret of how he set the hook. He explained that it was necessary to let the fly float with the current and lift up gently as it is sucked into the fish's mouth or otherwise if held stationary, the carp would ignore it or clean the barb without getting hooked.

Later, I experimented with artificial flies and found some patterns which closely resembled the natural hatch would lure the fish. Comparing notes with other fishermen, I learned that we were not alone in the discovery of fly fishing for carp and everyone who had tried this "new" sport thought it was pleasurable.

I am not a champion of the carp but I do believe that scornful anglers could have their derision reeled off in a hurry, if they would seriously give them a play.

**T**HE carp ranks thirds as a food fish in the United States but still there are many disparaging opinions expressed about its eating qualities.

One jocose story gives elaborate details about the preparation of the fish on a plank and then after it is thoroughly cooked, it is suggested that the carp should be thrown away and the plank eaten.

This does not coincide with what happened in my own home this past season when we had Blue and Mississippi cattles, Black bass and carp for dinner. Audrey, my nine year old daughter, who is as fastidious as a professional epicure, selected carp as her preference. Two guests, who had never eaten fresh water fish before, chose carp after sampling the other meat and I can truthfully say my wife and I enjoyed the toothsome filet de sole of carp, too.

Next season when your favorite fish snub you, cast your line for carp and you'll undoubtedly obtain some tasty meat to munch on, instead of having only a disgruntled story to mull over.

## FROM THE FIELD

While on patrol in the North Branch of the Susquehanna River, Saturday, August 26th, near Wysox, I looked over Earl Goss, Burnham, who was fishing for carp. He had six and I measured them—they measured 22, 25, 27 30, 31½ and 32 inches long. Mr. Goss was using dough balls for bait. He also told me he had hooked several that broke his new 24 lb. test line just as though it was a thin string.

—Paul Wilcox, Fish Warden,  
Canton, Pa.

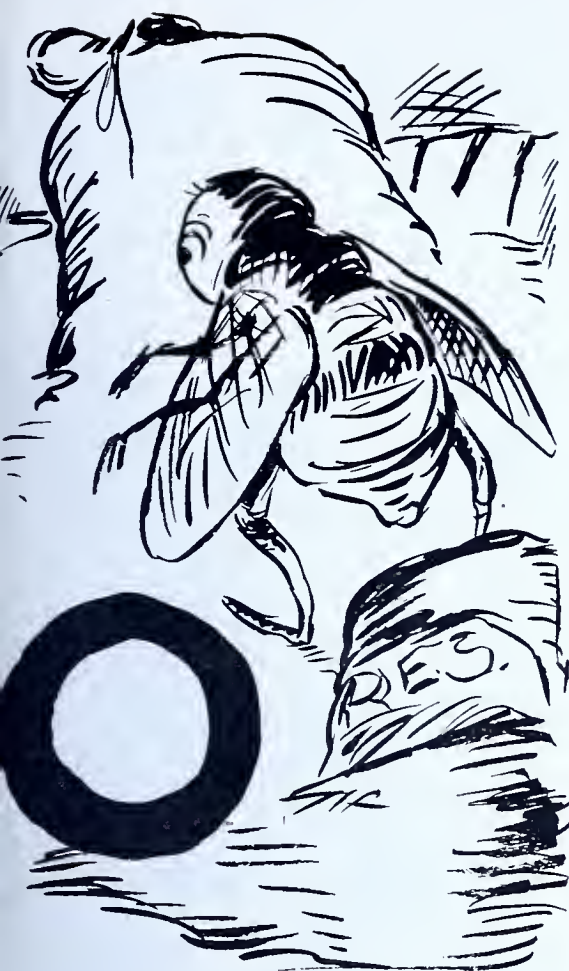


Upton Glass, of Carlisle, and fine smallmouth black bass from the Conodoguinet.



Walter C. Herncane, 80 years old, of Huntingdon, and a fine smallmouth black bass 21½ inches long, weighing 5¼ lbs., caught on a chub, Raytown Branch, Juniata River.





### O FOR OX-WARBLE-FLY

Did you know there's an insect that'll  
Eat his way through the innards of cattle?  
Each egg is attached to a hair on the hide,  
The newly hatched young'un somehow gets  
inside.

He eats through Bossy's tissues without  
bother or fuss,  
Spends three or four months in her  
oesophagus.

After more months of eating, he gets big  
and stout,  
Chews a hole through her back, and simply  
rolls out.

He gets his meals free, he gets a free ride,  
And ruins the leather that's made from her  
hide!

There isn't one act you can justify,  
Of that evil old parasite, OX-WARBLE-FLY.

CARSTEN AHRENS.

### FROM OVERSEAS

Mr. Fred McKean, Member  
Penna. Fish Commission  
Dear Fred:

I got the magazines today and sure appreciated them. I will read them in my fox hole while watching for Jerries as it gets tiresome at times. I will be glad when we get these Jerries all killed off and I get back home as this is a Hell of a life up here. I have done some hunting and fishing since I left home but not too much. The deer are small over here in Belgium and Germany. I sure hope we can spend next season together. It rains or snows every day over here. Take good care of yourself.

George  
(Pvt. George W. Cross  
APO 449, New York, N. Y.)  
A Penna. Fish Warden

### FROM OUT THE BLINDING FURY OF THE STORM!

Just another of the fine special services performed by Pennsylvania Fish Wardens is revealed in the daring rescue of a sports lady lost in the blinding grasp of December's most terrific blizzard which overtook the northern tier counties of the state. Slowly the news begins to trickle out of the snowbound area to challenge the mind and imagination of the most versatile novelist.

Tuesday afternoon December 12th Harry Roberts of Eldred, Pennsylvania, exhausted, numb and partially blinded from the fury of the storm, stumbled into the home of William Forrester in Sizerville to report that his car was stalled in the snowdrifts some eight miles back in the mountains and that his hunting companion Mrs. Mary Simons had remained in the car until help arrived.

The alarm spread rapidly, the few remaining telephone lines available begun to hum. The snow was piling high and temperatures dropping fast. State Police Barracks at Emporium was notified and in turn all native woodsmen available were enlisted to form a rescue squad. Max Ostrum, Chief Game Protector of the district organized a crew to tackle the job from one angle, while L. E. (Monte) Close, district Fish Warden organized another crew and tackled the job by going in by way of treacherous Crooked Run. The jobs were stupendous and tough and some idea of the strenuous work might well be gathered from the fact that many miles of mountain highway were hand-shoveled and cleared of more than four feet of snow, while acres of drifted snow and ice at times actually baffled the rescuers. There could be no stopping and on and on they trudged from both directions to find the stranded car and find it empty. Footprints revealed that the woman had followed the footprints of her companion and thus the task became alarmingly involved. All night long and into the early hours of the following morning until about 9:00 A.M. December 13th when Henry Kephart and Perry Stumpff came upon her almost frozen and partially buried in the snow. Both men were afraid she would die before they could get her to the Baily Run Camp, about a mile and a half away. Here they made her comfortable and applied first aid to her frozen feet.

Abandoning his car in drifts higher than the automobile itself, Warden Monte Close and Corporal Kissinger of the State Police headed for the Baily Run Camp on foot. Meeting Forrester they were informed that the woman was found and was at the camp. Securing the services of Miss Weidert a local Red Cross nurse the trio again struck out for the Baily Run Camp and by ten o'clock the next morning Thursday, December 14th the lost was in the office of Dr. Hackett.

Like a saga of the great Northwest the story reveals the determination and struggle of humans to save the life of another. Days and nights without sleep or rest. Fighting the wrath of the elements they doggedly plunged on accepting nothing but victory.

Yes! Your Fish Warden performs many acts of special service accounts of which never reach you. Acts, far and beyond his immediate call of duty as do all the field men of the conservation agencies of our great



### P FOR PRAYING MANTIS

The Praying Mantis seems very devout,  
But watch her awhile, and you will find out  
That her hands are not raised in pious appeal,

They're waiting to trap her an insect meal.  
No fruit or vegetables will she eat,  
But insists on a steady diet of meat.  
She's utterly heartless . . . won't hesitate  
To capture and slowly devour her mate!  
She's the only insect that has the knack  
Of turning her head to look over her back.

CARSTEN AHRENS.

state. In complete accord and harmony with the police and public.

We salute you, men of Cameron County for your courage and unyielding determination.



Joan Brennen and fine black bass she caught near Phoenixville. Her father whom she has not seen in years is "somewhere in the S. Pacific."



# STANDIN' GUARD ON THE OLE FISHIN' HOLE

By SETH L. MYERS



Seth L. Myers

*Written for the ANGLER by secretary of the Northwest Division of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs. Myers' weekly outdoor column under the heading of Northwest Pennsylvania Sportsmen, appears in many of the newspapers in nine counties of the state's Northwest section.*

THE President, the Governor, the doctor, the foreman, the craneman, the janitor; all have their own pet fishin' holes. You have yours, I have mine, and to each, there is none better. I wonder how many of us do anything for our fishin' holes?

Like the hunter who is ever wandering over the mountains to see what is on the other side, the fisherman is ever traveling upstream or downstream, or to new streams and lakes to learn of their possibilities.

Both return in due time however, to their favorite fishin' holes and huntin' grounds. Everyone knows what creates favorite fishin' holes. To me, it is simply the place where I first felt the tug of a horny chub on the end of a piece of string tied to a crooked pole. I can never forget the great thrill of seeing the shining red finned chub that came out twisting and flopping. That was the greatest fish ever caught as far as I am concerned. That was the fish that made of me a fisherman for life.

There were others and larger. There were many other fishing days through the years, and many fine strings of fish have I taken from that same hole. Many have I taken from upstream and many from downstream. Once I caught a very large carp at my fishin' hole, and the thrill that comes to a boy with such success is still fresh in my memory.

While yet very young, I resented others fishing in my hole, though as I grew older I overcame that selfish attitude, but never have I been able to get it out of my head that it is my fishin' hole regardless of who fishes in it. I remember how proud I was at times when I would hear it referred to as my fishin' hole. I always felt it a duty to guard it.

I remember how hurt I was at times when I found the bank littered with tin cans and lunch papers. Many times have I gathered

them up and returned its natural beauty to this choice spot. Once I saw a man throwing a large bag of rubble in my fishin' hole. Now, after more than thirty years I recall throwing stones at him from a concealed place on the hillside.

The fellow probably suspected who was laying down that barrage and I've felt ashamed about it at times. Today, I would feel like stoning a man for dumping rubbish in my fishin' hole, or any other fishin' hole, and wouldn't bother concealing myself. In my boyish mind that fishin' hole was sort of sacred to me. That cold clear water with its ripples and bubbles was my first love. It was the best water in the whole world to me and still is. When the fish were not biting I used to lie sprawled on the overhanging bank and watch them. I have never lost the desire to study them and their habits. When yet in my early teens I began to wonder how long it would last; this taking of fish from the waters. I wondered what was being done to replenish the supply, and of course was happy to learn of the state fish commission and the great work being done. Back in those years the program was only in its infancy, and was as nothing compared to the tremendous annual stocking program of the present.

I determined to learn how I could help put into the water more and better fish than I had ever taken out. I would talk to men who knew how to secure various species of game fish for restocking my fishin' hole and many other fishin' holes. This, I did. Fritz Smith and Harry Davis were those men. Both dead now, but memories of those splendid sportsmen will live long with all who knew them as I did. Old files of the fish commission will show many cans of game fish were shipped to the town of Sandy Lake for stocking nearby waters. In those days we had no warden to handle the restocking. It was all done by willing hands such as Smith and Davis.

I will always cherish the memories of many trips made with them when the fish were taken out for planting. I'll never forget how occasionally I was able to persuade them to put a few extras in my old fishin' hole. I argued that it being the best in the section, it was being overfished.

I shall never forget nor forgive the two-legged skunks who ruined my fishin' hole. It happened during a night while a thunderstorm raged overhead. The next day when I arrived at my hole I found the water covered with dead fish. They had been killed by dynamite and the big ones carried off. I remember well, whom I suspected although I was never able to prove it. I called loudly for punishment to rain down upon the heads of those who had done this awful thing. I remember the hot tears that couldn't be held back as I stumbled around the edge of the hole, examining dead fish.



Charles Hummel, Lebanon, and two fine black bass taken from the Susquehanna, October 28, 1944 on plug.

Not even one of the larger did I take home. I didn't want any fish that was taken in such an unsportsmanlike manner. I went away from the scene with heavy heart; with a feeling that I had lost something which I never again would enjoy.

In due time my older friends were able to secure more fish from the commission and once again the water was alive with small game fish. I never had a chance to enjoy it however, as Uncle Sam needed me in military service for the next few seasons.

Many times while away in other lands I was fortunate in finding some place to fish. I have taken many fine catches in many different waters and from both of the great oceans but never did I forget my old fishin' hole. The first day I returned home I dug up fishing tackle and in high spirits, headed for my old fishin' hole. I made several casts without success and wondered. I recalled how quickly in the old days, I used to get a nibble. Then I noticed that I could no



longer see the minnows near the bank, always of great interest and amusement to me as a child. The water was no longer clear and there was a peculiar odor all about me. I bent down and smelled of the water and the thing struck home even worse than the dynamite catastrophe. The water was polluted. Cuss somebody. Cuss everybody who had anything to do with it. Their hearts were black. More rotten than the stinking water that had killed my fish. I would do something about it. I sat looking into that dead water and pledged to myself and other fishin' kids to come, that I would leave no stone unturned in the fight against pollution.

Soon, we hope, there will be many other fishermen returning home from Uncle Sam's service. They must not find their favorite fishin' holes polluted as was mine. It will break their already heavy hearts. We all have a job to do while they are away doing the big job for us; fight the stinking water that kills their fish. They're fighting for America, and what would America be without clean fishin' holes?

In my efforts against stream polluters I have made some enemies. All of the others who have dared to fight those who are responsible for pollution have likewise made enemies. Our friends and enemies alike, know and know well, that never will we give



up the fight to preserve the good old fishin' holes. We may make enemies during the unending program but we will never be scorned by the kids of tomorrow for sitting back and letting their fishin' holes become lifeless, stinking cesspools.

Readers of PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER know who the leaders of the anti-pollution movement are: Ken Reid, Rev. Kulp, Johnny Mock, Bill Wolf, Ralph Roberts and all the others. These leaders are men unafraid of polluters and they need all the support possible. The fish commission can only do the good job we want done if we all put forth a fair share of effort to help. If we would have good fishin' holes, then we will need to give as much as we take.

# PENNSYLVANIA FISH FARMS

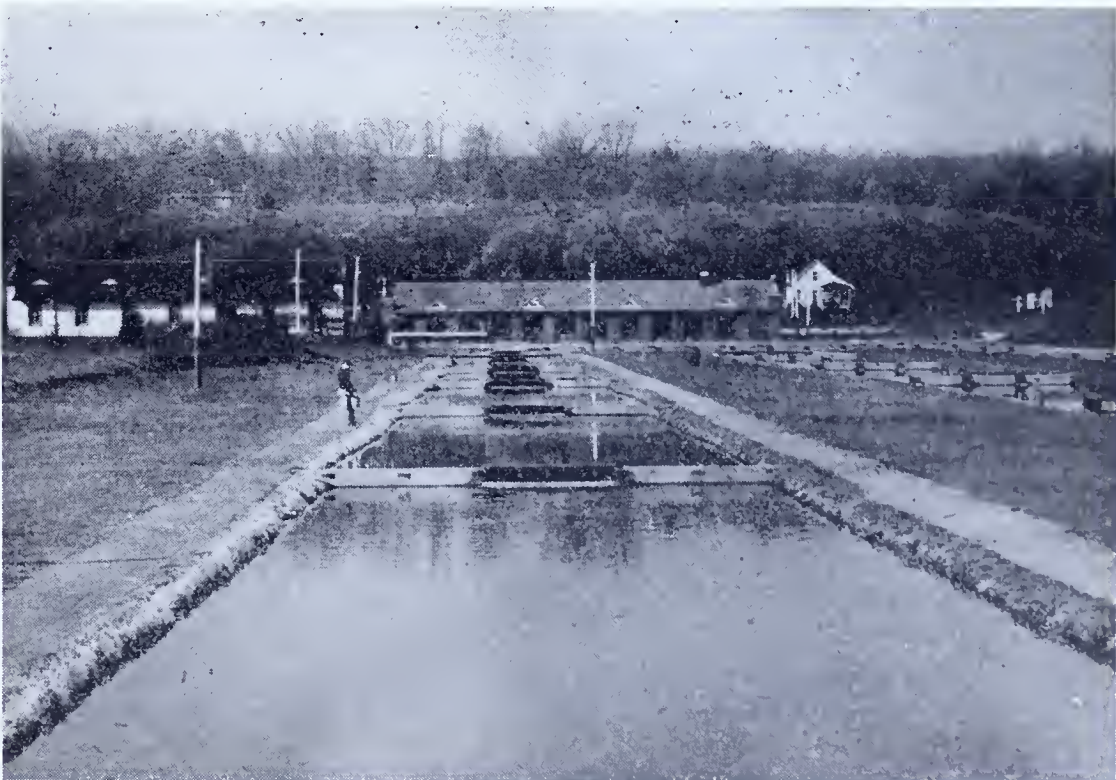
## Monthly Glimpses Into The Program Of The Pennsylvania Fish Commission



The Huntsdale Farm opposite Carlisle in Cumberland County—Trout—Brook, Brown and Rainbrow—Small Mouth Black Bass.

← Game Protector Moyer assisting fish warden Cliff Iman—seining reservoir at Zelienople.

↓ The Reynoldsdale Farm opposite Bedford in Bedford County—Trout—Rainbow, Brook, Brown.





# THE SECRET

*Dedicated to My Brother, Cpl. William H. (Bill) Barrett Now With the B29 "Super Fortresses"—Somewhere in the Marianas.*

Seems as though but yesterday when near a stream I stood  
I glanced toward my father dear, tried not to seem afraid.  
The pole within my hands felt strange, the dangling worm alive  
He understood, I know he did, you see—I was only five.

Long last my line was in water deep, still as a mouse was I  
The sun shone bright in skies of blue, cast shadows on the ground.  
I tossed my head of sun-kissed curls, a tug! a pull! yet worse!  
Daddy! I have a bite! cried I, with pride I thought I'd burst.

My little heart was thumping hard, I grinned from ear to ear  
Dear father stood by and only confidence gave, this task was to be all mine.  
The little fish jumped from the water deep, a splash! a sparkle! and then—  
My foot it slipped on some dampened moss, the fish was free again!

With lowered head, to hide my tears, I kicked a pebble or two  
Father, what a darling he, laughed loud in secret glee—  
Gave me a fish, one he had caught, studded with colors from above  
I glanced up at him slowly and shyly, my eyes showing thanks and love.

The sun had vanished behind a hill, we wended our way toward home  
The fish was displayed to mother dear and in secret father grinned.  
No! this secret between us was never told, it will never be else but nought.  
Yes, to be five again, know the joy again to catch a fish I never caught.

BETTE M. BARRETT

## WHO WAS THE MOST SURPRISED-- THE BASS--THE BOY--OR MYSELF?

By WILLIAM F. BLADES



Mr. Barrett:

This small buck was born very late, around August 27th, 1944, and left near the road in a weak condition several miles north of Bill Phillips' Camp. A feeding bottle was fixed up and several guests helped to put it on the way to good health.

I used to carry it out for a sun bath in the warm part of the day, and I certainly got a kick out of doing this. I left the camp about October 4th and the deer was in good condition, and I hope to see it again next year.

A little over two years ago in the last week in June I was in search of the fighting black bass in company with three other of my fishermen friends.

In the evening in the dining room (where we talk a lot of our "best fishing") I became acquainted with a father and son who were very much interested in learning to fish with the fly rod.

I had done a lot of instructing on dry land as to what to do and what not to do but I had never fished with them; so one evening while I was on a lake waiting for the sun to go down and putting on a dry and greased line I spotted the father and son. I said "Gentlemen, instead of talking fishing in the dining room, follow me—I believe the time is just right—let's see if I can catch one."

As I started to fish I looked at the boy and said "Remember—up—out—up—out—" and as I worked the rod tip "Now, bass," and to my surprise at that moment a bass took the bug. After bringing the fish in I said, "Now, never waste time when they are biting." I cast out again, repeating the same words, and on came another bass. I was astonished, for I surely didn't expect it. After putting seven nice bass on the stringer the mosquitoes called it a day.

### MAKING THE BASS BUG

Take a cork 1" x ½" tapered towards the rear and gouge out the front to make the popping type; now saw or cut a slot to receive a No. 1/0 hump shank hook; cement the portion of hook that goes in the cork



Proudly displaying fine black bass caught by her father Don Blair in French Creek.

and wrap it with silk; then fill cement in the saw cut and insert the hook and fill in the saw cut with plastic wood or cement. Before painting, give the cork a coat of clear cement; now paint the bug red with two large white eyes and black centre. To make these eyes mix the enamel just right, not too stiff; now make some round sticks to the sizes desired and insert one in the enamel a little way; take straight out and put it straight down on the bug and then take it off quickly; take a smaller sized stick and put in the small centre in the same way; wait a while for the first one to set a little. Now select six white neck hackles; place three on each side so as to flare out; this gives a life-like action. Now wind two or three soft hackles over these ends to form a collar; tie off and cement the winding and you have a good bug.

Many color combinations and sizes can be made with this type of bug. To operate bass bugs effectively is another story.



Fish Warden Cliff Iman of Evans City, with large mouth black bass, 3½ lbs., seined from the Zelenople Reservoir.



# FANGED TROUT

By LEON H. WALTER

*Editorial Note: The short, short "Fanged Trout" is one of twelve original stories with a woodsy tang and unexpected endings, written and published by Leon H. Walter formerly of Pennsylvania. The volume entitled—"Outdoor Chuckles" is well worth its nominal cost.*

*Some twenty pages of well written words of humor about fishing, hunting and trapping, beautifully presented and holding a charm of humor to the outdoorsmen of America.*

*To—Leon H. Walter, 564 Madison Ave., Akron (2), Ohio—we extend our best wishes for success.—J. A. B.*

IT WAS one of those warm days which come to western Pennsylvania in late May, a day of alternate bright sunshine and swiftly passing clouds which gave promise of brisk showers.

Those nice, fat, red angleworms that I had been turning up in planting the newly plowed garden gave me ideas other than prospective pea picking or cultivating cucumbers. So when the first shower came along I grabbed it as a good excuse to abandon agriculture and take to the trout stream with a can of earthworm entrancers.

Out on Hemlock Creek the sun was bright and warm and the shower had been absorbed by the new, green vegetation. Where the stream was deflected by a log back under the bank a wiggling worm was gobbled up by an eight inch native speckled trout. There was a brief flash of pink belly in the air and a thrill of exultation before the creel closed his career.

Further down the stream a 10 inch hatchery trout, slimmer and with less color and more body taper than the native, fell for the lure of those garden garbos.

Life was certainly worth while now, far, far too good to risk taking any chances ever. But as I waded down a long stretch of shallow water and came around a bend it seemed that my heart had either stopped or detoured into my throat for breathing almost ceased.

An immense speckled trout, I guessed him to be 18 or 19 inches, had been sunning himself in that shallow riffle and hearing my approach had just turned to make his way into a long, deep, tree shaded pool below. As he slid down the riffle I cast the bait ahead of him and jerked it around a bit but he paid no more heed than a bear at a bee hive. Just gave that big, square tail an extra strong flip and shot into the pool.

Time after time I slid that bait down into the pool, each time adding more worms until the bait ball got so heavy it just sunk at the end of the riffle. While I was doing that I saw a beetle land on the water and there was a mighty swirl as that titan trout rose to take him in.

About that time a nice, big butterfly—one of those common orange and black kind—went drifting across the stream in front of

me and in that instant an idea was born. I waded out of the riffle carefully so as not to disturb that big trout, laid my pole on the bank and fluttered after that butterfly.

When he sat down on a flower I planned to catch him alive carefully in my hat, put him on the hook, float him down the stream on a burdock or skunk cabbage leaf and then jerk him off the raft into the pool where I thought Mr. Trout might see him flutter and gobble him down.

I followed that butterfly through knee high and waist high weeds, berry bushes and grass and was sneaking up to capture him when I became aware of an angry buzzing noise very near at hand. Just exactly the kind of noise a rattlesnake makes when he doesn't want your company.

I looked around and there near my feet I could see a couple of inches of part of a very wide rattlesnake anatomy. As he was not moving I could not tell which way he was going and as I could not see either end of him I couldn't make out which end was warning me or which end was threatening me.

I had nothing in my hands but my old fishing hat full of holes. While I had been wading around on land chasing that butterfly my hip boots had slid down clear to my knees and that rattling reptile there in the weeds looked big enough to land a punch as high as my watch pocket at least from what I could see of him.

While it may be true that Lady Godiva put everything she had on a horse it's a little different when it comes to jumping on a half concealed rattlesnake with your boots down. I could think of a good many reasons real quick for not tangling with that baby.

In the first place I felt young and healthy and did not cherish any fang scars. In the second place I might be allergic to any kind of anti-venom serums. In the third place I was afraid to do much stomping around for fear of scaring that big trout in the pool not far distance. And in the next place I didn't know in what place the attack might land or which direction it would come from.

So I backed out of there real careful and went to hunt for a sturdy club. When I came back the snake was gone and so was the butterfly. I did kick a rotten stump apart and tried that big trout again with a grub worm but he evidently didn't care for white meat. Then I had to hurry home to go to work on that 3 P.M. to 11 P.M. trick and when I came home had a hasty snack before crawling into bed.

The first thing I knew I was tangled up with that rattlesnake again and then I was kicking that stump apart again. All of a sudden an intense pain shot up my right leg. I sat up in bed in a hurry and grabbed that foot with both hands and began to holler, "My God, he got me."

My wife sat up in bed in a hurry, too, turned on the light and said, "What's the matter? What's going on here? What have

you been kicking around about? What are you hollering for?" and never waited for any answers.

I pointed to my foot and there sticking out of my big toe was most of the length of a large needle. The rest of the needle was buried deep in that big toe to give reality to a realistic dream.

As I pulled out the metal and explained the situation the good woman remembered that she had been sitting on the bed sewing that afternoon and had "probably stuck the needle in the bedding to keep it from getting lost."

That needle hadn't been lost but I found it, confound it.

P.S. I finished planting the garden and it turned out real nice.

## PRIZES AWARDED FOR LARGEST FISH AND GAME

*Hunting Stories also Feature Sportsmen's Meeting for Which Prizes Were Given Quarryville Sun*

Five prizes of \$2 each were awarded by the Southern Lancaster County Farmer-Sportsmen's Association at its meetings in Quarryville Fire Hall to the following persons:

Robert G. Herr, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Herr, Quarryville, for catching the largest brown trout, 17 inches in length; Park W. Pfenninger, Lancaster, largest rainbow trout, 19 inches; largest gray squirrel, one pound and five ounces, Curtis Hilton, Quarryville, R. 3; largest cock pheasant, James Shank, three pounds and one ounce. Eight-point buck deer thirteen and one-fourth inches antler spread, Donald C. Graybill, New Providence.

Other prizes were awarded for the best hunting story. There were six contestants. Much humor was shown in the telling of them, there being some thrilling experiences. Among the Association members who shot deer this season were Lewis Shoemaker, Wilbur W. Thomas, Fred T. Young, Leroy Wenger and Donald C. Graybill. Sportsmen had much fun on the hunting grounds with a life-size bear painted on cardboard that was very real in appearance.

Prize winners in the story telling contest were: Ralph L. Shank, first \$2; Fred T. Young, second, \$1.

The Association purchased five sets of wildlife posters, in colors, that will be distributed to the High Schools in this section.

### Committees Appointed

Committees appointed were: Entertainment, J. Paul Nolt; game, Lewis Shoemaker, Fred T. Young and Samuel Wenger; fish, John Hammon, Martin Stoner and Haines Jackson; publicity, Howard Reynolds.

### Delegates Elected

Delegates to attend the Lancaster County Sportsmen's Association were Lewis E. Shoemaker and J. Paul Nolt. The membership of the local Association is now 161, and accordingly the dues in the County Association, of \$16.10, was ordered paid.

### New Members

New members elected at this time were Raymond Hake and Leroy Wenger.



# THE BEAUTIFUL BLUEGILL

By W. R. WALTON

Excepting only the brook trout, which, by common consent, may be considered the most beautiful game fish inhabiting Eastern fresh waters, the bluegill sunfish, *Helioperca incisor* Cuv. & Val., should, I think, be awarded the palm for pulchritude. In the breeding season, the male bluegill, no fooling, is "a sight to heal sore eyes." Even so cool and imperturbable a scientist as Stephen Alfred Forbes waxes eloquent in his description of it, to wit "Color light to dark olive, with more or less luster of purple to lavender; adults usually very dark; belly yellow or rich yellowish brown with margins of scales lighter; about 6 more or less distinct, wavy vertical bars of dusky on sides, most apparent below lateral line, usually becoming obsolete in adults; snout dull slate, velvety; chin emerald; cheeks and opercles olive with iridescent gold and emerald; gill-flap deep blue behind, velvety without evident pale margin, the black of the flap sometimes lightening to dull emerald green." The fine eye-colors are not mentioned, but the narrow ring of gold, encircling the coal-black pupil, puts the finishing touch of beauty to this dainty denizen of our ponds and slow streams. In case any doubt remains regarding the species of sunfish in hand, an unfailing badge of identity in the bluegill is the dusky, or blackish blotch borne on the last 4 to 5 rays of the posterior dorsal fin.

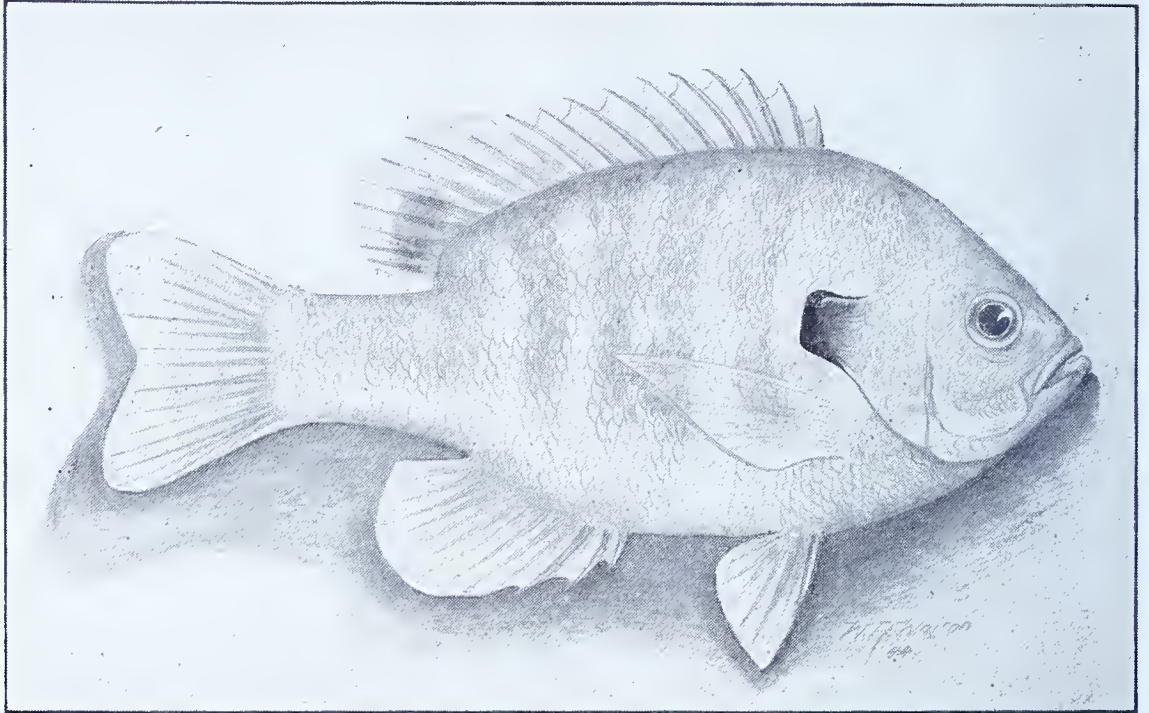
This fine fish was known scientifically for many years as *Lepomis pallidus* (Mitchill), but as Mitchill's description finally was found not to refer to this species, the honor of naming it fell to Cuvier and Valenciennes, who described it in 1831, from specimens taken at New Orleans, La.

Although known in most of the Northern States as the bluegill or bluegill sunfish, it has been called locally by various names some of which are: blue bream, copper-nosed bream, dollardee, blue joe, blue-mouthed sunfish etc.

The bluegill ranges naturally throughout eastern North America from the Great Lakes to the Gulf Coast, but it has been distributed artificially in many western states. For instance, it is especially abundant and large in many of the reservoir lakes of Arizona. In the Salt River lakes from Roosevelt Lake to Granite Reef Dam, it affords most excellent sport. The bluegill is the largest of our sunfishes, in the stricter sense, sometimes reaching a length of 14 inches and 1½ pounds in weight. Ordinarily however, adult fish run about 8 to 9 inches long.

Although the bluegill is quite at home in our larger, slow streams, it is preeminently a pond fish and as such is the finest of species for private culture.

Emboly, who studied the growth rate of this fish, states that under ordinarily favorable conditions, at 5 months it is from 2 to



2½ inches long; at 1 year 3 to 4 inches; and at 2 years, 5 to 6 inches long. Yearling fish are known to breed, and Davis and Wiebe, (1930) state that: "one pond a little over one fifth of an acre in area, which was stocked in the spring with 212 adults and 500 yearlings, yielded the following fall 26,624 No. 1 fingerlings." This pond was not artificially fertilized, although natural food conditions in it must have been excellent.

In view of the bluegill's high rate of reproduction and partially vegetarian food habits, the U. S. Soil Conservation Service recommends that a proportion of strictly carnivorous fish be stocked in combination with it. For this purpose, it recommends highly the largemouth bass. With this combination, the excess reproduction of bluegills becomes consumed by the bass, so that both species attain satisfactory size and thus provide good sport fishing.

For satisfactory results in the Southeast, there is recommended one pound of bass to about 3 pounds of bluegills. That is to say, in a pond that will support 150 pounds of fish per acre, there should be stocked about 400 bluegills to 30 bass per acre. A fertilized pond of 1 acre in area, may support from 500 to 600 pounds of fish per acre and hence it should be stocked with about 1500 bluegills and 100 bass. However, the ordinary practice of the U. S. Fish & Wild Life Service is to stock at the rate of 10 bluegills to 1 largemouth bass.

Now, regarding the artificial fertilization of ponds, a review of European experiences showed increases of from 28 to 300 per cent resulting from application of various kinds of fertilizers. A commercial fertilizer having

a formula of 6-8-4 or 8-8-4, was found to give excellent results. These fertilizers should be distributed at the rate of 100 pounds per acre. In ponds up to 4 or 5 acres in area, the fertilizer may be broadcast from the shore toward the center. In larger ponds it is better broadcast from a boat over areas that are from 1 to 6 feet deep. It is not really necessary to employ for this purpose fertilizers of the exact formulas above mentioned, as any good commercial, or even organic, fertilizer will bring good if not maximum results.

The secret of the remarkable success of artificial fertilization of ponds in increasing fish growth lies in the fact that this increases greatly the pond's content of what biologists call the plankton. By this they mean the microscopic, or minute, plant and animal life therein. These minute forms of life furnish abundant food for the little fish which, in turn, are eaten by the big fish. But where there are too many fish inhabiting a given pond, none, or few, of them is likely to reach a size satisfactory for sport fishing. Hence, it is necessary that a proper balance be maintained between the abundance of forage and carnivorous fishes.

The nests of the bluegill usually are found in groups and are of the usual saucer shape. They are about 10 to 12 inches in diameter depending upon the size of the fish making them. The nest bottom is swept clean of loose material, and the eggs are attached to roots or other objects on its bottom. The older or larger females breed earlier than do the younger ones. A single male has been observed to occupy the same area for

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# ON THE FISHING FRONTS



George Engler, 542 E 9th St., Erie and 40 lb., 3 ft 9 in. Muskellunge which he caught in Lake Erie while fishing off the peninsula.



Victor Jones of Honeoye with 41 inch 22 lb. Muskie caught in Oswego Creek.



P. Garfield Hottenstein, 207 S. 2nd St., Lebanon displays fine Large-Mouth Black Bass he took from Stracks Dam. 23½ inches long, and weighing 7½ lbs. Lure, Heddon River Runt.





# NOTES ON PONDS AND FISH

By DON BLAIR

*Note: The views expressed herein are not meant to conflict with those of any recognized conservation agency. They are set forth here simply with the hope that they may help to add to the total of knowledge concerning fish and fishing. (The Author)*

We have been reading lately considerable on the subject of farm fish ponds. If we recall, the sum of the expert opinion seems to be that the water need be continually fertilized the same as farm fields to assure continuous productivity. Also that the favored species of fish be bream, to eat the bugs, and big-mouth bass to eat the bream. Now if we just add a boy to catch the bass that eat the bream that eat the bugs we have a very nice picture, one well worth some pleasant and/or serious thinking.

In view of the ever-increasing number of Pennsylvania fishermen, such small ponds come up for serious attention. Meaning that the average angler with a Sunday holiday nowadays has a pretty hard time to find peace and solitude along the water.

For one thing, a small spring will provide water for a one or two acre pond. There are literally thousands of places in Pennsylvania where small ponds could be made. Further, a small spring is much less liable to future pollution than a large creek or river.

All this has been merely leading up to description of two forty year old ponds, from which we have drawn a great deal of pleasure over the years, along with some small knowledge of the habits of the wild creatures who live in and near them. In line with the discussion about farm fishponds, these two, after forty years, should be a great deal of help in answering such questions as: (1) is the expense of creating such a pond justifiable in the light of a long investment, or only as a short term proposition? If neglected will such water continue to produce fish in usable amounts? Can you catch too many fish from a pond, as by public fishing, so that it must be periodically re-stocked? How deep must a pond be in northern Pennsylvania? Would there be any other benefits from such a pond beyond those of fish and fishing?

Without attempting to answer each one of these questions individually, let us get along with our pond fishing and let the answers fall in along the way.

Along in 1905 or 1906 they built a new railroad and in so doing changed the courses of two warm water creeks. To make the track as straight as possible they cut off, in each case, a bend in the creek isolating a small pond of approximately an acre. Fortunately in each pond there was a spring to maintain the water level though we can imagine they got pretty low in those first few years. At any rate, there were the ponds, accidentally man-made and there

they have stood for all of these nearly forty years. Both ponds are off the beaten path, being in each instance nearly two miles from the nearest highway. In deference to the men and boys who fish in one of these ponds we shall not give there location further than to say that they are both in the northern part of Pennsylvania.

The one, let's call it the East Pond, is fished quite steadily throughout the summer. The second, we can call it the West Pond, is not fished at all, except by us, so far as we have been able to observe. This makes for a very interesting comparison, when we think about it, a comparison that brings out some unsuspected answers that bear on conservation.

To return to the beginning, both the streams from whence came the ponds, were and still are primarily small mouth bass waters with minnows, chubs and suckers. And yet neither pond at this time harbors these species. The ponds now contain only big-mouth bass, bream or sunfish and bullheads. How these fish got there is a question we cannot answer except that there must have been a few of each present when the ponds were made. It is hardly likely that they were ever stocked. We notice that these are kinds of fish able to stand the high summer temperatures and low oxygen supplies that must have occurred in drought years. The small-mouth, who certainly must have been the predominant predator in the beginning, lost out completely, and some time before 1915. For that was when we first became interested. We now feel that the shallow water in these ponds doomed the small-mouths, for we have since many times found the two bass sharing and thriving in the same conditions of water, food and cover, excepting only that deeper water was available. It is a well-known fact that in late fall, small-mouth bass fishermen haunt the deepest holes in a stream. At any rate, after nearly forty years, these two ponds, containing in the beginning practically every kind of stream fish, now hold only big-mouth bass, bream and bullheads.

We are pretty sure that these streams contained carp at the time the ponds were made. If they did, this is the first instance, to our knowledge, in which they failed to survive. And that in itself might bungle up a lot of otherwise logical answers to conservation questions.

Now at the present time both ponds contain an adequate supply of big-mouth bass, ranging in weight up to an estimated six pounds. Both ponds have yielded to us, upon occasion, four pound bass. But right there their similarity begins to fade. On the East Pond, almost any summer evening you can watch the small bass jumping for damsel flies. And if you are adept with a bass bug you may hook two or three nice bass about sundown. Most of the men and boys who fish here use large surface plugs or live

minnows and we submit that their bass run larger than the ones we usually hook with bugs or dry flies. But we get a lot more strikes and fun and once in while a fish too large for our light tackle. A long time ago we put our own size limit on these bass, fourteen inches, and have not ever had an occasion to regret it. They are very good to eat.

On the West Pond we rarely see any surface activity nor do we ever catch many fish. Remember that this is the virgin water, the pond that nobody but the author ever fishes! Once in a long time here, by our records, about once in three trips we get a strike from a big bass, very rarely a small one. But in all the times we have fished here we have never been able to kill more than one bass in any one day in the West Pond. And oftener than we got a bass we got a goose-egg, and we have fished there a great many times in the last thirty years for we know the bass are there; dozens of big fat, beautiful green and gold bigmouth bass. There is only one reason why they won't strike. They just are not hungry. This virgin pond abounds with sunfish. In one afternoon we caught and released about forty of them. The largest was hardly six inches in over-all length. They all have the oversized head and slender body that indicates under-fed fish. Stunted growth, if you prefer.

Back in the East Pond there are not nearly so many sunfish but they grow larger, fatter and make a worthwhile prize for a boy to carry home. Here a significant note creeps in. Along in early September we notice that the seasons crop of bass will be the same size in both ponds. A sturdy two to three inches. But the bluegills in the East Pond have grown to the size of a half-dollar while those in the West Pond are hardly half as big. We doubt very much if the baby bass eat the baby sunfish at this stage. It is our opinion that the small bass are competing with the sunfish for insect food at this season and that the bass, being more aggressive and quicker to attack, get all the food they want. If a shortage develops, as it evidently does in the West Pond, it is the sunfish who go hungry. Certainly we know through these many years that the bass grow big and fat in both ponds. Though one thing we do not know is what finally becomes of the big bass in the West Pond. All we can be sure of is that man does not catch them.

As for the bullheads, in the East Pond they are relatively scarce. We rarely see one under ten inches in length and some are maybe fifteen inches. Here again, as with the sunfish, it looks as if the fast growing aggressive, hungry bass keep the small fry pretty well cleaned up; while the fishing activities of man and boy hold the adult population below the point where they can multiply faster than the bass can eat. Again, as with the sunfish, in the West Pond there are literally hundreds of bullheads, from the small fry that look, in their schools, like little black clouds; up to the largest which will be a slim nine or ten inches. These seem always to be on the lookout for something to eat and are never too hard to catch. We simply manipulate a wet fly where Mr. Bullhead can see it and he will nearly always



open his big mouth and suck it in. When he closes his mouth again you can set the hook. It is slow work and awfully hard on flies, particularly nerve-wracking if you have been trout-fishing only a short time before.

Twenty years, even ten years ago, the West Pond contained a great number of frogs. We ate a lot of them but the supply never seemed to suffer from our shooting. Lately they are scarce and small though there has been little hunting for four or five years. This, we think, is because many more large birds (herons and ducks) fish here than did a generation ago.

Both ponds contain turtles of a size to amaze you. Several times during the last three decades we have watched these amphibians at their love-making. Clumsy and slightly ridiculous, they make you wonder about those huge reptiles who inhabited this earth so many millions of years in the past.

Nowadays, snapping turtles seem to be universally condemned as predatory creatures; creatures that should be destroyed. After these years of association with these two ponds, we feel that this is unjust, if not entirely wrong. Certainly the case of the West Pond, with its greatly over-stocked

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An ardent fisherman! is Kenneth Brennen, of 522 Nutt Road, Phoenixville.

ADVICE TO A SON

No Matter where you're fishing, son—  
A river, pond, or brook.  
If you should catch a little one  
Don't just pull out the hook;  
But save its life—take out your knife  
And cut the gut in two!!—  
Then slide the fish back in again  
As all good sportsmen do.  
Perhaps upon some future day  
Again your luck you'll try;  
And if Fate's kind, why then you'll find  
THIS time,

IT'S  
NO  
SMALL  
FRY!!!!

by—The Perkiomen Poet

Reprinted from "The Sportcaster" Monthly publication of The Perkiomen Valley Sportsmen's Association.

The bashful little muskrat, already contributing 6,000,000 pelts a year for the comfort and adornment of the nation's women, is solving a problem for the industry of perfume manufacturing. Scientists have found a way to use the animal's musk instead of foreign products which are no longer obtainable. The State of Louisiana produces more than half of the muskrats of America.

FISHING HAS MANY THRILLS OTHER SPORTS DO NOT OFFER

By JOHNNY MOCK



Johnny Mock

second place, when a fisherman hooks his fish the adventure has just begun, whereas when the hunter pulls the trigger it comes to a sudden end. Hooking a muskie and fighting it for 30 or 40 minutes is quite a different story, from the standpoint of a sustained thrill, than that of bringing down a beautifully-racked deer with one shot. Third, the fisherman is concerned with an adversary which lives in another element, often unseen for a long time and capable of resorting to all sorts of tricks before it permits itself to be conquered.

Many Battles Relative to Merit

Of course, there is a lot of room for argument between the hunter and fisherman and many a bitter verbal battle has resulted as to the relative merits of these great outdoor sports. Far be it from us to take sides, but we still insist that the hunter is denied many of the interesting experiences which are those of the fisherman.

Take the chap who caught a fish in a Wisconsin lake while busily engaged at his office in Chicago. Imagine a hunter enjoying such an experience, or taking three days to land a fish, as has happened right here in good ol' Pennsylvania.

In the first instance, two fishermen were casting from the same boat. The chap casting from the bow had an extra steel rod, baited with a minnow, lying across the seat between himself and his friend. The fisherman in the stern hooked into a good-sized

northern pike. His pal moved toward the oars to get the boat into deeper water.

In doing so he accidentally kicked the extra steel rod into the lake. The water was quite deep at the place and full of weeds and after a few trials to retrieve it, was given up for lost. Shortly afterward one of the fishermen boarded a night train for Chicago, it being the last day of his vacation, while his friend stayed over for another week.

Rod Delivered 10 Days Later

Imagine the Chicagoan's surprise, 10 days later, when the rod was delivered to him. According to the story, the friend and his daughter went fishing the next morning. Nearing the location where the rod went overboard, they discovered a wall-eyed pike floating on the surface. Pulling alongside the fish, the girl lifted it from the water, finding a line attached to it. Retrieving the line finally brought the rod and reel with it.

The other incident happened in the days before Pennsylvania had Sunday fishing. Former Governor Gifford Pinchot, fishing on a Pike County stream on a Saturday, hooked into a good-sized trout. It was close to midnight and as the time neared the illegal fishing period he weighted down the rod, permitting the fish to have the line. He returned the following night, after Monday had been ushered in, picked up the rod, found the fish still on the line and eventually landed it.

BUY BONDS  
AND STAMPS  
AND  
KEEP THEM!

The uncertainty of any game is what keeps the interest alive. Certainly, if advance notice were to be had of what was going to happen much of the adventure would disappear.

The unpredictable, that's what makes baseball, golf, tennis, hunting, fishing and other sports the pleasant diversions they are.

With hunting and fishing it is probably a lot more so because of the animated subjects with which the hunter and fisherman must deal. Fishing finds this especially true, for the element of chance is perhaps greater here than in any other sport. And creased.

In the first place the fish which the angler seeks to attract with his lure are ordinarily more numerous than the game which the hunter hopes to bag with his gun. In the



## STREAM POLLUTION

From page 3

### II.

Municipal Sewage presents a more difficult problem on the financial side. Many municipalities do not have the borrowing power, under the State Constitutional Debt Limitation Restriction, to raise the funds necessary to purchase and install the required facilities for sewage disposal. This seems to be the greatest barrier. To meet this objection it is suggested that Municipal Sewage Disposal Authorities be established to be operated on commercial basis. The disposal of sewage is just as necessary and proper a municipal function as garbage disposal or fire and police protection and in the end just as vital to the welfare of the community as the furnishing of gas, electricity and water. Certainly with the great quantities of sewage to be disposed of and the relatively fixed quantities per unit of population to be counted upon, a reasonable charge per unit could be made that would assure the soundness of the investment undertaken to provide the facilities for the disposition of such sewage.

Under existing conditions in the Commonwealth the installation of municipal sewage disposal plants is neither a fad nor a luxury but a definite necessity. This is a Post-War public work of the kind that would add permanently to the welfare and security of the people of the State.

### III.

Of the various kinds of pollution caused by mining operations as outlined in the foregoing schedule, all are capable of solution by known and available methods with the exception of acid mine drainage.

The use of these available methods should immediately be made compulsory by amendments to existing statutes or process or both.

Coal wastes and silt from mining and processing operations of anthracite coal have heretofore been dumped unrestrictedly and directly into the streams on which the plants were located.

This practice has resulted in vast accumulations of silt in such streams of which the Schuylkill is a conspicuous and terrible example. Much of this silt represents vast waste of natural resources because it contains a large percentage of reclaimable and usable coal. The accumulation of this silt in stream beds has become a serious public menace, by creating mud and silt flats that interfere with boating and other aquatic sports, by filling up water intakes and interfering with municipal water supplies, by amalgamating with municipal sewage in the bottom and banks of the stream and creating a health hazard, and by maintaining a permanent threat to industry and population in low-lying areas by making almost certain the overflowing of the streams in times of high water as a result of the clogging of the channels.

The Department of Justice has ruled that with presently available facilities the corruption of streams by the aforesaid methods is an actionable wrong and the Commonwealth has joined with the City of Philadelphia against a large number of companies

to prevent the continuation of this practice. A large number of other actions will be initiated unless pending negotiations for amicable compliance are promptly forthcoming. Definitely this phase of the corruption of water supply can very clearly be solved beyond a peradventure by an amendment to existing law unqualifiedly outlawing the practice.

By like or similar methods the silt deriving from the gradual erosion and washing away of old mine dumps will be adequately disposed of.

Among the remaining phases of pollution for consideration is the deposit in streams of rock debris and loose silt from coal stripping operations. These coal stripping operations, in so far as they leave loose material that will readily find its way into the streams, are subject to the same criticism and for the same reason as that urged against the deposit coming from anthracite operations. A bill to amend this situation should and will be presented at the coming session of the General Assembly.

Acid mine drainage presents a considerably more difficult and formidable problem; so difficult and formidable in fact that the mine operators seem to have taken for granted that it was a necessary evil about which nothing could or would be done. The frightful devastation already wrought by acid mine water, especially in the bituminous fields of the State, is now on so gigantic a scale that it can no longer be placidly accepted with unconcern; particularly when it is realized that the present enormous damage has been caused in mining less than one-third of the available coal with two-thirds still to come.

In the way of prevention, existing laws should be amended to provide that no unpolluted waters may be polluted by acid mine water without a State permit being first granted and no such permit should be granted in any case where it should prove to be reasonably practical to pump acid waters into nearby streams already polluted.

In the opening of new coal fields rather than pollute clear waters where the distance to polluted waters is so great as to make drainage transportation thither by the individual operators prohibitively expensive the State in the public interest should pay such part of the cost as it might be definitely determined to be impracticable for the operator to pay, whereby such streams could be saved. These facts should be determined by a commission setup for that purpose or by some present existing agency of the Commonwealth.

As to streams already polluted by acid mine drainage certainly some plan should be devised and restrictions imposed, whereby at least primary treatment should be made of acid waters at operating mines rather than dump them absolutely untreated into the public water supply. As to abandoned mines, there should be a requirement that all openings should be sealed at the expense of the owner and further statutory restriction should be immediately imposed requiring all stripping operations around the face of coal to be refilled so that it will be possible after abandonment to seal off the air

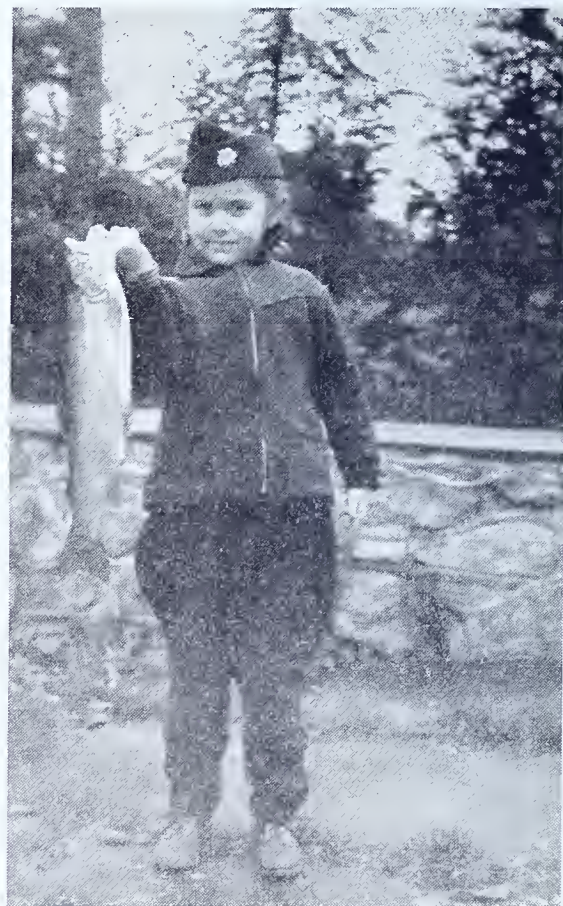
from the coal seam and thus prevent the formation of acid mine water.

Since production of bituminous coal is so vital to the prosperity and welfare of the Commonwealth and since also it is highly competitive with coal produced in other states which strive for the same markets, the Commonwealth very properly could and should appropriate a substantial sum of money biennially to contribute toward the scientific solution of the problem of the elimination of sulphuric acid from waste mine waters. A regular and reasonable expenditure of public money for this purpose would seem very definitely in the public interest.

### IV.

The last enumerated source of pollution by Soil Erosion is actually covered by the report on Land, Use and Conservation submitted by Dean S. W. Fletcher of the School of Agriculture of the Pennsylvania State College and the Honorable Miles Horst, Secretary of Agriculture.

In conclusion it ought to be emphasized that now is definitely the accepted time to do something aggressively on this most important problem. It has already been neglected far longer than the seriousness of the situation warranted. In some quarters the criticism will be made that the concern herein expressed is unwarranted. Any serious examination of the facts immediately dispels that argument. It will cost the State money, it will cost industry money, it will cost mills and mines money, and it will cost municipalities money but it is money that must be spent and must be spent now because we face a problem that must be solved now. To defer action will cost a lot more money later and possibly it will then be too late.



Beverly Ranaldi, of Myerstown, with 20½ in. rainbow caught by her father, A. L. Ranaldi, No. O H Hildebrandt spinner, Tulpehocken Creek.



# PONDS AND FISH

From page 15

numbers of sunfish and bullheads, is proof that the turtles are not damaging to the supply of fish. And there are quite a few turtles, many, many more than you would find in a pond frequented by people with .22's.

Since a turtle in captivity will eat almost anything classed as edible it seems logical to assume that he will not be overly particular in the wild.

Water snakes have never been numerous in either pond, even in those days before the birds came back. We have long held a suspicion that the turtles were responsible for their scarcity. Along this line of thinking there is a small pond located just outside the city limits here which literally crawls with water snakes. The bottom of this small pond is paved with broken bottles and tin cans, mute evidence that every boy with a new .22 or B.B. gun hikes over there to test his marksmanship. There are no turtles, which, we suppose is in support of the boys good shooting. Seems reasonable to think that continuous plinking could exterminate the turtles and that it would be impossible for the boys to kill all the snakes. But in the ponds where the turtles remained undisturbed the snake population never grew out of bounds in all these nearly forty years.

All this observing, then, has led us to the conclusion that the turtle's role in a pond is principally one of scavenger, to clean up the dead, wounded or diseased creatures; and that in some way unknown to us his presence keeps the snake population down to within reasonable numbers. We propose therefore that the turtle is a necessary addition to the pond.

As regards fertilizing, we can pretty safely assume that neither pond has ever seen even a handful of commercial fertilizer in all the years. Both ponds are located, of course, in wild land, second growth timber stands on the surrounding hills in sufficient density to prevent surface erosion. Thus the ponds did not choke up with mud and silt which they would certainly have done if less fortunately situated. Very little surface water drains into either pond. This, we believe, is very important for the time and labor necessary to build such a pond would be soon wasted if silt were permitted to enter. Evidently whatever fertilizer is present in these two ponds comes either from the spring water or is manufactured on the spot by the action of the summer sun on the existing plant life in and near the water. Since the East pond is fished quite a bit and the fish maintain a good rate of growth it would certainly indicate that commercial fertilizers are not an absolute necessity. The simple fact that these men and boys are willing to hike several miles is proof that the fishing remains good. And there is plenty of fishing water in the vicinity that is accessible without so much walking.

In line with this discussion of fertilizing, a colony of beavers provided an interesting experiment on the West Pond several years ago. When they moved in they naturally decided that the pond was not big enough.

The dam they built raised the water level perhaps eighteen inches and flooded a flat strip of land along side the original pond. Now this land was definitely on the barren side, unproductive. The beavers, after maintaining the water level for two seasons, either left or were trapped out and the pond then returned to its original level. That spring sprang up the most luxurious crop of weeds and grasses we have ever seen anywhere. And the rank growth continues yet, though not so wildly as it did that first year. Something in that pond water unlocked the door to vigorous growth. What it was we do not pretend to know. But, by the process of elimination, we can hazard the guess that it was that action of the summer sun upon the shallow water and the minute plants and animals suspended in it. Thanks anyhow to the beavers for performing the experiment.

If there is any basis of fact in all this it bears out one thing, that a considerable depth of water is not needed for these kinds of fish. Since neither pond under discussion has a high water depth exceeding four feet and in periods of extreme drought little more than half of that, it follows that the expense of building dams of eight or ten or more feet is hardly necessary in this climate. Limiting the depth of future man-made ponds to this four foot maximum might also prevent tragedy from overtaking some of the many boys who would no doubt put to sea upon them in small home-made boats or unreliable rafts. So, since through these nearly forty years, these fish in these two ponds have survived and prospered in the face of our sometimes very severe northern Pennsylvania winters and summer droughts, we can pretty safely conclude that the depth of four feet is adequate and that greater depth would serve no useful purpose.

The doe who came unafraid one evening to wade and drink and the two magnificent bucks with their huge horns in the velvet, of which they were so careful, the bluejay who warned them of my presence and the young blue heron who made his home on the West Pond this past summer; these we have seen and enjoyed. The family of flying squirrels who live in a hollow tree trunk, surrounded by water like a medieval castle, have held us breathless with their graceful diving and gliding as they trade between their castle home and a hemlock on the shore. And the old woodchuck, who trusts me now, coming along the bank one spring day with a round peck of dry oak leaves in his teeth, each one held carefully by the stem. And those amazing little diving ducks, who can submerge like submarines, and reappear without making the tiniest ripple on the surface of the evening pond. These and many more are the extra dividends these two ponds have given us and if our scientific data is not as exact as it might have been, it is simply because of these many absorbing distractions. Sometimes we even forgot to fish.

In summing up all our pleasant hours spent along the ponds, one thing stands out clearly, that is that panfish must constantly be caught out or the bass fishing will not be good. Thus it would seem wise to locate such ponds where they would be accessible to the younger fishermen.

And in conclusion, forty years is just a tiny moment in the greater scheme of things; but it is the greater part of a man's active life. Now that we know that a wisely placed little pond will last so long, our advice to any young man who lives on the land or who intends to return to it when peace comes again; is; build yourself a pond, it will bring you peace and recreation as long as you live.



Dale Werntz, of Wesleyville, and two small-mouth black bass taken on Heddon River Runt plugs.

## No Poverty of Subjects

By BILL WOLF

The question most frequently asked by persons who neither fish nor hunt is: "I guess you have a hard time finding something to write about in the off-seasons, don't you?"

They usually put it just that way—half statement and half question. I guess they don't know. There is no paucity of subjects at any time, but rather a job of selection and whenever I yield to low impulses and write about something that doesn't hew to the line of outdoors subjects I regret using the space which could have been devoted to straight hunting or fishing.

No subjects? Gosh, there's infinite variety in fishing or hunting alone. There is no season when these sports are dead. Even now, there is fishing for cod, ling and whiting at the shore; inland, a few hardy souls go after suckers and ice fishing is coming up. Furthermore, you could write about trout lines, the kinds of fish hooks, fly-tying, kinds of rods and reels, the many different sorts of fishing and the theories about fishing. If mail was wanted, all necessary would be to state, badly and without qualification, that plug fishing is absolutely superior to fly fishing and that no self-respecting angler would

Turn to next page



## BILL WOLFE

From page 17

use a fly rod. The mail (all sarcastic) would follow. Rub a fisherman the wrong way and he sits down and writes a letter.

A similar argument could be started at the drop of a line of type by announcing that the Winchester Model 70 rifle, in any caliber, is positively the best gun in the world and no other compares with it. A writer could fill his allotted space for weeks just publishing the angry letters he would get from gun bugs after making such an unqualified statement.

**FEW TOPICS.** Hunting season doesn't end with the close of small and big-game gunning. It goes on, in the form of fox and raccoon hunting, crow shooting and trapping. It continues, too, in the club meetings and the bull sessions around bars and in homes. If I said, for instance, that the red fox is a noble animal, beneficial to all wildlife and that it should be protected by stringent laws, there would be the devil to pay and another argument to continue for weeks.

You could write about clothing and food, two things close to the hearts of the outdoorsmen, or about the influence of barometric pressure upon the feeding habits of fish. A certain proportion of the outdoors public might be interested in winter hikes or winter feeding of game.

Among recent inquiries received was one about where to buy trout for stocking planned by a small club (and you can get in a fight, as I once did, over the use of "planting" in the sense of "stocking" a stream); another man wanted to know if he could swap some shells for fishing equipment; still another wanted to know where in Hades small game was stocked by the State in Chester county. That's just a sample.

**ARGUMENTS AHEAD.** I'll get around to answering them individually as soon as I can; but in the meantime others will come in. In the meantime, too, other subjects will demand attention: Someone will want to know why I don't stop writing about fly-tying and say something about salt water fishing for a change; another will get angry because he never sees anything about his favorite sport, imitating bird calls.

No, there's no shortage of subjects, just a shortage of space and paper, which makes me regret devoting this much to outlining the winter's work instead of writing a scathing denunciation of the State for not coloring its hunting licenses lavender and old gold. Just wasn't in a denouncing mood.



Smallmouth black bass, by J. L. Baker, of Harrisburg, caught at Buckwalters Falls, Juniata River.

## JOINT THINKING OF 25 CONSERVATION OFFICIALS AT A CONFERENCE IN CHICAGO

At a conference of 25 Conservation Commissioners and Department Heads, representing various states, at Chicago, the following code of recommendations for conservation was approved:

1. That in any measure adopted authorizing federal projects of any kind which may affect natural resources, wildlife, public recreation or other conservation interests, specific provision should be made for adequate recognition of such interests in proportion to the related public benefits, and such needs should be determined by the particular state or community affected.

2. That inasmuch as wildlife is one of the great and valuable resources of this nation, and since it provides tons of food and healthy outdoor recreation for millions of our people through hunting and fishing, and their related activities, we believe a committee on wildlife should be established in the National Congress in order that these valuable resources may be more efficiently restored, conserved and perpetuated for future generations.

3. That where lands are acquired for conservation purposes, we recommend that they be generally marginal or sub-marginal in their nature, and that title to the same, except in such cases where the state and federal government mutually agree otherwise, be vested in the state, thus eliminating further encroachment by the federal government on the states through land acquisitions and ownership.

4. That the funds appropriated, derived from the federal excise tax on guns and ammunition by the Congress under the provisions of the Pittman-Robertson Act, be allocated and paid immediately to the various states, to be expended at the discretion of said states under the limitations of the Act, thereby eliminating the regimentation by the federal government through bureaucratic rules and controls.

5. That the overlapping of all government agencies, which may be working in conflict against each other in the conservation of all natural resources be eliminated.

6. That a thorough survey of forestry conditions in the various states be made, and that the federal government work in close harmony with the different states to reforest such areas which are not suitable for agricultural or other more suitable purposes.

7. That no longer, as in the past, under the guise of navigation, should the streams be dredged, straightened or drained, nor should the lakes be drained, causing the lowering of the water table, destructive floods and the destruction of forests, causing soil erosion and disrupting the biological balance of nature and its consequential destruction of wildlife.

8. That the problems of conservation can best be solved by the local citizens of the state or community in which the natural resources exist and would be affected.

9. That the rainfall should be kept as near as possible to the areas on which it falls, where it would then be most beneficial and least destructive.

10. That since usable water is so essential to all life and all activities, the government should release, as soon as possible, material necessary so that cities and industries may build sewage and waste disposal plants, to the end that there may always be an adequate supply of usable water for all of the people.

11. That after the war, the government turn over present war project areas not suitable for agricultural purposes, but suitable for the raising of birds and game and for recreational and educational purposes, to proper state departments.





# TOO MANY GADGETS

## Modern Fishermen Are Missing the Real Joy of the Sport By Trying to Be Modern and Scientific

By THE OLD TIMER

**O** FOR the good old days, when men were fishermen instead of anglers, before science intruded into the sport of catching fish!

Yes, those good old days when grandpa didn't bother to look at the barometer on the back porch (he didn't even own one) and could sally forth to his favorite trout or bass stream without a tide table in his hip pocket and a stream thermometer in his vest.

And when it was no disgrace to fish with a cane pole to which was attached a battered and well-worn reel carrying a length of any old kind of line; when a can of worms was part of every fisherman's kit, and when dry flies and cobweb leaders were oddities.

When a man fished in his shirt sleeves, or in no shirt at all, instead of sweating inside a vest sagging under the weight of gadgets crammed into half a dozen pockets, and just donned an old pair of pants and walked out into the water instead of torturing himself with boots or waders.

And when men didn't know much about water except that it is wet and a place where they could catch plenty of fish.

All right, maybe I am an unreconstructed rebel. But I can prove that the sport of fishing is cluttered up with entirely too many gadgets and that many fishermen are missing the real joy of the sport because they are trying to be modern and scientific.

"When the shadfly hatch is on, trout in Penns Creek won't feed except during the hatch of that insect," a friend explained one day on the shores of that justly famous stream. "There simply is no sense in fishing in the heat of the afternoon."

It was my first trip to the stream, and my first experience with the real shadfly hatch, so I sat with the little group of fishermen in the shade of a big tree until the sun began setting.

But all the while we loafed there the wife of one of the men could be seen industriously casting a dry fly well downstream from us. She left the creek and walked back to where her husband's car was parked just about the time the shadflies made their evening appearance on the water, so she didn't attract a great deal of attention.

But when the shadfly hatch had ended and all the members of the party met again to compare notes, guess what happened!

This woman who had ignored all the rules and regulations had hooked eight trout, although she killed only one of them, a particularly nice brown trout. And the men folks—who thought they could read the minds of the trout—hadn't had that many

raises altogether; as a matter of fact, had killed not a single fish.

"I thought—" I began. And was silenced by the grim look that spread on the face of my host.

I know a certain fellow who when he ventures forth on a bass fishing expedition loads himself down with at least a hundred dollars worth of equipment, attached to convenient straps and in sagging pockets all over his person.

He went with a couple of friends to a certain bass stream one day last summer. Included in the party was one chap who never before had fished for the small-mouths.

Well, the chap with all the equipment had a dickens of a time. His fly and spinner failed to produce, and with miserable reluctance he finally turned to live bait. And then he got fast on the rocks, he broke his leader a couple of times, and he lost his temper.

And all the while the fellow who never had fished before stood up to his middle in the creek, a battered old rod in his hands and a tin can of bait in his water-soaked hip pocket.

And he set the hooks in one leaping bass after another. He whooped with delight. And he kept putting bass after bass back into the water while the well-equipped angler nearby sweated and cursed.

Poetic justice, in my opinion!

The novice was just a plain fisherman.

There's a little booklet on the market telling the time when fish are most likely to bite and cards which are supposed to indicate the days of the month when fishing will be best. And there are some fellows who plan their fishing trips by such schedules.

But the old-timers never did, and they did all right!

Back in the days when three-pound brook trout could be caught in the big creeks in Pennsylvania, the trout fishermen had to enjoy their sport without the aid of a stream thermometer. Imagine that! But they also did all right.

A skeptic friend of mine once boiled down this business of scientific fishing this way:

"We know all the scientific angles of fishing; what makes fish bite, and when, and on what. But I often wonder if the fish also know the rules and regulations. The way they act sometimes, they never heard of feeding schedules and thermometers and barometers. Maybe somebody ought to write a book to tell fish how to bite for fishermen!"

Meanwhile, I'll do my fishing plain—the old-fashioned way.

### NEW GAG IN MAILBAG

The Pennsylvania Angler  
Harrisburg, Pa.

So many of us have spent many years in the fishing sport and some who are as fond of it as ever, lack the strength of arm and body required in casting, whether flies or plugs and this has prompted the thought that a fire-arm or robot could be invented to aim, then pull the trigger and have your fly or plug land just where you want it. A fisherman supplied with a box of propulsion cartridges; ball bearing or smooth easy running release of line from Reel to keep the line from making a "bird-nest" before the point aimed at is reached, and line retrieving by hand would delight any of us under 85 years of age and many much younger.

Will not some Fire Arms, or Fishing Tackle or Archery devise such a tool? I would like to buy one soon as in the market.

Yours truly

M. M. KAUFFMAN  
Clarion, Pa.

"Dick" Irons, of Sharon, with 2 muskies and pike taken from French Creek at Cambridge Springs.





# WHAT THE SPORTS-CASTERS ARE SAYING

## The Seat of Much Trouble

By BILL WOLF

*Philadelphia Record*

Any mention of sitting down as an essential part of an outdoorsman's life probably will be regarded with suspicion. Men who hunt and fish are supposed to be rugged types, or, at least able to fake ruggedness, capable of walking all day and dancing all night, only to start walking again the next day.

Nevertheless outdoorsmen sit down, too, just like other people. Sometimes they have to sit down because they are so doggedly tired. They like to sit down and chew the fat. Sitting down relaxes the feet, soothes the middle part of the body and refreshes the mind.

In fact, the hunter or fisherman needs to sit down more than most persons. City slicker that he often is, his muscles aren't accustomed to heavy tramping where the going is tough. The interest of the chase or the fishing may keep him from noticing his tiredness during the day, but when evening comes he suddenly realizes he aches in spots and wants to sit a spell.

All the more reason, then, why his sitting down should be considered. As fellow-hunter, Art Shuman profoundly observed: "There aren't enough easy chairs in any hunting or fishing camp." That unfortunately, is true.

**SHORTAGE.** This shortage of the kind of chairs in which a person can relax completely is not intentional on the part of fishing and hunting lodges run for the public. It's accidental and probably caused by the fact that they must have so many straight-backed chairs for the dining rooms that they don't seem to have room for rockers, big armchairs and the like.

However, regardless of the reason—it's hard on the back. A person comes in from a day's gunning or fishing and goes to his room. Invariably, there is a very comfortable bed, a bureau and a straight-backed chair. He sits down on the bed because it is soft, but he must do one of two things: Sit leaning forward like *The Thinker*, or lie down. Both get boring. He can't sit on the straight chair with any comfort.

When dinner is ready he goes downstairs and sits at a table laden with good things to eat and he enjoys the meal clear down to his toes, except for his back, which is still taking it from a regular dining-room chair. The meal is over, he looks around for some place to relax and, if he is lucky, he will beat the other 15 back-tired boarders to the divan and the one or two easy chairs before the fireplace. If he isn't lucky, he just wanders around, a man with a tired back and no place to rest it.

This condition exists almost universally. It is found wherever there is a fishing or hunting cabin, along the seacoast, in the mountains, at the lake hotels. The only exceptions are those hotels and boarding houses

which do not cater to the angler and hunter. These places usually have chairs for guests whose sole idea of a vacation and rest is to overwork the stomach and overrest the seat of their tiredness.

The hunter or angler must stand upright, sit upright or go to bed. There is no in-between, no careless draping himself on a lounging chair. This is a Serious Situation and one that warrants some thought and study.



### WOODS AND STREAMS

*Braddock Free Press*

The kind of battle that a trout puts up when you hook him depends on you as a fisherman. Try to horse him and he is going to splash around; give him plenty of line with only a little pressure and wear him out and you can hold him on a leader of amazing fineness. It takes you a long time to learn this.

Years ago we didn't believe it when Al Bond told us he used tippets as fine as 8-x to land some of the 15 and 20-inch trout at High Bridge. But now we know it is true.

When you stop to think about it, you wonder why you never reasoned it out before. When you start out as a rookie fisherman you are excited. You have been told of the fight that a trout puts up. You get a couple of strikes and it does not take you long to learn that a trout is faster than greased lightning. He can hit and get away again before you know what has happened. The result is that you are constantly on edge and when he strikes you give a tremendous yank that many times tears the leader. Even if the leader does hold you fight the trout

with great pressure and he battles right back with you. Nine times out of ten he is able to fight his way off the hook.

And then one day you experiment by letting the trout have his own way and you are amazed how easy it is to handle him and how slight is the strain on the tackle. You get to thinking about it and experimenting with lighter tackle. Pretty soon you find that you can hold them with a 2-x and a 3-x and may even go down as far as a 4-x or 5-x. But it takes years, for when you begin this kind of experimenting you must be ready to lose flies and plenty of trout until you get just the right touch.

Don't forget that the rod you use plays a big part too. One of our friends has a stiff rod of pretty good weight and his biggest

trouble is leaving the fly in the striking trout's mouth. He has not yet learned the knack of setting that hook. He strikes too hard. He should get a lighter softer action rod, too.

Learning to set the hook when a trout takes the fly is the most difficult part of fly fishing either wet or dry, we should say. Set it too hard and you tear the leader, tear the fly out of the mouth of the trout or even if it does hold, you set the trout dancing in the air where he can shake off. Be too slow and you lose him. Set it just right and you can handle him on any thickness of leader. If you can do it right half of the time you can call yourself pretty good.

A woman came into a leading fabric store the other day and spent hours questioning the salesgirls and having them bring out bolt after bolt of material without spending a penny.

Finally one salesgirl asked: "Madam, are you shopping here?"

The lady indignantly: "Certainly, what else would I be doing?"

To which the girl purred: "Well, Madam, we thought you were taking inventory."



## TOGETHER

By CHARLES CYRUS MARSHALL

Here we have walked together, dear, here  
viewed

Such beauty as the world affords: sunlight  
On leaves, green-gold, by art of Spring re-  
newed;

River and lake and mountain crowned with  
white;

The full round moon lifted by silver thread  
Out of a peaceful sea; a sky at night

With countless gems on azure carpet spread;

Forest and meadow, vale and gentle hills;

Shadows of clouds skimming a boundless  
plain;

Great waterfalls and tiny tinkling rills;

Black cloud, wild storm and sunbeam-sifted  
rain.

Upon an age-old glacier we have stood

Above a lake of clouds that captured dawn

And held it there a mile above the wood;

Rainbow above the Tetons' stately throne;

Stardust straight falling in the southern sea.

Such beauty might be seen by me alone,

But lacking something felt when shared with  
thee.

Look, where the sunset gilds the sea, the  
strand!

Together let us go there, hand in hand.

## THE PERCH BUG

By G. D. Gillespie

**This bug is commonly known  
as the Dragon Fly Larva**

One day in early May while fishing in the  
Conococheague Creek, just outside of Cham-  
bersburg, I made a discovery, which was  
new to me. It may be that many other  
sportsmen know about this same larva, which  
I am about to describe.

On this particular day the fish were not  
rising and did not seem to be on the feed.  
I was moving further down stream when I  
noticed a huge pile of driftwood right at a  
sharp bend in the stream. Here is where  
my luck began. I spotted a large water  
snake, but had to dig him out of the pile of  
driftwood in order to kill him. In doing  
so, I discovered this larva; a fat, greenish,  
brown worm. There were hundreds of them  
appeared as I continued to dig the leaves  
loose. I placed a handful of these worms  
in my creel along with some of the leaves.  
(The leaves kept the worms moist.) I then  
proceeded to tie on to my leader, a No. 8  
Mustad Short Shank bug hook, and hooking  
one of the worms to my hook, I moved up  
stream to my favorite pocket of water.

I made cast number one, which netted me  
a 17 inch brown trout. A second cast  
brought to the net another brownie that  
measured 14 inches and a third cast brought

a 12 inch brown trout. I continued fishing  
until I had caught seven trout (four smaller  
rainbows were released). So much for the  
trout catch.

Later, I decided to try this worm for bass.  
But something else happens in the meantime.  
The few remaining worms left in my creel  
(and taken home) were placed in a wooden  
keg, along with the leaf mulch, and 3 inches  
of water.

Along came bass season, and I went to  
the keg for the worms. What do you sup-  
pose I found? When I removed the lid of  
the keg, there were three Dragon Flies ready

to take off. They had beautiful arranged  
colored bodies.

Digging the remaining worms from the  
bottom of the wet leaves, I placed them in  
my creel and proceeded to the creek near  
Scotland. After making three casts into  
deep water, I netted three smallmouth bass.  
Two measured 15 inches and one was 14  
inches. That same day and place I caught  
an 18 inch fall fish.

I believe this discovery will help more  
fishermen (who are looking for a little sport  
when the fish are not on the rise), to enjoy  
a few hours of "reel" sport and excitement.

This worm does not inhabit all streams.

## "DIMINISHING TROUT STREAMS"

By JACK RICHARDS

EARNs FINE COMMENT FROM NATIONAL ORGANIZATION

## IZAACK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA, INC.

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILDLIFE

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

CHICAGO, ILL.

December 20, 1944.

Dear Mr. Barrett:

Scanning the November ANGLER, I read with much interest and approval the article by  
Jack Richards "Diminishing Trout Streams" on Page 18. The critical condition depicted  
here is merely another potent argument for treating water pollution at the outfall of a  
sewer rather than at the intake of a water-treatment plant. The present practice of  
doing it the wrong way takes a double toll from the fisherman in mileage of available  
fishing water.

There is no doubt that the easiest way to guard the purity of a water supply is to keep  
human beings off those waters. It is equally true, however, that water companies are  
in effect public servants who should recognize the full breadth of their public responsi-  
bility. Their proper role is not that of sole owner of the water, but rather as public  
custodian and supplier of water to the public. Therefore, when that public is interested  
in more than one value in the water involved, the water company should seek to serve  
the public as broadly as possible. There is no question but that available fishing water  
is at a premium in Pennsylvania, and that the fishing potentials of public water supplies  
should be considered as one of the public values in water company administration.

Streams and reservoirs in water supply property can serve the dual purpose of supply-  
ing water and supplying fishing to the public. Perhaps the prime example of the feasi-  
bility of such a dual use is the water supply for the largest city in the nation—New  
York—where the fishing is free under decent sanitary regulations. Another example  
on the other side of the nation is San Diego, where public fishing is handled on a permit  
fee, which brings in a sizable revenue to the City, so that all costs of sanitary adminis-  
tration incident to public fishing are amply covered.

A small minority of the outdoor public, lacking the fundamentals of decent outdoor  
behavior, furnishes an excuse for water companies to ban all public use. Too often,  
however, this furnishes a pretext for banning the public, while the city fathers and  
their friends enjoy private fishing at public expense. Perpetuation of this racket is some-  
times a more potent reason for keeping the public out than health considerations.

The time has come when water companies must recognize their public responsibility  
not only for supplying safe waters through the water faucet, but permitting the public  
use of available aquatic resources under proper regulations.

Where enforcement of proper sanitary regulations entails additional administrative  
expense, it is proper that the fishermen carry this expense through a permit fee. Permits  
would be issued only with the understanding that certain stipulated rules of decent  
behavior would be observed, and any infringement would automatically revoke the permit.  
It is entirely feasible and proper to permit public fishing under such an arrangement on  
public water supply, and it is time the water companies and the Health boys take their  
blinders off and recognize their full public responsibility.

Sincerely,

Kenneth A. Reid  
Executive Director





Two dandy brownies taken by Don Blair, of Franklin, Venango County.

## OUT OF THE MAILBAG

To The Editor of PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER:

Enclosed please find check for \$2.00. Continue my subscription to THE ANGLER for two more years.

THE ANGLER is one of the magazines that I look forward to each month. It takes the place of a fireside on any cold January evening. One look at the pictures of captured trout, or a few paragraphs from almost any one of the articles does more for a man's spirit than many another periodical that comes my way. THE ANGLER is a job well done. The new cover deserves special mention.

Yours truly,  
JOHN J. KUCHARIK,  
New Kensington, Pa.

## LOCAL SPORTSMEN ELECT OFFICERS

The Springdale District Sportman's club met in headquarters for an election of officers which resulted in previous officers assuming their duties for another year.

M. G. Scholtz will again be president, Paul C. Miller, vice president, T. D. Montgomery, treasurer, E. D. Shrader, financial secretary, A. G. Anderson, recording secretary, William H. Lentz and Frank P. Scholtz, delegates to the County League, Edward Spitz and E. D. Shrader, directors.

Final plans were made for the annual fish fry. Tickets may be secured from the officers or at the door.

Refreshments and a social time completed the evening. C. Roy Cochran and J. C. Fritz served on the lunch committee.

The colonel was lecturing a class of incipient officers. "A 40-foot flagpole has fallen down," he said. "You have a sergeant and a squad of 10 men. How do you erect the flagpole again?"

The candidates thought, then offered suggestions about block-and-tackle, derricks, and other methods.

"You're all wrong," replied the colonel. "You say: 'Sergeant, get that flagpole up.'"

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

Board of Fish Commissioners

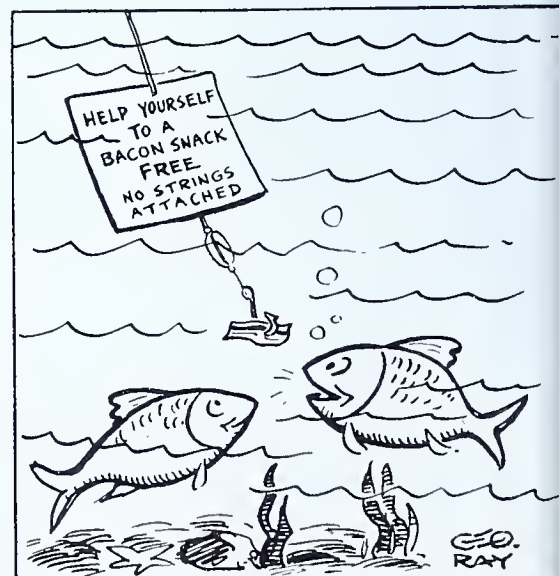
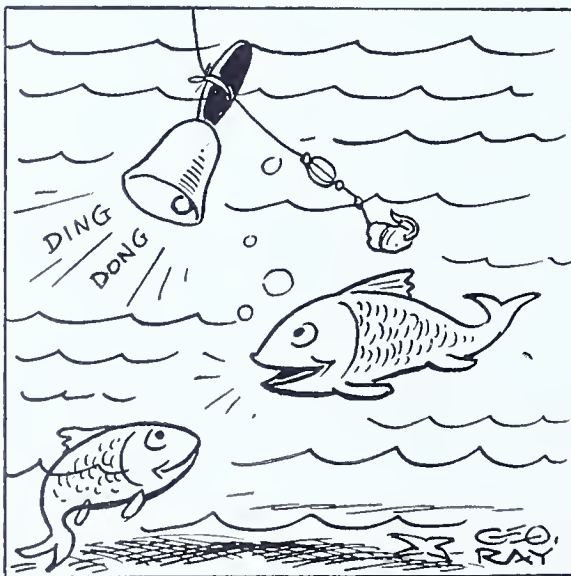
Harrisburg

## FISH STOCKED IN THE WATERS OF PENNSYLVANIA—1944

| Species                              | Approx. Size | Number     | Total       |
|--------------------------------------|--------------|------------|-------------|
| Brook, Brown and Rainbow Trout ..... | 7 " to 20"   | 1,459,613  |             |
| Black Bass .....                     | 1 " to 14"   | 491,174    |             |
| Catfish .....                        | 5 " to 13"   | 373,217    |             |
| Bream .....                          | 3 " to 8"    | 262,550    |             |
| Frogs (Embryo) .....                 |              | 637,800    |             |
| Carp .....                           | 10 " to 20"  | 80,664     |             |
| Yellow Perch .....                   | Adult        | 115,846    |             |
| Suckers .....                        | 3 " to 6"    | 60,738     |             |
| Minnows .....                        | 1½" to 6"    | 170,520    |             |
| Pickerel .....                       | 7 " to 18"   | 2,005      |             |
| Calico Bass .....                    | 7 " to 11"   | 1,076      |             |
| Pike Perch .....                     | Adult        | 680        |             |
| Goldfish .....                       |              | 117        |             |
|                                      |              |            | 3,656,000   |
| Trout Fingerlings .....              |              | 2,477,250  |             |
| Yellow Perch .....                   | Fry          | 71,150,000 |             |
| Pike Perch .....                     | Fry          | 22,863,000 |             |
| Whitefish .....                      | Fry          | 5,200,000  |             |
| Blue Pike .....                      | Fry          | 1,075,000  |             |
|                                      |              |            | 102,765,250 |
| Grand Total .....                    |              |            | 106,421,250 |



This fine pike, 30½ in. long, girth 13½ in. and weighing 9 lbs., 12 oz., was caught by E. Y. Stroud, of Dingman's Ferry, on an 18-lb. test silk line with live Lamprey. Mr. Stroud made the catch in Delaware River at Dingman's Ferry.





# *Honor Roll*

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★—Made Supreme Sacrifice.

*"I Came Through and I Shall Return"*

—General MacArthur



# BEAUTIFUL BLUE GILL

From page 12

weeks or even months, mating with several females during this time.

The bluegill eats a greater variety of food than most of the other sunfishes. Large aquatic insects, such as dragon-fly nymphs caddice-fly larvae, together with crayfish and other crustaceans, furnish much of its forage.

Barton W. Evermann, in that mine of piscatorial information, "A Physical and Biological Survey of Lake Maxinkuckee," says: "the stomachs of the bluegills contained many Chironomous (midge) larvae." He states further that: "of 50 obtained in the middle of August, the stomach of every one was gorged with the tender tips of *Potamogeton*, *Heteranthera*, *Naias* and other water plants." Personal observation supports this statement, as several large bluegills taken on worms, October 9th, in a Maryland pond, had their stomachs and intestines crammed with vegetation of unidentified character. But as these fish were feeding on the bottom and this was covered with a growth of *Chara*, or musk-grass, it was assumed that this was the plant eaten. Regarding this vegetarian habit

of the bluegill, Evermann remarks: "To sportsmen acquainted with the carnivorous habits of most game fishes, the vegetable diet of the bluegill comes as a surprise, but of course, the fish eats many animals also."

Of the bluegill in Lake Maxinkuckee (northern Indiana), Dr. Evermann says: "This fish can be taken with almost any kind of lure. Anglerworms are probably the best though grasshoppers are nearly as good. White grubs, small minnows and pieces of fish or clam are all good. The senior author (Evermann) has taken it on small crawfish, with the fly, on the trolling spoon and with a small buck-tail."

My personal experience with the bluegill indicates that its catchability on various lures varies considerably with its environmental waters. For instance, in Arizona it took the fly readily, but in a series of Maryland ponds, which contain many fine bluegills, I have failed utterly to induce them to strike an artificial lure of any kind. Yet, in another, not far distant pond, this fish was taken on both small popping bugs and spinner flies.

When fished for with bait, the bluegill is likely to be a dainty biter, taking the hook

slowly and deliberately. Not until after the bait has been gouged, and the fish starts away, should it be struck. But when securely hooked, the bluegill turning its side toward the angler, darts away and fights to the bitter end with admirable and surprising vigor.

One of the bluegill's finest qualities is its toothsome-ness; excepting the yellow perch, and the *wild* brook trout, no other fresh water fish, in my opinion, excels it in edibility. While we are discussing the gustatory qualities of fishes, great and small, I express herewith my personal contempt for all the fishes of the cod family, despite Boston's reverence for them. Compared with such salt-water compatriots as the swordfish, most of the mackerels, the bluefish and halibut, the cods rate zero minus 100. To be sure, codfish cakes, well diluted with potato, and fried to a crisp brownness, are well enough. But otherwise, *pfui* on the cods, say I.

Another culinary delusion, is the so-called "sea trout," more properly known as the weakfish. Although this latter term is said to refer to its tender mouth, I prefer to believe that it refers to its insipid flavor. This reminds me of a fine bit of doggerel rhyme which may have come from the hand of some Chaldean gourmet but which, in any event, seems apropos, to wit:

"When Nebuchadnezzar went to grass,  
With the horned cattle and the braying ass,  
He said, as he ate the unwonted food,  
'It may be wholesome, but it is not good'."

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★

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J. ALLEN BARRETT, Lecturer  
Pennsylvania Fish Commission  
South Office Building, Harrisburg

★

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EDWARD MARTIN  
Governor

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# PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

VOL. 9, No. 3

March, 1945

## Cover

In The Laboratory of Americanism

Photo by Martin J. Meyers,  
Williams Grove, Pa.



## E D I T O R I A L

### *In This Issue:*

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(ANGLER Feature)

**Twenty-Five Years of Trout Fishing**  
(Part 2)

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**Fish for the Doc**  
By Jack Anderson

**Throw Out A Line**  
By Dick Fortney

**Stoneflies**  
By W. R. Walton

**The Brown Bomber**  
By W. E. Smith

**Your Boy and Mine!**  
By J. Allen Barrett

**The Black Bass**  
By J. Fred McKean

**A Seabee Fishes for Trout**  
**in New Zealand**  
By Harry Bartl, CMI/c

**FISH COMMISSION**  
**HONOR ROLL**

WE MUST HOLD THEIR HANDS UP HIGH!

NOW, as never before the golden opportunity for STREAM CLEARANCE presents itself.

Unlike yesteryears when similar action originated among scattered and rather helpless groups, this year action has begun at the very fountain head of our government, with none other than the Governor and his Attorney General themselves, waging the battle.

HOUSE BILL NO. 1 and known as THE BRUNNER BILL is of extreme importance to every man, woman and child in Pennsylvania. This is our GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY to rally around one of the finest measures of state legislation designed to rid our streams and rivers of the poisons and stench of industrial waste, and human filth—and the help of you and all the citizens of Pennsylvania is vitally needed.

THE FIGHT IS ON!

The concerted action and might of every last fisherman is needed right NOW!

We have the leadership, the wedge has been driven. The offensive beach-head has been established! WE MUST NOT TURN BACK!

WRITE your STATE SENATOR and the MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATURE from your district and WRITE THEM TODAY!

Demand the passage of HOUSE BILL No. 1 (The Brunner Bill).

Give them POWER. Your letters, voicing your desires and expectations, the combined number of which will permit them and each of them to clearly state his responsibility to the folks 'back-home.'

We MUST support our Governor and the Attorney General in this valiant fight!

WE MUST HOLD THEIR HANDS UP HIGH!



# TYING FLIES FOR HEALTH

## Veterans in Army Hospitals Work With Fur, Feathers, and Steel in New Program of Occupational Therapy

(The ANGLER Salutes a Fine Program)

**F**LY-TYING has been added to the list of crafts taught in the occupational therapy program of army hospitals—and the fascinating work of making artificial lures to catch trout, bass, and pickerel is helping to restore hundreds of disabled war veterans to health and strength.

And the vast quantities of materials and tools which are used in the program are originating in the State of Pennsylvania.

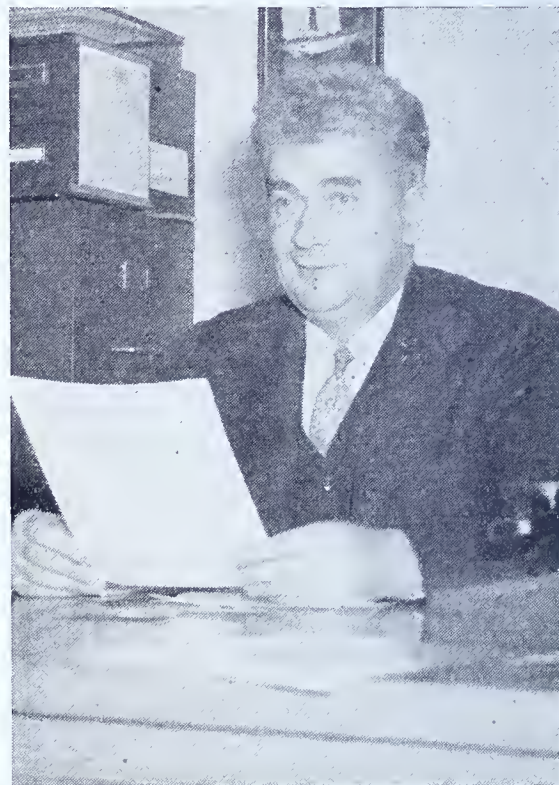
About a year ago, at the suggestion of

George Quinn, of Washington, D. C., an authority on fishing and fishing lures, the surgeon general's office of the War Department organized a class in fly-tying in Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. The innovation proved so popular and so beneficial to the convalescent service men that today it is being set up in some of the largest hospitals the government operates.

Fly-tying had a two-fold effect.

First, it helped to restore a wounded man's

Occupational therapist instructs a disabled soldier.



Ernest Hille of Williamsport—father of occupational therapy for U. S. disabled soldiers.

coordination of mind and muscle to a remarkable degree, and at the same time it did much to restore movement and strength to disabled hands and fingers.

Secondly, it had a psychological effect—for it soothed taut nerves and eased worried minds by inducing the veterans to think about fishing, a sport that is healthful, normal, and full of fun.

Among the army hospitals now using the program are Walter Reed in Washington; Ashford General in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.; Percy Jones in Battle Creek, Mich.; Lawson General near Atlanta, Ga.; Borden General at Chickasha, Okla., and Bushnell General at Brigham City, Utah.

Occupational therapists, usually young women, are assigned to the various hospitals to instruct the veterans in fly-tying.

Flies of simple construction are made first by the soldiers. The streamer types are popular for beginners. Flies of a bit more complex patterns come later, and the soldier progresses in his work until he is able to turn out perfect lures of the most detailed types.

What do the soldiers do with their flies?

Most of them hope some day to use them for catching fish in the streams and lakes back home. Others send flies to members





Workers assemble material for hospital.

## TRULY A CONSERVATIONIST

Among the many fine reports of clean sportsmanship and sincere gestures of conservation coming from astream during the 1944 season is one that by no means should fall by the wayside.

An example set by a patriarch of our present generation occurred on the Susquehanna River on July 1, 1944 and should serve as a living symbol of clean sportsmanship among fishermen everywhere. John Collier an inveterant fisherman of some seventy-four summers who has lived his lifetime near the Cove in Perry County is the subject of this tribute.

In company with John Starr of Harrisburg, the old fisherman was fishing the waters of the Susquehanna opposite the Cove when suddenly a "wham" and the fight was on. After quite a battle old man Collier brought a fine Susquehanna walleyed pike to net. Upon lifting the big prize he noticed that the fish was a female heavy with spawn. Shouting to his companion Mr. Starr, he said: "It's a mom-fish full of eggs." With no further ado, he gently and carefully returned it to the water.

Now, to know the circumstances of Mr. Collier. His inability to earn a livelihood, his dire existence and what this big fish would have meant to him, one can only realize his sincerity and the weight of his noble act. Yes, the old patriarch would rather go hungry than deny that pike an opportunity to bring forth her young which meant more to him than perhaps to many others who would have no doubt taken it home. This then, is a fine example of honest and clean sportsmanship for which the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER conveys to fisherman John Collier our sincere congratulations.

## THIS FISH STORY IN AN OLD ONE

In Centre County, the home of ardent fishermen and the famous Fishermen's Paradise, one hears many tall fish stories, but Prof. C. W. Robinson, curator of the Mineral Industries Museum of the College, tells the oldest and tallest of them all.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard K. Lucas have recently presented to the museum a fossil fish from the Eocene beds of Wyoming. Calculating from the time when these beds were deposited, the ages of the fish would be estimated at 40 or 50 million years. The length of the specimen is 25 inches. Its depth is over 5 inches.

In spite of its great age, the fish is neither stale nor odoriferous. On the contrary, lying in its bed of soft limestone, it appears as fresh in details of skin, fins and scales as any brown trout from the "Paradise." It must be admitted that it is rather thin in its third dimension and somewhat dry and tasteless in terms of the frying pan; but a fine fish nevertheless.

This unusual specimen is exhibited among many other fossils in the corridor of the ground floor of the M. I. Building.

**BUY WAR BONDS  
AND KEEP THEM!**

Hooks and tools of steel, for example, were not being manufactured. Feathers and other materials obtained from foreign sources were not being imported because of war conditions. Silk tying thread was off the market. Even domestic fur was difficult to obtain. Obtaining of containers also was a problem.

Assured by the War Department that the government would do all in its power to help solve these material problems, the Hilles set out to design a kit that would meet the needs of the program. They consulted a number of veteran fly-tyers in Central Pennsylvania as to types and quantities of materials needed, and eventually a kit was worked out that met the specifications of these experts and also of the army.

With the assistance of the government—which frankly feels that it owes it to disabled soldiers to do all in its power to restore them to health and strength—materials for the kits were rounded up. Even precious hooks were obtained in amazing quantities.

Meanwhile, the Hilles began assembling kits in a one-room "war plant" in Williamsport—and the program was officially under way.

## OUT OF THE MAIL-BAG!

Mt. Union, Pa., Feb. 7, 1945.

Editor PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

Dear Sir:

Please renew my subscription to the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER for another two years for which I inclose \$1.00.

I would not want to miss one issue of our fine little magazine and no fisherman in our state should be without it as it certainly is tops.

Please publish as much of this new anti-pollution fight as possible.

Sincerely,

CHARLES R. SHAFER.

of their families, and a few look forward to careers as professional fly-tiers.

Kits supplied for use in the army hospitals are huge affairs, for they must contain materials to make all types of lures. In a single hospital may be a soldier from Pennsylvania, where trout fishing is the No. 1 sport; another from Florida, where the largemouth black bass is the favorite game fish; still another from the West, where the rainbow trout ranks first on the angler's list.

There is a lot of difference between a trout lure and a bass lure, and the kit is designed so that the soldier, no matter where the hospital is located, is able to make the types of lures which he has used and some day will use again in his home waters.

Each kit is designed to provide 2,400 man-hours of work, and when it is considered that many veterans are able to construct flies at the rate of four an hour, the huge quantities of materials that are necessary is obvious.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hille, of Williamsport, who are widely known among Pennsylvania anglers and fly-tyers, are providing the hospital fly-tying kits, and the job is so great that they have enlarged their quarters, put a considerable staff of assistants to work, and are devoting all of their attention to War Department requirements. They have had to tell their thousands of mail-order customers that no retail orders from civilians can be accepted until the government work is finished, and that may be for a period of a number of years.

A year ago the War Department ordered a fly-tying kit from the Hilles for use in the Walter Reed Hospital, where the program was first tested. The craft proved so popular among men in the hospital that early this winter the Hilles were called to Washington and informed that the government wished to expand the program to include other army hospitals and were asked if they could undertake to supply the kits.

The job looked almost impossible at first.



# TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF TROUT FISHING

By CHAS. M. WETZEL

## PART NO. 2

SO I took up the dry fly. These new flies differed considerably from the old fashioned wet variety. The wings flared away from each other and projected vertically; the tail fibres were long stiff; and the hackle quite bushy, with a large part of it sloping forwards towards the eye of the hook. No snell was used, and the connection was made direct to the six foot leader, using a figure eight knot.

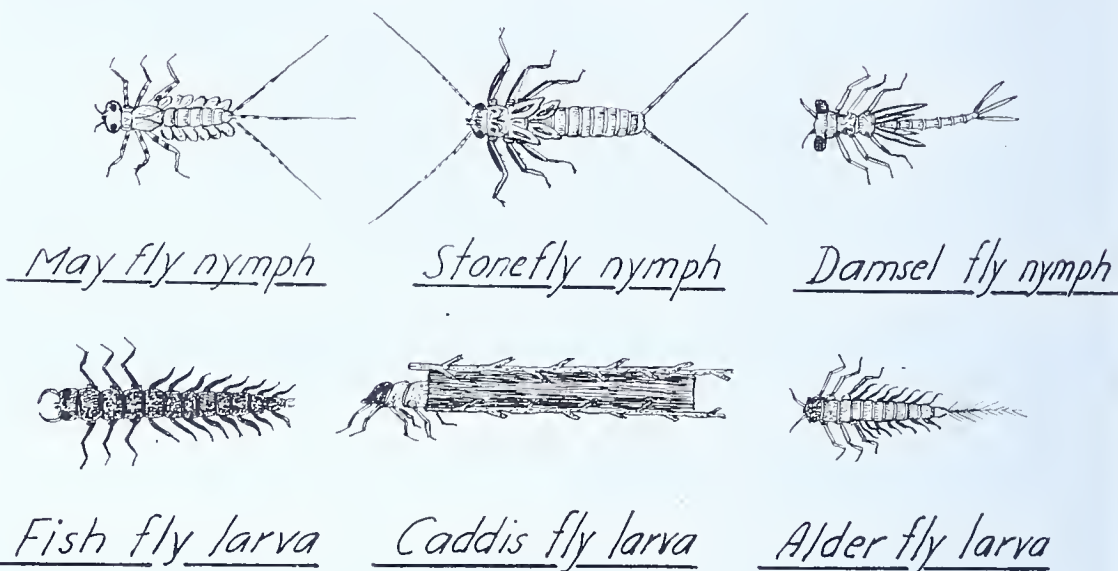
Everyone was now going crazy over dry fly fishing, and it was considered the very highest pinnacle in angling achievement. The problem was to present the fly to the trout so that it would float naturally downstream with the current. That it was difficult no one would deny, especially on our swift mountain streams. When the fly would alight on the surface, there was always some swift intervening current that would pick up the line, carry it downstream, and pull the fly crazily over the water. Among the high pressure boys, this was known as "drag".

Now the dry fly was supposed to imitate the insects as they serenely rode the waves, content with whatever course the current would choose to carry them; and with the exception of a few species of caddis flies, none of them would skitter across the current like the artificial, when drag was imparted. Trout knew it, and after we failed to catch them, we arrived at the same conclusion.

At first we solved the problem by getting immediately below the rising fish, so that the current would carry both the line and the fly at the same uniform pace; but this method had its limitations, for quite often the water was too deep to wade.

Considerably intrigued by our inability to overcome this handicap, we sent to England—the home of the dry fly, for the latest works on the subject. We had something there. For these birds were authorities. We bought tapered lines and leaders, and became familiar with the slack line cast.

This cast was of great importance, and for a number of years it solved the problem of drag. The basic idea, was, to have a greater length of line out, than the distance to the rising trout. The cast was then made in the usual overhand manner aiming at an imaginary target some distance higher than the fish. At the critical moment the coils of line held in the left hand were shot or released, the cast checked, and the fly would flutter down on the surface as lightly as the proverbial thistledown. The leader and line now lay on the water in a series of coils which would allow the fly to travel some distance downstream before drag would occur.



Wetzel 1-6-24

Some time later we learned to throw hooks or curves. With these one could cast over almost any type of intervening current, and still have the fly on the water sufficiently long for the trout to rush up and take it. These curved casts were invaluable, since the fly would travel downstream ahead of the leader, thereby not arousing the suspicion of the fish.

All casting was done on a horizontal plane instead of the vertical. At the critical moment the line was shot, and the cast checked, when it would fall on the water before the loop had an opportunity of straightening out. Right hand casts, that is, casts in which the loop extends to the right when gazing upstream, were performed with the right hand on the right side; for the left hand hooks, it was necessary to place yourself in the position of a left handed caster that is, the right arm crossed the body, and all casting was then performed on the left side.

Oh, it was fascinating this dry fly fishing—something new was always cropping up. In no time at all there appeared fanwing flies, spentwing flies, fore and aft's, bi-visibles, rolled wings, forward wings and a host of others.

While all this was going on the brook trout were getting very scarce, all due we thought to the brown trout who had invaded our streams. In our ignorance we cursed these foreigners out roundly and thoroughly. No one liked their looks; they were moody, temperamental, hard to catch; and besides they were driving out our beautiful brook trout. In part we were mistaken. The brook trout were already doomed, and would have gone anyways. These fish were typically creatures

of the wild, unable to withstand the inroads of civilization; the cutting of the timber, the yearly droughts, the low water, and the high temperature of the streams.

The brown trout on the other hand thrived lustily in this same environment. In a few years he attained a much larger size than any of our brook trout, and after we learned to catch him, our respect for his fighting prowess increased by leaps and bounds. True, he sulked mainly throughout the day and seldom started feeding until a few minutes before dark, but when he did, there was action, fast and furious! His feeding habits become so pronounced, that for the greater part of the day, we just loafed around, waiting for the evening rise. We fished the dry fly until we could no longer see it in the fading light, then we switched to wets; and many an old lunker have I taken at night while fishing wet flies.

Like the brook trout the browns swam to the headwaters to spawn; and I recall one instance while out woodcock hunting in the fall on Fishing Creek, how two old cannibal brown trout slashed and fought each other over the spawning beds, until both lay bleeding and exhausted. These fish were exceptionally large, heavy in girth, and had long pointed and hooked up jaws, characteristic of old adult males.

Along about this time, the streams were being periodically stocked with rainbow trout. These fish were wonderful scrappers, continually leaping out of the water when hooked, but the migratory instinct was so strong that they simply would not stay put in any one particular locality. They were always moving to the heavier waters, and



it was not uncommon during the following year to see them leaping in the river, sometimes as much as twenty-five to thirty miles downstream from where they were originally stocked. But for all that, one could always depend on finding a few lurking around, and these together with the brownies and the rapidly disappearing brook trout, furnished us with plenty of sport and excitement.

While the dry fly craze was reaching its zenith, we were again confronted with a new type of angling, that is, nymph fishing. These artificial nymphs were supposedly patterned after the natural nymphs and creepers that roamed about in the water. Some of the imitations had long wings projecting out at right angles to the body; while others were tied with a feather flat over the back extending from the head, to almost the bend of the hook. All in all they were atrocious looking affairs, totally unlike anything that swam or wandered about underneath the surface.

Now as practically everyone knows, before any insect can take wing and fly away it must first pass through either a nymphal or larval stage, that is, a period in which the insect is constantly growing larger and expanding.

If the wings of the immature insect are developing externally and are visible, it is known as a nymph; examples of such are mayflies and stoneflies. If the wings are not visible until the assumption of the pupal period, it is known as a larva. A good illustration of the latter is the helgramite, which eventually develops into the dobson fly; others are caddis flies, alder flies, fish flies and crane flies.

Nymphs then have wings, but so far as being of any practical use in this stage, they might as well not have them. These wings do not stick out at right angles to the body; neither do they extend down to the top of the abdomen. In general they are very small projections extending slightly beyond the thorax; and from a casual glance, one would hardly recognize them as such. To occupy this small space, they are neatly folded and packed in a skin like covering, and are not unfurled, until the time arrives when the nymph transforms into the winged fly.

Stone fly nymphs have two distinct pair of wings, which are flat on top and clearly visible. Mayflies appear to have only one pair—the rear pair is very small—and these are sometimes slightly rounded when viewed from the side, creating the effect of a hump-backed appearance. Stone fly nymphs are conspicuous by the yellow belly, and by the alternate bands of dark brown and yellow on the back. They have two tails, hairy legs, and with the exception that some are lighter in color than others, all are more or less alike. Invariably they are found under stones in the riffles from which they get their names.

Mayfly nymphs on the other hand are found in a variety of places. Some burrow in the mud on the stream bed; others are found under stones and among weeds; while still others roam freely about, darting here and there with the swiftness of a minnow. Some of the burrowing nymphs are completely white, while others are a deep purplish brown. Generally they have three,

thin hairy tails. Those found under stones are colored much like stone fly nymphs, except they are flatter and broader in the body. Their three tails are usually long, smooth, and yellowish brown. The free ranging nymphs have a humpbacked appearance, are generally dark brown, and have conspicuously fringed tails.

From the above, it will be seen that the majority of these nymphs are of a sober coloring, with grey brown, and yellow predominating. Knowing all this, I accordingly got out the fly tying materials and constructed some artificials to my own specifications.

In the beginning, I made the bodies from a dubbing of fur, but have since discarded this almost all together for quill and moosemane. The nails from a Jungle Cock feather proved ideal for wing cases; and the rather thick legs of the nymph were best imitated by moosemane bucktail, or a turkeys beard.

With these artificials I have taken trout—many of them—and my most successful catches were always made in deep, shady slow moving water places where trout lurk during the heat of day.

The method was a form of still fishing. About a foot above the nymph, a split shot sinker, size BB was fastened to the leader. The nymph was then cast out in the deep water and allowed to settle on the bottom. For some time no motion was imparted to the artificial. After a while, a slight pull was given the line with the left hand, a pull so short as to be scarcely imperceptible. This would cause the nymphs to move a few inches over the stream bed. At the first in-



Bucktail

dication of the slightest twitch of the line, or when it started to move through the water, the hook was set in the fish.

The above method has proved very deadly, and can well be recommended for taking trout in crystal clear water, when they refuse all other offerings. The important part is to keep out of sight of the fish, and to do a minimum amount of casting.

Around the time that nymphs sprung into popularity, a new type of fly known as the bucktail, was appearing at various places throughout the country. The first one I ever saw was tied by an Ojibway Indian and it was known as the White Alaskan. This fly was constructed entirely from deer hair, and was so simply made that anyone could tie it.

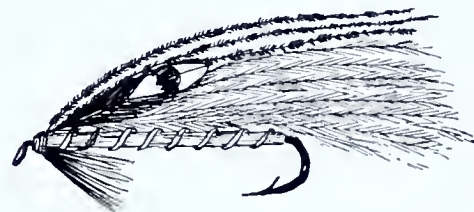
When retrieved through the water, the bucktail bears a striking resemblance to a minnow, and it is quite probable that trout

take it is such. The method of angling is exactly similar to the old fashioned way of fishing a spinning minnow, only instead of the unsportsmanlike "minnie", one now uses a thing that's cloaked under the high falutin' title of fly. But say what you will, bucktails have probably accounted for more large trout, than any types of flies, so far constructed. Trout simply go wild over them. A number of years ago while fishing in Spring Creek—Pennsylvania's famed Fishermen's Paradise—I had four old lunkers coming at one time to a bucktail, and the way they threw the water around was a caution. That year the toll taken on these large trout was terrific. Art Snyder, the fish warden stationed at the project—and who took a personal interest in every trout caught—wandered about in a most disconsolate manner.

"Charlie," he said, "next week the boys will have to quit putting BB shot ahead of their bucktails. The way they have taken these big trout out of here is simply awful."

As Art predicted, the new ruling went into effect the following week, and immediately the boys set up a big howl and started belly-achin'. They couldn't catch any more trout! What they wanted was sinkers, and they didn't give a darn who knew it! To make a long story short, the sportsmen had their way, and the following year the old ruling permitting the use of BB shot, went back into effect.

Along with bucktails, there appeared streamers, marabous, and hair wing flies. Streamers were similar to bucktails, only the wings were made from long hackles. Mara-



Marabou

W-48 1-6-44

bou's, also tied on long shanked hooks, had wings made from the fluffy fibres procured from the tail feathers of the marabou stork, a large bird found in India and Western Africa; the majority of fly tyers though, used an excellent substitute, that is, the downy fibres found at the base of the turkeys tail feathers.

Among the most popular of these large flies, are the Edson Dark Tiger, Black Ghost, White Alaskan, and the Black and Yellow Marabous. The majority of these are tied on No. 6, 8 and 10, long shanked hooks, but here's a tip. If you have marked down an old lunker, and really want some action, try him on an oversize bucktail. Here's luck to you.

So long as that which might have been isn't, why worry your head about it?



## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Dear Editor:

For the past ten or twelve years, I have devoted the majority of my leisure time, either fishing or reading of other fishermen and their exploits and experiences. Nevertheless, I feel that I have wasted, in a sense, many a precious fishing hour, trying and trying some too advanced method of luring game fish. With this in mind I am writing this letter for what it is worth, i.e.:

Most stories and tales of angling are too advanced for the majority of magazine buyers who are the novices or beginners, trying to learn better fishing methods.

Let's put ourselves in the place of a youth or man on his first fishing trip. He is accompanied by others more experienced who are too eager to get into the stream, to pay much attention to the beginner. Of course he read all he could get his hands on, in regard to fishing, has bought all the plugs, streamers, flies and bugs mentioned—even has a few shiners salted away and lo and behold, a concealed can of garden hackle. But to what avail? He doesn't know how to use any of these properly and will spend his entire day trying this and that, until he finally gets a strike and then doesn't know what to do about it or how to handle the finney reward, so, he got away. Too bad, his companions had better luck and he tries to laugh off his loss with a "hafta leave one for seed," but in his heart he is very disappointed, with his loss.

Wouldn't it have been better if he had read an item that would have said, leave the artificials alone for a while, just learn something about the fishes habit, how and when they feed, where they feed, how to cast a bait, how to put the worm on the hook, size and shape of hook most suited. How to tie the hook onto the leader onto the line.

My sympathy goes out to he who tries to handle the much publicized 7 to 15 ft. leader on one of his first trips out. Very disgustingly he will say, "Now, how can a fellow get that big knot through those small guides. On the next cast he has out all but a couple of feet from the leader or done away with it altogether. If he would have known better to begin with a long leader, he couldn't handle, he would have saved a good leader and his temper.

You may say "The novice should watch others fish, ask how they make successful catches, etc." 99 out of 100 fishermen may be true sportsmen, but they just don't care too much about divulging, how they got that "Brownie" to strike. Instead, they will relate, "Get one of these yellow hootenannies and you'll snag plenty of fish—So off to the tackle store you go to spend a few dollars and still you really only needed a worm and some experience, or perchance an article or pamphlet to read and learn the simplest methods of angling first.

Such an article or story would be more than welcome to both the angler of skill or the beginner.

I know that many of us would gladly contribute anything we have learned, the hard way, to such a book or story.

Yours for better fishing for the beginner.

C. H. CASNER,  
212 Laurel Avenue,  
Cresson, Penna.

## DANGER THREATENS WHEN SUSQUEHANNA RIVER PILES UP ICE GORGE AT COLUMBIA!



Long level where ice piled up just short of Resh's Boat House.

(York County Side)



One of seven cottages wrecked by huge ice flows below Wrightsville.

(York County Side)





# FISH FOR THE DOC



By JACK ANDERSON

ONCE in a great while fishing is up to your expectations. Not often, mind you. Usually, you think in terms of bass and end up in terms of sunfish. Or, even more likely, you end up tired, exceedingly tired, and feeling like you were off the lake for a good long spell. (Of course, a long sleep dispels any nonsensical idea as preferring the home to the lake or stream). But once in a while, you hit the jackpot. And then, very often, you will have with you a guy such as Dewey.

Dewey is a son of the forest. He was born with a fagot of pine clutched to his breast. He thinks, eats, sleeps and works at fishing. He is a man of even temperament, with few definite likes and dislikes. In fact, I'll say he is opinionated on two things, and two alone: one, he loves fishing; and two, he loathes work. He is a likeable chap, never taking this business of living with too much seriousness, and the matter of depositing wealth into the family sock is the sole jurisdiction of his corpulent and good-natured spouse. In all regards, I should think a lot of Dewey. And there was a time, I did. But this was all before our fishing experience together on Lake Harmony.

"Drat this line!" said Dewey, getting into the row-boat that day. "All bawled up with this anchor chain!"

"One thing at a time, Dewey," I cautioned. "Among other things so far, you've stepped on my best bamboo casting rod and thrown my reel in the lake twice."

"Not to mention you sitting on my creel in the car and smashing it!"

I stepped into the rowboat with one foot; with my other foot on shore, I stooped to pick up the minnow bucket. Dewey quickly stuck an oar into the lake bottom and shoved. He shoved just as I picked up the minnow bucket. For a second I did an ungracious split, one foot on the shore and one in the boat, while I waved the minnow bucket in the air, spraying water in all directions.

"Hey! For God's sake, push toward shore!" I cried.

Dewey complied—and just in time to save me from a ducking. With an icy stare, I got into the boat.

"You want to row?" asked Dewey.

"You, sir, can have the honor."

"It ain't no honor to row this scow. It rows like it was built of steel."

"From the looks of the water pouring in through these leaks, it might be built of paper."

"A little bailing will do you good!"

"O.K. Cut beating your gums and let's head for the weed patch."

It was late afternoon. There was a light breeze blowing, rippling the lake. The tops of the ripples were tipped with silver from the sun; the rest of the lake was dark. The sun was hiding behind some tall white oak trees on the far side of the lake; its light streaking between the branches. A hawk soared high over the water.

As Dewey rowed, I fished the weed-beds with fly rod and wobbler. The wobbler flashed gold and silver in the water. In a few minutes my line straightened and my rod bent downward. "Hold it, Dewey!"

"What's up?"

"I got one!"

"What, a lily pad?"

"Lily pad, my eye!" And to back up my statement, I lifted a fine yellow perch into the boat.

"Hot dawg! What that baby wouldn't do to an empty skillet!" cried Dewey.

"Tonight Doc's coming up to the cabin. I've been boasting about our fish up here. If ever we've caught a mess of fish, we need to tonight!"

"This is a good start!" Dewey tugged viciously at his mesh fish bag, which was caught on a reel handle. "If I can ever get this—thing out, we'll have just the thing to put our fish in!"

I tossed the perch on the bottom of the boat. It sprayed Dewey as it thrashed about. He grasped the fish and slipped it into the bag. I resumed fishing.

Dewey picked up his rod, too, began a series of casts with a bucktail. Before long, he grappled with a nice-sized perch. I watched his line knife swiftly through the water. I could see the perch, fighting deep in the water, flashing a bright yellow-orange color as he rolled and twisted and tugged.

"Another for the Doc's appetite!" cried Dewey.

"I register 'em in the bag," I reminded him.

But Dewey was right; the perch ended up inside Dewey's mesh fish bag.

By this time, our boat had drifted into the weeds which extended far out into the lake at this point. Our boat rasped along these weeds, shoved spasmodically by the tiny waves which rolled in from the open water. Shadows lengthened; the air grew cool, and I knew this wind was the farewell today. Soon breezes would die, the lake would grow deathly still, foxes would yap from the hillsides and whippoorwills would call; and with all this, the hour for fishing would arrive.

"Better start bailing," said Dewey. "The boat's pretty full."

"Bail, hell. There's time for that. Now's time for some fishing!"

"All right, let 'er sink. We'll lose Doc's fish."

"We won't sink, don't worry." And then: "I hooked into a dandy, now!"

As I spoke, a bass cleared water.

"You got a bass, boy!"

"I'm not blind, brother!"

The bass was an acrobat; he stood on his tail, swiveled his body, flopped about like a madman. I left him run at will, careful only to keep him out from under the boat. In a short while, this bass was in Dewey's mesh fish bag.

"One more for the Doc's voracious appetite," I commented.

Dewey grunted. "I got something again," he said. "It ain't so big though. Look! It's a sunfish."

By this time, my interest had passed to other things. The bottom of our boat had several inches of water. My feet were soaked. While Dewey pulled in a couple more perch, I bailed. And as I bailed, I fed a growing temper. It is not pleasure to bail water while fish are being caught all about you. I remarked to Dewey that since his feet, too, were involved, a little bailing on his part might do no evident bodily harm.

"I rowed the boat," Dewey countered. "Besides, we gotta get plenty of fish."

"The word 'work' is sure a leper word to you," I said.

"The actual doing is far worse than the word," smiled Dewey.

I resumed fishing.

Near dark, with another boatful of water and Dewey's mesh fish bag wriggling with bass and perch, we agreed that it was time to go in and put the fish in the skillet for Doc.

"I'm certainly glad we can show the old Doubting Thomas some results!" I exclaimed.

"He believes nothing of what he hears. And half of what he sees!"

"He's been giving us the raspberry too long on how many fish this lake doesn't have."

So I rowed to shore, in excellent spirits and full of visions of Doc's pleased face.

At the boat-dock, I began to whistle. But Dewey was silent, strangely silent.

"What's wrong, Dewey, dead as a mackerel with all those fish—"

I turned. Dewey still sat in the boat, looking stunned. He held before him the mesh fish bag. I cried out, "Now what in the devil—"

"The fish bag!" He exclaimed. "I forgot all about that big hole in it!"

The mesh fish bag was empty!

I stood for a time, silent. There seemed nothing to say. All was the same as a minute before—a still lake sleeping in night-shadows, touched lightly by starlight, and a forest world of humming insects—yet I experienced totally new sensations. Now, I knew no gayness. I felt empty, defeated.

"Come on, dammit," I said finally, "let's get up there and take it on the chin from the Doc once more!"

Dewey said nothing. A touch of pity mingled with my anger toward him. But I've told you why I now have some mental reservation in saying Dewey is a first-rate guy.



# THROW OUT A LINE

*When the First Hints of Spring Are in the Air Is the Time to Get a Taste of the Thrill of Sucker Fishing*

By DICK FORTNEY



Dick Fortney

WHEN the first tiny buds appear on the trees, when the bright sun begins to have a measure of warmth; when the snow and ice have melted from exposed places, and the creeks are running full and deep; when a man begins to feel that he is about to be released from the indoor imprisonment of winter, it's time to throw out a line for suckers.

It is not yet time to take the fly rod out of its case and to fill the compartments of the fly box with feathered lures.

But it is the time of the year when the cord throw line, a forked switch, and a box of lively worms are standard fishing tackle.

The suckers, which reach lunker size in the streams of Pennsylvania, are actively feeding in the deep holes of creeks and rivers, in eddies at the sides of swift currents, in the backwaters of guts off the streams, and in ponds. They are to be found, too, in those half-muddy little meadow brooks which dry up in summer and in which no trout are living but into which the suckers move from the main streams in the spring season of the year.

All are ideal spots where a fisherman may cast a hook baited with a luscious gob of worms and weighted to get it down to the bottom where the suckers are rooting for food.

There a fisherman may bask in the spring sunshine and perhaps dream of trouting days to come while watching for the telltale twitching of his line that will inform him that a sucker is investigating his bait.

Incidentally, here is a fishing rig recommended for the angler who may be lulled into a nap by the gentle spring sunshine.

From a bush cut a slender switch a foot or two long. Sharpen one end and stick it down into the ground, and cut a nick in the end that stands up in the air.

When the baited hook has been cast into the water, draw the throw line tight against the weight of the sinkers on the bottom, then force it down into the slit in the end of the switch. To the line or switch tie a small bell (one cut from a baby rattle will



do nicely), and the slightest nibble of a sucker on the taut line will cause the bell to tinkle persistently.

The angler may rig two or three of these contraptions—and if the suckers are feeding well he may hear the symphony of several of his bells tinkling at the same time. often prevails during the season of sucker

This rig is good for another condition that that often prevails during the season of sucker fishing—when the wind is strong. The switch may then be driven deeper into the ground, and the line will not be subject to wind action which can mislead an angler into supposing that a fish is nibbling at his bait.

A casting rod is another handy implement for the sucker fisherman, although in

these days of scarcity it is a good idea to use a cheap line on the reel. With the casting tackle the sucker angler is able to place his baited hook at almost any spot, he desires.

My old fishing friend Joe taught me this trick.

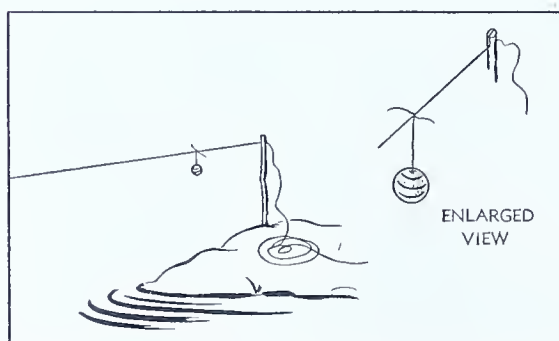
We were sucker fishing one spring day in a deep, wide pool on a big creek. I was using a throw line but Joe, who never was one to waste energy, was doing his angling with an old casting rod. Joe could get his baited hook ten or fifteen feet farther out into the pool than I, and as a result he caught all the suckers that were hooked that afternoon. The suckers were feeding on the far side of the pool (impossible to fish because of a steep, rocky cliff at the turn of the creek) and only the casting rod would reach it.

Joe simply set his short rod in the crotch of a forked stick in the sandy shore, and he didn't have to wait long between bites.

But almost any sort of rigging will do the job provided the sucker fisherman remembers a few fundamental principles.

In the first place, the hook should be sharp and strong and not any larger than the size used in worm fishing for trout. Suckers are strong fish and can straighten out a weak hook. Their fleshy mouths are rather tough, and a hook that is not extremely sharp may not penetrate deeply enough to hold the fish securely. The mouth

(Turn to Page 17)



The "switch and bell" system of rigging the throw-line.



# STONEFLIES

BY

W. R. WALTON

**M**OST observant stream anglers, or at least those who fish rocky streams, are more or less familiar with the nymphs of the stoneflies. These are the flattened, frog-faced insects, Fig. 1, that remain attached to the bottoms of rocks after they are upturned. They have always two bristle-like tails and their legs are terminated by sharp double claws. Such nymphs may vary in size from less than  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch to nearly an inch in length. The larger of these such as *Perla* shown in Fig. 1, are more or less brightly colored with mottlings of yellow and brown. All but a few kinds, which are vegetarians, are carnivorous, and subsist on midge larvae and the nymphs of May flies and similar neighbors of the flowing streams. Stonefly nymphs love the swift waters where they hide among the stones and rocks, secreted beneath them during the day and emerging to forage after dark. After becoming full grown, these nymphs shed their skins and emerge as four-winged flies known to anglers under various names such as, "stone fly, yellow sally, willow fly, creeper or rock roller."

Figure 2 represents the adult of a species of *Pteronarcys* among which are the largest of our American stoneflies, the nymphs of which are vegetable feeders. The wings of adult stoneflies are folded flatly over their backs and usually are considerably longer than their bodies. Generally speaking, they are slow, awkward creatures, easily captured with the fingers. Their wings are conspicuously net-veined and their colors vary from yellow through greenish to brown or nearly black. The large kinds such as *Perla* and *Pteronarcys*, crawl from the water before casting their skins and often gather by the hundreds on rocks, sticks or beneath the floors of bridges where their stiffened skins remain attached for weeks after their former tenants have emerged and flown away.

Many of the smaller kinds of stoneflies, such as *Taeniopteryx*, which begins to emerge in February, shed their skins on the surface of the stream and pop out of the water to fly immediately toward the shores. Such hatches frequently occur while the streams are full of floating ice, and the slender blackish flies may sometimes be seen crawling over snow banks on shore or even over the ice. This is in such contrast to the usual habits of insects that one is led to marvel that these little creatures do not become benumbed by the cold. The larger kinds of stoneflies do not emerge until late April or early May, or about the time that the trout fishing season opens in the Eastern States.

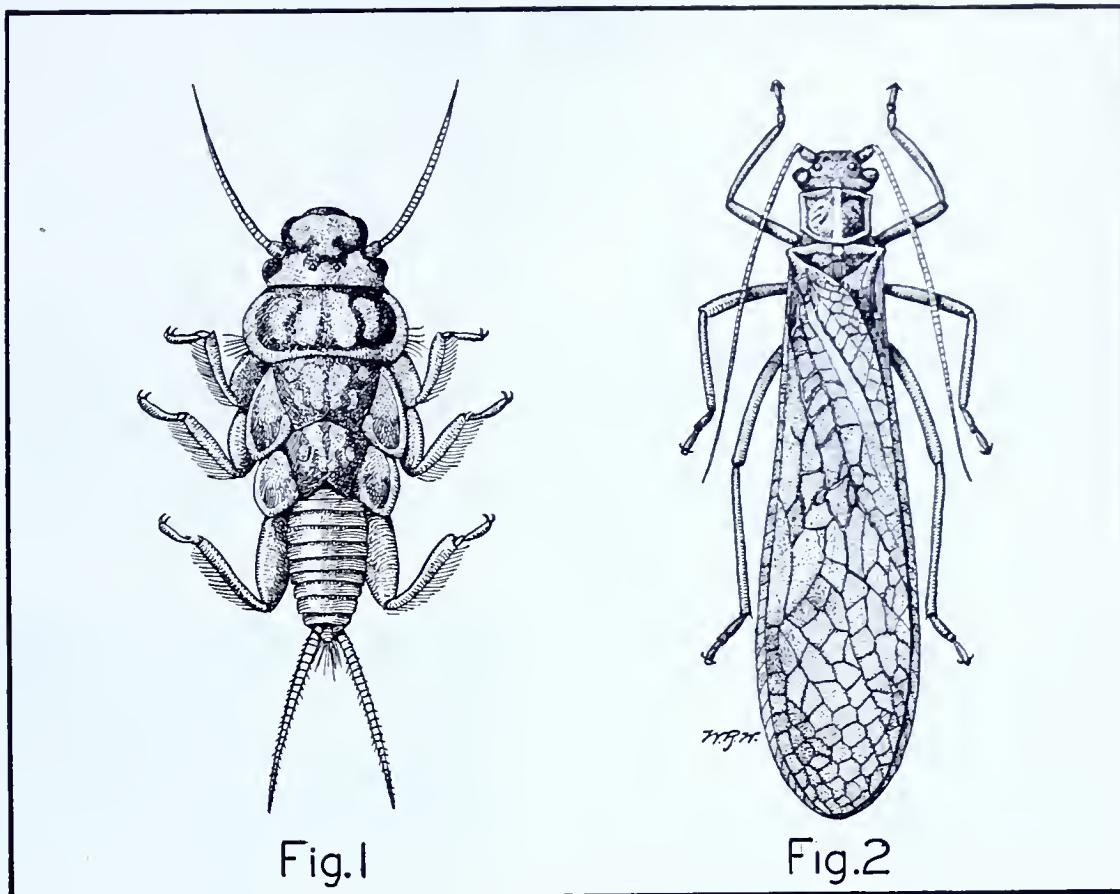


Fig.1

Fig.2

Contrary to the habits of such aquatic insects as the Mayflies, fishflies and the hellgramites, the adults of some stoneflies have been observed to feed hungrily on the leaves of certain trees before laying their eggs. Such an occurrence has been reported by J. C. Evenden, in the Coeur d'Alene section of Idaho. Regarding this Mr. Evenden says, that these stoneflies, a species of *Taeniopteryx*, devoured the leaves of cottwood, elm and cherry, in 1934, thus causing considerable defoliation of these trees.

The eggs of stoneflies are deposited in the water usually in masses, and the nymphs hatching from them may require periods of from less than a year to more than two years before leaving the water as adults.

During emergence or egg-laying periods, the game fishes feed voraciously on them and this explains the effectiveness of such artificials as the various nymphs, yellow sally and March brown during the early days of the trout season.

I have sometimes been asked by correspondents whether it is possible to transplant certain kinds of aquatic insects such as the Mayflies and stoneflies, from a stream where they are abundant, to another stream where they are absent.

In reply to this question I know of no more authoritative statement than that made by Dr. Paul R. Needham of the U. S. Fish and Wild Life Service, as follows: "It is often asked what results may be expected from the introduction of various food animals into trout waters? . . . Much money has been wasted in attempts to stock waters with organisms which failed to thrive. Adult insects, being winged, are able to establish themselves wherever environments they require are found." The Mayflies and stoneflies belong to a group of insects of very ancient origin for they appeared at least before the coal beds of Pennsylvania were

laid down. This time is calculated by geologists to be from 2,000,000 to 250,000,000 years ago. Long since then, these insects have learned in what environments they can or can not survive; in other words, they know their business and it is useless for us to attempt to teach them anything about this.

Don't you just hate to take advice from somebody who needs it himself?

## A REGULAR PRAYER

Lord, let me live like a regular man,  
With regular friends and true,  
Let me play the game on a regular plan  
And play that way all through:  
Let me win or lose with a regular smile  
And never be known to whine;  
For that is a "Regular Fellow's" style,  
And I want to make it mine.  
Oh, give me a regular chance in life,  
The same as the rest I pray,  
And give me a regular girl for a wife  
To help me along the way  
Let us know the lot of humanity,  
Regular woes and joys,  
And raise a regular family  
Of regular girls and boys.  
Let me live to regular good old age,  
With regular snow white hair,  
Having done my labor and earned my wage  
And played my game for fair.  
And so at last when the people scan  
My face on its peaceful bier,  
They'll say, "Well he was a regular Man!"  
And drop a Regular tear.

—UNKNOWN.

(Taken from The Beekeepers Item)



# THE BROWN BOMBER

By W. E. SMITH

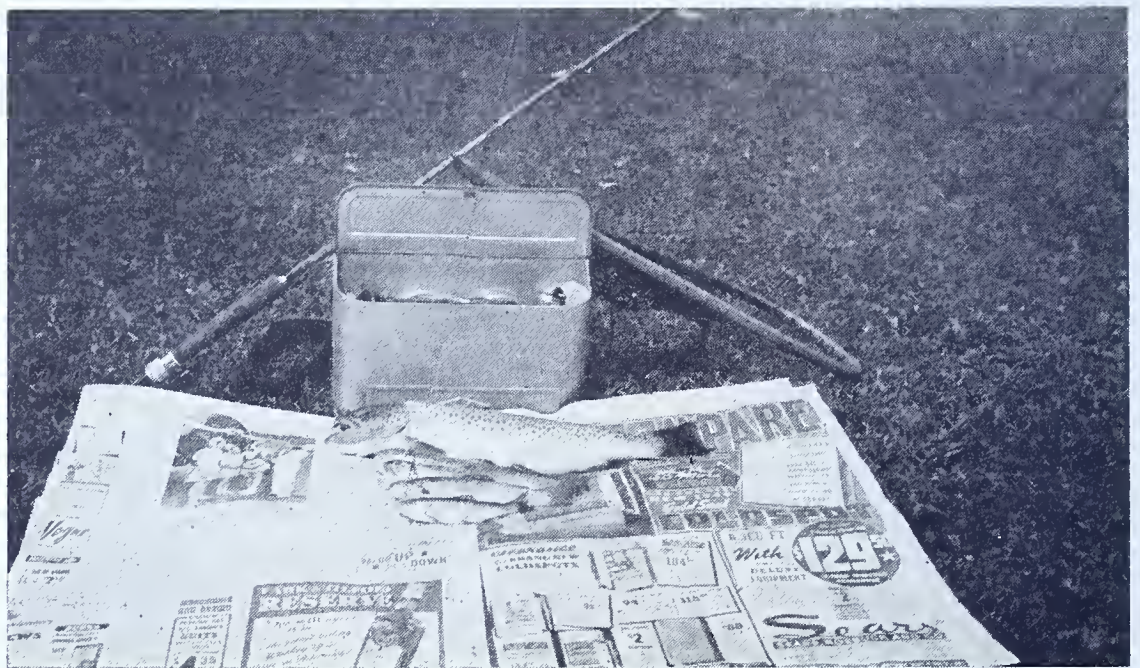
A BIG brown trout is a prize fish in any man's language or in any water, but indubitably so if the old cannibal is taken from your pet brook trout pool, and that was why I was highly elated on the night of June 3rd when I had safely beached a 25 incher at the hour of midnight. In one of the tributaries of Cross Fork in Potter County, away up in the headwaters of the stream, a pair of busy beavers had constructed a honey of a dam, 5 to 6 feet high across the center, and backing up a very sizable body of water—this was the finest brook trout fishing on the entire stream—because, chiefly, the stream itself for a mile or more below this dam was so small most of the fishermen turned back before reaching the dam preferring the large water—consequently it was not fished very much and if you could stand a 3 mile hike each way, you could invariably enjoy good fishing from this pool. Many a beautiful May evening, in the twilight hours, I would fly fish up this little woodsy stream, picking a legal trout out here and there as I went along, usually from small pools fed by spring inlets, thus making the journey interesting until I reached the beaver dam, and then if my luck was with me, and a fly hatch would come out, I could enjoy all the thrills of the purist with the dry fly.

One evening about sundown as I was flicking a No. 14 pale evening Dun across the dam towards a thicket of low hanging branches, where a spring run emptied in, a massive trout rolled up and sucked in the fly and about half of the leader as well, and with the same easy motion was gone again but not before I had identified the fish as an old iron jawed brown and a whale of a fish—how he had gained entrance to the dam is still a puzzle to me but there he was, and furthermore I had never saw a brown trout on this tributary—I surmised the old boy had a paradise to himself in this big pool and with all the brook trout he needed for 3 square meals a day for some time, and my pet pool at that. I had a double incentive to catch this old fellow and from that evening on, every night that I visited the home of the beavers, who, incidentally would often swim around the pool seemingly unafraid while I was fishing, I would put in an extra hour or two after dark, with heavy leader and night fly, trying for a rise from the brown. From past experience I knew patience and perseverance were two virtues quite necessary to catching a well fed old brown Bomber like this one was, and as they are absolutely unpredictable in their habits, you have to keep overlastingly at it until the right moment comes. Sometimes they will grab the first night crawler that comes their way regardless of how crudely it may be impaled on the hook, or they may let dozens of tempting and luscious baits or lures float past their horny snouts without even batting a fishy eye—so, on my subse-

quent visits I always had in mind the big trout that lived by the spring inlet under a bunch of roots and debris and wondered if anyone else knew of this cannibals presence in the dam.

The month of May passed, all too quickly as it usually does for the fellow who enjoys evening fly fishing for brook trout and

came down from the ridge top directly above the pool—it was quite a high mountain, and the roaring that broke the stillness of the night was about ¼ mile distant. I was awed and frightened by the magnitude of the uproar as I was at a total loss to identify it. My partner had gone down the stream a mile distant at least from me, but hearing this great commotion he turned and came back to meet me thinking it was I who was responsible for the commotion. I hastily took my rod apart and started out of there as I wanted no encounter with any animal that had that much lung power after dark with a 2 ounce flyrod for a weapon. I met the old warden half way back up the trail, his light shining, and coming with all speed—he finally decided that the source of the



nothing more was seen or heard from the big boy, and I had many a pleasant trip in and out of my pet fishing pool. It was, by the way, a romantic stroll coming out after dark along the old winding footpath, which was used mostly in the upper part of the stream by grazing cattle and deer, using whenever necessary a flashlight to find your way, but on many an evening the moon furnished sufficient light to travel without much help from artificial light. The night birds could be heard along the trail sending out their plaintive call, while further upon the mountain-sides the whip-poor-will's notes in a rhythmic chant would echo along the valley before you, and sometimes peepers in a chorus of voices along the shallows would furnish unending music—along the trail also the fire-flies would be flitting among the foliage—the snort of a deer as he bounded from the path was nothing unusual, and the beauty of the firmament added much to make the solitary trip out after dark very enchanting—however, there is always some exceptions. One night while fishing an hour or so after the shades of night had fallen, I was sitting silently casting my night flies over the darkened waters and suddenly on the quiet of the night air a thunderous commingling of screaming and bawling noises

noise must have been a bear and her cubs although he was not sure what it was either. About this time there had been some reports of cougars being seen in the territory or heard at night screaming and etc. for a year or so past, but we paid no attention to such fantastic reports but I did consider it prudent on my night trips after that to strap on my automatic just to bolster up the morale.

The night of June the 3rd was the fatal day or night for the big trout—shortly after dark he made his presence known with some terrific floundering after June bugs that hit the water—at least that was what I thought he was feeding on and I kept casting here and there with my night flies wherever I could locate him but he eluded the flies and after countless casting and changing of flies I was about ready to call it another failure and give the old wise one another credit mark when I tied on a large Grizzly King and started in once more to try for him—it happened so suddenly I was amazed and set the hook by instinct and with his first powerful lunge the little flyrod was throbbing just short of the breaking point as he tried desperately to gain the pile of debris at the spring inlet—failing in that he took to the

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## LET'S GO OUTDOORS WITH SLIM

By RALPH SIDES

Here's a fish story that's hard to swallow, but we hope Bob Greener, State Fish Warden, won't duck the burden of proof.

A local taxidermist showed Bob an unbelievably large sucker, removed from an American Merganser specimen.

It is difficult to see how the duck with such a long narrow bill could possibly manage to swallow a fish fully fourteen inches in length and so big and round, weighing about a pound.

The taxidermist explained, however, that the mouth opening and slender throat of the bird seemingly has great elasticity.

Audubon, the famous authority on birdology, says, "I have found fishes in its (Am. Merganser) stomach 7 inches in length, and of smaller kinds so many as to weigh more than a half pound."

Page John Reed King, Bob old boy, your duck could dive into a 'double or nothing' contest and come up with the grand prize in one gulp.

Audubon also found that the birds when fed in captivity would each "devour two dozen fishes about 4 inches in length, four times daily and seemed desirous of more."

At this rate of consumption each bird would eat 35,000 fishes a year. The Merganser swims so fast under water that few fish can escape it.

No wonder fishermen don't write sonnets about this handsome diver, but consider him a pelican in duck's clothing.

The question of its true economic status depends upon the locality where they are found. They eat predatory fishes too which may somewhat offset their consumption of game species.

As table birds, it is said, they are worthless because of the strong flavor of their flesh, but my own taste test proved different.

Last season I killed one of these fish ducks and while it was being fried, a fishy odor emanated from the kitchen, yet the crisp browned pieces were cleaned to the bones with not a murmur of distaste by my family. I had to swallow several times before tasting it myself, but after the first bite, I ate with the avidity of King Henry VIII.

An amusing sight is to see a flock of Mergansers rushing along the surface, chasing a school of fish. They clash with one another and kick up a commotion of foms at a nylon counter, and the ones left in arrears, will use leap frog tactics to get up in front.

This bird also performs a remarkable feat while in full flight by abruptly plunging downward into the water and swimming below the surface for a distance and then suddenly exploding into the open resuming air travel again.

The Merganser is commonly called 'Saw-bill', because of its long, narrow, cylindrical toothed bill.

An easy way to distinguish the American from the Redbreasted Merganser is to look for the position of the nostril. If it is in the middle of the bill, it is the former and the latter if it is near the base of the bill.

They are included in the protection of the Federal migratory bird laws.

## TROUT CULTURE

at the

## PENNSYLVANIA FISH FARMS



Sorting the trout to determine their condition as to ripeness or to see if they are ready to be spawned. ↑

↓ Taking trout eggs at the Reynoldsdale fish farm. A female produces from 400 to 3000 eggs or more depending upon her age and size.





# "YOUR BOY AND MINE!"

BY



J. ALLEN BARRETT

**I**F YOU are a fisherman and fortunate enough to be the father of a son but inconsiderate enough never to have taken him along fishing, then you have failed, yes failed miserably, in an important responsibility you owe him. Would you deliberately cause or allow your child to suffer the bitter pangs of disappointment and base denial if it were easy for you to effectively prevent it? No, of course you wouldn't! Yet how many men are doing that very thing every day. Sad little hearts made sadder, hurt and bleeding for the companionship of a father.

Remember, there is no man bigger, no hero greater, no admiration more sincere and I sometimes suspect that no love supersedes

the love that reposes in the heart of a little boy for his dad.

Did you ever allow your enthusiasm, your anxiety, your fishing fever to get the best of you long before the opening day of the season? Sure you have, we all have. You get the old tackle box out and begin checking it over. A rod needs a few new wrappings or a coat of varnish, a line needs to be oiled or some new leaders tied. Reels to be fixed, flies to be tied! You yearn to get into the feel again. You are in the kitchen of your home, maybe the den or perhaps out in the garage and you're all wrapped up in things of sport. Up to your chin in a job the likes of which is greater than all else at the moment. And standing there beside you, watching you, is your boy. His eyes bright with admiration, his pulse is rapid and the blood races through his little body, as he envisions his first trip 'out fishing' with dad. Listening attentively and affectionately to every last word as you perhaps relate some of the experiences you have had with this or with that and before you know it, he too can hardly wait for the opening day of the season.

Can you remember, perhaps a day long since gone—a day when as a little fellow you crawled up on the back of a swell guy and clinching your heels into his belly while you held aloft a rod in each hand, your dad negotiated the slippery bed of a swift stream and carefully and gently placed you on the

In the peaceful, invigorating playground of our great outdoors!



A great day in the life of any little boy!

other side—Well, this little fellow unconsciously is longing for that very same experience.

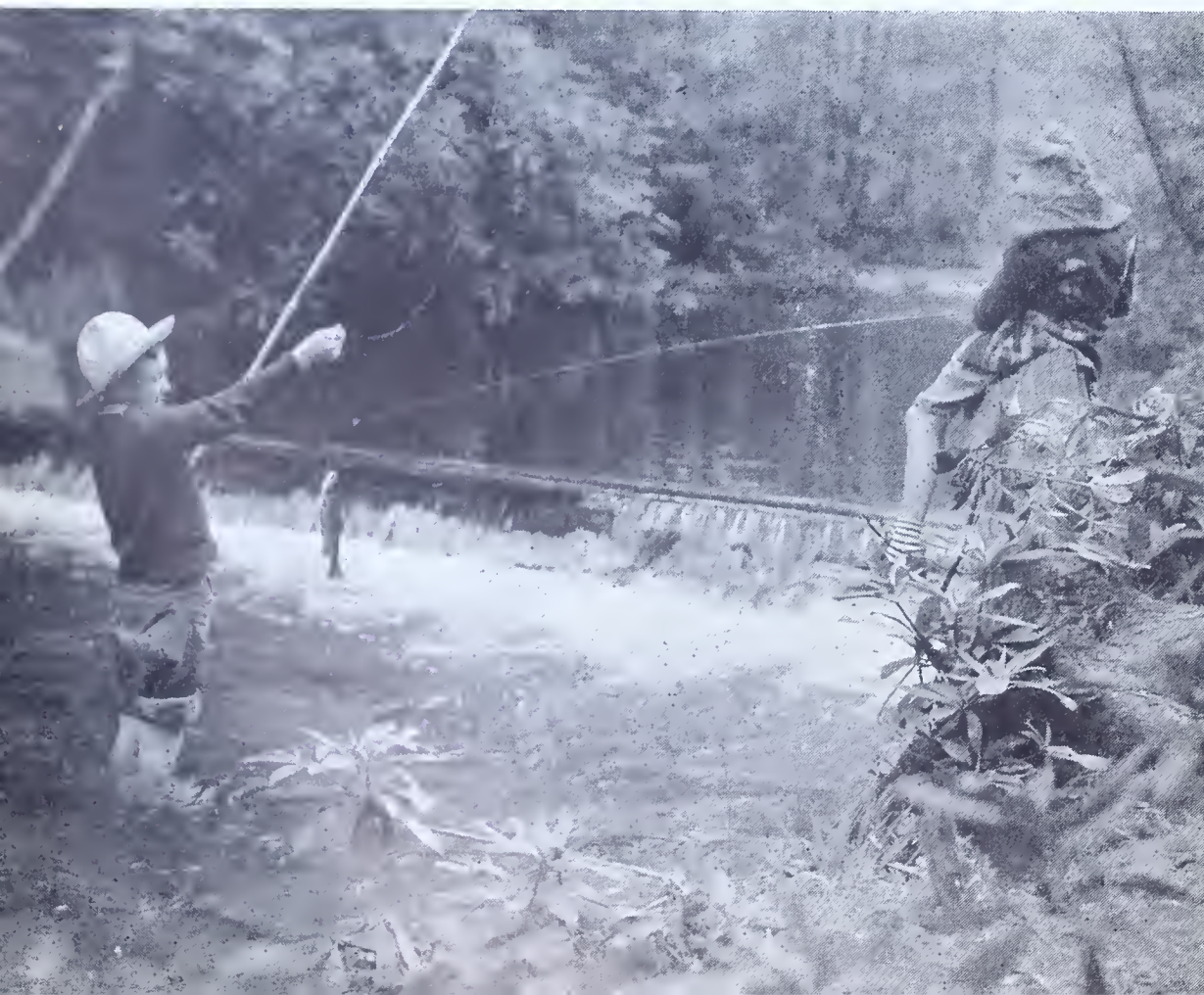
Comes the day, the appointed hour arrives. The tackle and equipment together with the lunch is placed in the car and you dash out around the block to pick up your companions. Returning to the house teeming with the excitement and hilarity that only we fishermen can know, you hurriedly rush in for that last item and to say goodbye. Crawling back into the car you suddenly realize a void, something wrong, you look back and there he stands, your boy or little girl for that matter. There he stands on the porch with his mother. His little eyes no longer gleaming with excited happiness are clouded with welling tears, tears that betray his disappointment. Hurt and forsaken he suddenly realizes that he cannot go along and he wanted so much to go along, he believed that he had been counted in. There he stands, cheated and betrayed by his own father! The greatest man in all the world, of all persons, has thus so abruptly smashed his fondest dream.

The motor starts and you begin to drive away. Somehow, something is pulling, something you just can't explain compels you to look back once more to see your little boy trembling with convulsive misunderstanding as he buries his face in the bosom of his mommy to cry his very soul out. Cries because he couldn't go along, because there wasn't room. No room in dad's car!

Room for strangers but no room for your own boy!

Make room! Be the companion he wants you to be and take him along fishing. If you do this I assure you, you'll never be sorry; who knows how soon you may have tragic reason to be mighty glad that you did.

If there is to be any solution to the many perplexing problems of conservation, I say, we need to take our boys and girls along out fishing. They are entitled to share and enjoy this birthright, their own heritage, the natural resources of our great outdoors.







Self Reliance, Resourcefulness, Character-building Environment—Patience—Hope, experienced and loved—by a boy “Out Fishin’.”

Take them along, out there in the same environment where a courageous and determined ancestry fought for and cradled this great nation of free men. Make your child, your boy or your neighbor's boy an everlasting integral part of it. Take time to point out and instruct them into the many phases of woodcraftmanship, the countless essentials so important to the conservation of our forests, the trees, the streams, animals, birds, our fish, the flowers and plants. Set the proper example and you will produce a conservationist. A rising generation of understanding, clean, honest citizens imbued with the will to preserve. I know of no other medium or environment wherein can be created and molded real red-blooded Americanism as compares with the noble and rather sacred laboratory of our own outdoors.

So I say to you, take your child along, be his companion, chum up with your own boy. Let his hurts be your hurts. Your hurts, whether you know it or not, are already his hurts and in his faithfulness he is constantly willing and ready to fight to the very death if necessary, in your defense. As a small tree is nourished so it grows to maturity, either a straight asset or a twisted liability. Don't cheat him, don't deny and neglect him and don't wait until it may be too late, do it NOW!

It has been said and wisely so “the greatest legacy a man can leave to the world is a well educated family.”

Sportsmen's groups would do well and accomplish much if they too displayed a more pronounced and decided interest in our boys and girls. Especially the underprivileged children and the orphaned who are so helplessly alone. Outdoor recreation centers and fishing-pond facilities in the more congested areas will certainly go a long long way in the right direction. Such a program should likewise hold a comprehensive appeal to civic bodies, service clubs, municipal authorities and educational organizations. Here is a field of great endeavor, our children truly need us and make no mistake, WE NEED THEM. The revamping and ultimate reclamation of our natural resources cannot possibly be accomplished by the present generation. We can however if we will, at least get started with the projection of a program designed to educate our children. To make them conservation minded.

The present condition of our outdoors is, without any doubt, the result of a rather extravagant and wasteful timbering program of some ninety to one hundred years ago. The present erosion and emaciation is of no fault of the men and women and children of today. It is, however, of immediate concern to us all. It is our job to halt it and

set in immediate motion, action which will serve to reclaim and restore the splendour and resources of outdoor America and we must get started NOW . . . The floor of our very state and nation is slowly but surely slipping away. The top soil shrinkage offers a most serious threat and a condition which required these hundred years to reveal itself will require a like number of years and many more to rebuild it. No matter what the program, hand in hand with any program must be the intelligent cooperation of the citizen of tomorrow.

Nothing contributes more nor serves to better invoke that sort of education and interest than the direct contact, the resourcefulness, self-reliance, the character building environment, the patience, the hope and the fun and experience gained and loved by a boy ‘out fish’n.’

Help smash and rip out that negligence which today is swiftly converting our homes into just ‘stopping-off-places’ when our children have no other place to go!

Be the pal your boy would have his dad be!

Help preserve our great outdoors for posterity!

Make room!

Make room for *your boy* and take him along.



# THE BLACK BASS

## Facts Concerning Its Introduction to Pennsylvania Waters



By J. FRED McKEAN

Member, Board of Fish Commissioners

FEW modern anglers who have known the savage strike of a bass, and its subsequent picturesque breaks from the water to shake the hook, will concede that any game fish in Pennsylvania is superior to this hard-fighting gamester in any respect. It ranks, I believe, as the outstanding and perhaps most coveted quarry for thousands of Keystone State fishermen, and deservedly so. When we consider the comparatively brief period of time since its introduction to our streams and lakes, its rise to dominance as a game species is truly remarkable.

Our fishermen today find two species of bass in many of our outstanding waters, the smallmouth and largemouth. In the opinion of the writer, however, the smallmouth will always rank at the top, not only as a fighting fish but as the first of the two species to be introduced to Pennsylvania streams and lakes.

The smallmouth bass was first brought to our waters in 1863. Prior to this introduction, in 1857, to be exact, fifteen adult smallmouths had been stocked in the Potomac River in Virginia. These bass found, in the Potomac, a stream teeming with natural food and ideal in every respect to their rapid increase in number. So far as we have been able to determine, this was the earliest stocking with bass to be recorded in states on the Eastern seaboard. It was unique in plan, the fish being carried from the west in the water tank of a locomotive and apparently suffering few if any injuries during their long journey.

Heralded by sportsmen as game fish superb, the fame of the Potomac's bass spread into other states. Six years later, a group of ardent anglers in the vicinity of Philadelphia, familiar with the game and table merits of the fish, raised a sum of \$1,300 by public subscription to purchase bass for stocking. The fish, taken from the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, were released in the Delaware River at Easton and responded favorably to their new environment. An abundant food supply and ideal spawning conditions were available for Pennsylvania's first black bass, and ten years later they were plentiful in many sections of the Delaware. Encouraged by the success attending distribution of bass in the Delaware, sportsmen in southeastern Pennsylvania purchased more bass for stock-

ing a few years later. These fish, distributed in the Susquehanna and Schuylkill Rivers, were also secured from the Potomac.

When, in 1873, the Board of Fish Commissioners, then known as the Board of Commissioners of Fisheries, decided to take bass from the Delaware for stocking other waters of Pennsylvania, a splendid supply was available. Under the distribution plan adopted, 2,044 mature bass were taken from the Delaware during the first year. Waters stocked with these fish were the Lehigh River, North Branch and West Branch of the Susquehanna River, Juniata River, Yellow Breeches Creek, Chiquesalonga Creek, Octoraro Creek, Pine Creek and Codorus Creek. The second years' stocking program included Muncy Creek, Swatara Creek, Conestoga Creek, Mill Creek, Brandywine Creek, Pine Creek, Conroy Creek, Canton Creek, Buffalo Creek, Penn's Creek, Wissahickon Creek, Little Conewago Creek, Conodoguinet Creek, Marsh Creek, Big Conewago Creek, Big and Little Chiquesalonga Creeks, Susquehanna River, Allegheny River, and Saylor's, Porter and Twelve Mile Lakes in Pike County. This widespread plan of distribution resulted in an increase of bass in practically all waters of Pennsylvania.

Almost without exception, when introduced, the black bass became abundant. The original planting was made with the hope that they would serve as an ideal substitute, from the game fish angle, for the brook trout, which, at that time, was rapidly disappearing from some of our streams. It soon became evident, however, that the stocking of black bass in smaller bodies of water would develop into a costly experiment. So abundant did they become in waters offering inadequate range, that other favorite species of fish were threatened with extinction. In larger water areas, with their greater forage facilities, the bass was regarded as a fine addition to native species of fish.

Nature's regulation of balance in Pennsylvania's inland waters was vividly illustrated in the instance of the black bass. The tremendous food supply available for these voracious game fish when they were originally stocked was sufficient to carry an almost uninterrupted increase in number of bass during a period varying from 10 to 20 years. Eventually, however, the vast numbers of bass present in smaller waters resulted in a slaughter of other species. When the food supply dwindled, the cannibalism characteristic of bass and other game fishes asserted itself. Small bass necessarily replaced the minnow as a source of forage, and so effective was nature's system of restoring natural balance, that within a few years the bass supply had dwindled to or below normal.

The following comments on the black bass, taken from the Biennial Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries for 1883-84 furnish a clear idea of the vast number of bass then present in Pennsylvania waters.

"While all will admit," the Commissioners said, "that the black bass is one of the most prolific, palatable and gamey of our fresh water fishes, the question has arisen and is being warmly discussed whether its introduction into the waters of eastern Pennsylvania has been a blessing or otherwise.

"Nearly everybody, but especially sportsmen, anticipated great results from their introduction. Anglers were especially delighted, while commercial fishermen, turning their eyes toward the Potomac, which was producing great quantities of bass, looked hopefully forward to the time when the streams of our own state would yield a like harvest. Anticipation ran high and it cannot be denied that it was fully warranted by the almost immediate increase in number and size of the newcomers.

"That those bright anticipations were ephemeral and that they were realized but for a very brief period needs not the saying. In some cases the bass were roundly denounced as nuisances and among the loudest and most vigorous complaints were from some who, only a little while before, had been their most zealous champions. The strangers were charged with not merely devouring other fish too weak to defend themselves against such powerful assailants, but when they had exhausted that source of food supply, with turning upon and devouring their own progeny; that ultimately they would have entire possession of the streams, and that, eventually failing to find the required supply of animal food, would themselves become extinct. In proof of the latter allegation, the gradual diminutions in the annual catches in the Potomac and Susquehanna were pointed to.

"Now, all this may be true, and it may not. The friends of the black bass while admitting their ravenous disposition, stoutly deny that the bass are indiscriminate exterminators of weaker fish, or that there is the slightest evidence of diminution in their numbers, save such as can be readily traced to the deadly fish basket and other illicit contrivances for catching and killing them.

"They insist that as far as the Susquehanna and Delaware are concerned, the minnows destroyed by the bass are those which depredate upon the spawn of the shad and the perch or wall-eyed pike. Moreover, they contend that if the rivers were depopulated of minnows, it would pay the State handsomely to hatch shad largely for the special purpose of supplying food for the bass.

"From this it will be seen that this fish may not be as black as it is painted. Stronger evidence than has yet been presented is wanted by the board before determining what course shall be pursued."

The era of seines, fish baskets, and other illegal devices was rapidly drawing to a close. Sportsmen in all sections of the state clamored against the ruthless slaughter of game fish and other species by commercial

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Harold Dill, of Blain, and a nice catch of Rainbows he caught in Willow Run, Juniata County.



Mrs. Vivian Foltz, of Dauphin, R. D. No. 1, and string of nice "Catties" she caught in Sherman's Creek.



Mrs. A. H. Sinsabaugh, of Wyalusing, and two big Catfish caught near Wyalusing Rock.

## Snap-Shots From the Fishing Fronts of Pennsylvania's Great Outdoors!

A group of East Waterford boys—headed for the Tuscarora Creek.



Mary Ann, daughter of Fish Warden Sheldon, and 10 lb. Walleye from the Pymatuning.



Stocking Trout near McAlevys Fort, Huntingdon County. The above girls who tie flies for Geo. Phillips, of Alexandria, are—left to right: Catherine Thompson, Frances Fetterhoff, Martha Goss and Florence Lankard.



## A SEABEE FISHES FOR TROUT IN NEW ZEALAND

BY

HARRY BARTL, CM 1/C

How would you like to know something about my fishing here in New Zealand? We had a twelve day leave with five more days to follow. At first I thought I wouldn't do anything or go anywhere, but had a change of mind and went down to make reservations.

The following day I left on a train that kept stopping for "tea," but I arrived in the afternoon and went to look at the place where I was to stay. I didn't like it at all, so followed my instinct and looked up the Ladies' Aid Society to see if they could suggest a change. They had no suggestions to make as sailors usually want other divertisement when on leave. Then the lady in charge suggested that I join her husband and a friend as they were going away for the week-end to fish and play golf. I wanted to go, but didn't want to impose on anyone but they insisted that I go with them. Arrangements were made for me to meet her husband in town at his office, and her daughter took me to town and dropped me off at her father's office.

I discovered that he was just an invited guest to the Lodge—or Warae, as they call it—and I was more determined than ever to be on my own, but again they overcame my objections, and I was glad to yield to their insistence and stayed to meet the man who owned the lodge. This first man that I met was tall and gaunt and they called him Lofty which fitted him to a tee.

After about two hours, our host drove up and when he heard the circumstances, he positively insisted that I go along. He was a man about 58, and a world traveler and both of these men were veterans of the last war.

Everything went fine on the way down, we stopped at a sporting goods store which is called a "depot" here, to meet another friend who was going to take me stream fishing after the weekend was over. From there we went on and arrived at the Lodge just at dusk. After unpacking the car, we walked down the path to a lovely little place nestled among the hills. The lake looked very much like Mirror Lake in New Hampshire with a cottage here and there around the lake. The bank was rather steep with the garage on top. From there you went down the path, through a wooden gate, and so to a two room cottage with a porch running around it. Inside were an open hearth, shelves, and double bunks one on top of the other. The cottage was small but very neat and homey.

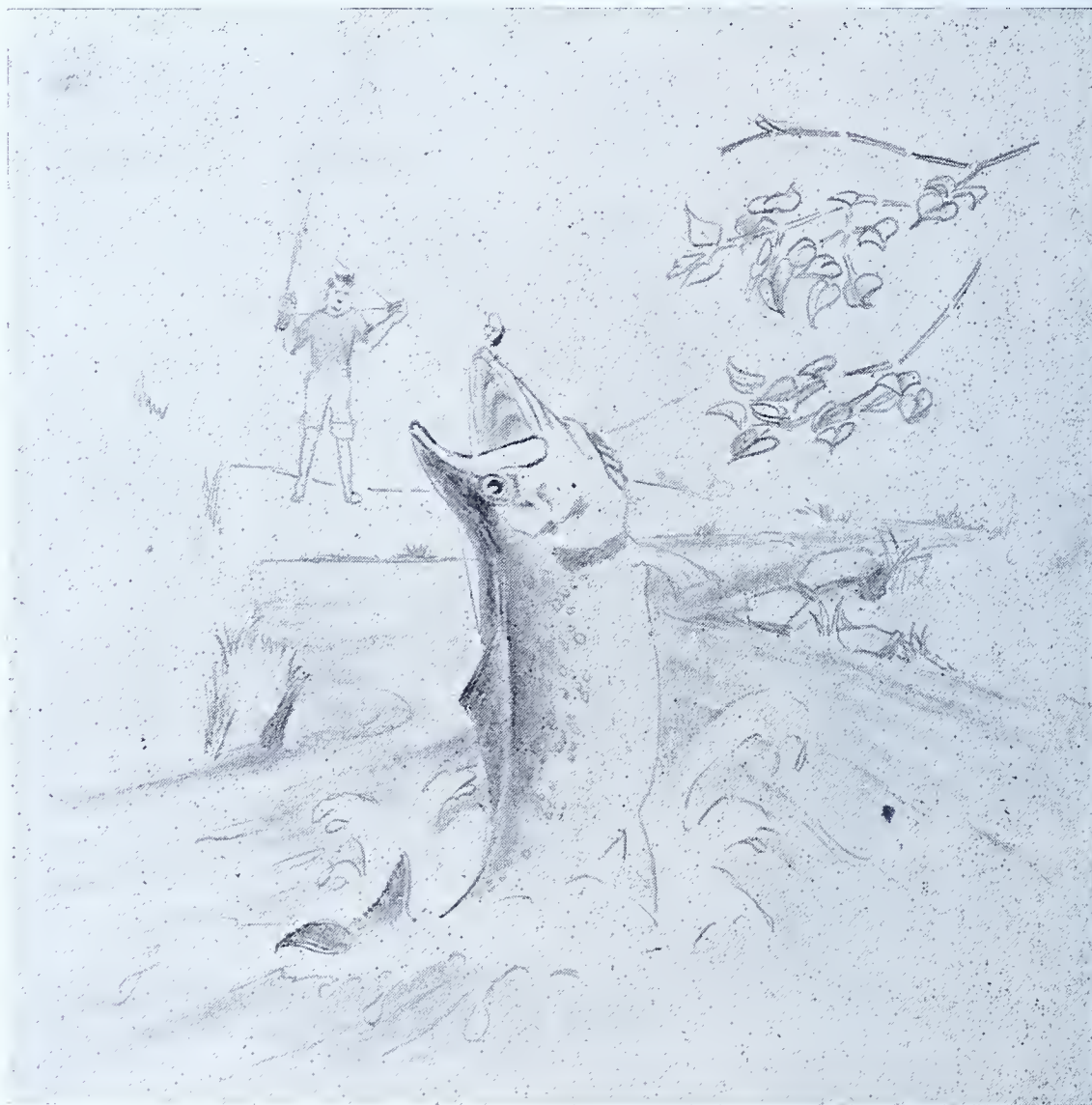
From the cottage you went down steep steps to the lake as there was almost a cliff there at this point. To the right there was a shelter for a twenty foot planked rowboat fitted with an outboard motor. What a sight all this was to me!!!!

Before we did anything else, we pulled out the boat and went out for some evening fishing. We chugged all around the lake,

Lofty having two strikes and I, none. Then back to the cabin for some tea and a little talk by the fireplace before going to bed.

The next day we spent playing golf, and I played poorly, and was very tired after five holes, and after ten holes I had to stop as I was really fatigued. We went back for the

our outfit, and in desperation asked one of them where he was staying. He thought I might find a room at his place, and I did so. I had a very small room to myself. It had terrible bedding, but I didn't mind. It was a place to stay. Fenwick, who got me the room, after hearing my story, wanted to play



evening fishing which gave me two strikes, but no fish.

Sunday morning we stayed at the cabin, made some repairs and changes there. Then I went in for a swim, got dressed and went over to the golf club.

On the way to the golf club, I suggested that I had better not play and if they would be kind enough to drop me off in town I would try to find accommodations for myself for a few more days. Yes, I had decided to stay and try some stream fishing. After I found quarters, I was to find my newly made friends at the club and they were to be my guests for dinner.

I walked from one hotel to another, without any luck. Met quite a few boys from

golf the next day, so the following day we got clubs from the Red Cross, and we got some balls, and away we went in a bus. My score was still bad, but Fenwick played badly too so I didn't feel quite so badly about it.

Coming back from the golf club, we had a good hot bath at the sulphur baths, and a steak dinner. Then we went to the movies.

The next day he wanted me to learn to ride a bike, and go to visit some of the other villages. What a job! Can you picture me on a bike? I never rode one in my life. It was fine as long as I stayed on the bike, but I found myself off of it most of the time. We did manage to visit some of the villages,

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## THROW OUT A LINE

(From Page 8)

of a sucker is small, a fact which governs the size of the hook to be used.

Secondly, be generous with bait. Worms are easy to find. A couple of them impaled on the hook so that portions of their bodies are let free to wriggle will help to entice the suckers. A couple of small garden worms are preferable to a large nightcrawler.

Enough sinkers should be attached to the line to get the bait all the way down to the bottom and to hold it in place against the usually strong currents that streams develop in the spring. Pear-shaped sinkers are best; because of their form they are not so likely to become snagged on the bottom of the stream.

It is good strategy, further, to examine the baited hook frequently. The angler may relax a moment, and a sucker may steal the bait without being hooked. Or a heavy-handed cast of the line may throw some of the bait off the hook before it touches the water. A snagged hook almost invariably is stripped of its worms.

It pays dividends to apply fresh bait whenever the worms on the hook have been mutilated or become lifeless and washed-out. Suckers are not the blockheads many anglers think them to be.

Almost any kind of good strong line is good for sucker angling, but a good fly line should never be used, because of the continued immersion in the water that it will suffer. Leaders are not essential so far as the feeding fish is concerned, but should be used to make it easier to attach the hook. Three feet of leader is enough.

There's a definite technique, incidentally, in hooking a sucker, and it is a lot more difficult to master than the inexperienced angler may imagine.

The inclination of the novice is to grab his stretched line and to attempt to set the hook when the first twitches betray the presence of a feeding sucker. That's a sure guaranty of a missed fish.

The sucker is a slow and deliberate feeder. It is quite likely to nose the bait before taking it into its mouth, and even when the fish begins to consume the bait it will do so slowly and gently.

The strike that is made too early most of the time jerks the bait out of the mouth of the fish, or the sudden commotion in the water sends the fish away in a flurry of fright. Often, also, the premature jerk on the line simply pulls the hook free and lets the sucker with most of the bait safely between its lips.

The technique of hooking a sucker is to give the fish plenty of time to fool with the bait, even to swallow it.

The first gentle twitches of the line are a signal to put the fisherman on the alert. But he should avoid even touching the line at this delicate moment, although he may hold his hand just over the line ready to go into action.

The time to set the hook is when the fish gives a series of strong pulls, moving the switch and ringing the bell violently or jerking the tip of the rod. This action is an indication that the fish has taken the bait, is

trying to free itself from the hook and restraining line.

But even at this point disaster can strike!

A vicious jerk of the line can tear the small hook out of the sucker's mouth, for the strong tugs on the line do not always mean that the fish has swallowed the bait. The proper strike is a firm, but gentle rather than jerky, pull on the line.

And don't be surprised if a good battle results.

I have caught suckers that leaped into the air like bass; others that sulked heavily on the bottom in deep water; some that made strong runs up and down the pool before they were netted or dragged ashore.

The sucker is in fine physical condition in the spring, and it is quite capable of putting up a good battle for its life.

There is one matter which the sucker fisherman should give serious consideration—and that is the water in which he fishes.

It certainly is not sporting to fish for suckers in water in which trout are to be found, for trout also are active in the early spring and will take a gob of worms readily. Bass still are inactive at this time of the year, on the other hand, and rarely are hooked by sucker fishermen enjoying their sport in bass streams.

I'd like to emphasize a point on small feeder streams too. A mountain stream is no sucker stream—because of the presence of trout. But a little brook that meanders through a couple of pastures and contains water only in the spring or in periods of heavy rains, hence is known to contain no trout, is excellent sucker water. The fish will move into it from the main streams to spawn and to seek food.

Also, because of weather conditions in the spring such meadow brooks are quite likely to be discolored, and the sucker angler soon learns that fishing is best in water that is discolored or actually muddy. The suckers, you know, realize that muddy streams are carrying the worms and other foods they seek. The discoloration of the water undoubtedly also helps to conceal the fisherman's line, the hook, and other evidences of trickery.

I'll never forget an evening two companions and I spent one spring along a stream in Central Pennsylvania. One of those unusually balmy spring days had given us the idea of trying some evening and night fishing. We selected a long, slow pool flanked by a gravel beach and there set up our equipment.

Each of us set two switches in the soft sand at the edge of the water, attached two hooks to each of the lines, and heaved the weighted hooks out into the water. Nothing much happened during the hour of fading daylight but then—

Three of us were simply not enough to keep tab on those twitching lines and tinkling bells. It took us half an hour to get our fire going on shore, so frequent were the interruptions, and when it came time to eat the sandwiches we had carried along one of us was lucky to get in three consecutive mouthfuls.

The fish were biting lightly, or maybe we were excited and too quick on the trigger, but anyhow a shameful number of those

bites produced only hooks stripped bare of most of their bait.

At one point in the fun one of the boys tangled with a veteran old creek eel and in the darkness proceeded to make a slimy snarl of one of the lines. A couple of small catfish also investigated our baits and had their share in the proceedings.

The suckers we caught that evening all ran between 15 and 18 inches in length and were solid and fine. We killed only enough to provide each one of us a mess of the tasty fish.

Of course, no angler can expect to have an experience like that every time he throws a line for suckers.

But even if he gets only a couple of bites during an afternoon beside some stream pool, the fisherman in spring will find the tonic of warming air and sun and the action in the water at his feet a joy to his heart and sweet balm for his soul after long winter months spent penned up indoors far even from the sight of his favorite angling waters.

## THE BROWN BOMBER

(From Page 10)

stratosphere and hit the water like a depth bomb. I hung on desperately and little automatic reel sucked in the slack whenever an inch was available—he rounded the dam, and then he dove to the bottom and sulked and again he made a fight to gain the bank where the roots and thrash was intermingled, but again the tackle held and once more he took to the air—this time he was pretty tired and after another few minutes of battling, he came in slowly, his white belly showing, as I beached him on the little sandy shore and just in the nick of time as he had worn a large hole in the corner of his mouth where the hook held him—a prize fish indeed and a definitely an impetus to conservation of the brook trout in my pet pool.

By way of a post script I might add that for the past two years I have been exploring a number of Michigan's best trout streams—I find there are brook, brown and rainbow trout in the streams here also, and some sections of the northern streams are quite isolated. I discovered one stream here that has remained in the same natural state for hundreds of years—it is in size about like Cross Fork stream, but no logging or rafting ever was carried on in this stream and it is a regular jungle, with old water soaked trees, practically petrified lying in all directions across the stream, huge holes gouged out underneath presumably from the ice going out in the spring, and it gives you quite another viewpoint along the lines of stream improvement—there is worlds of hiding places and cover for the brooks and rainbows, and the latter in the spring in migrating time go up to 15 pounds or more, but throughout the season, 10 to 15 inches are the rule.

"Business is good," writes a cheerful friend "If it keeps up we'll make enough money next month to pay some of last month's bills."



# CLUB ACTIVITIES

## ANGLERS CLUB ELECTS STAFF

Stanley Bland, of McKeesport, was elected president of the Anglers Club of Clairton at a meeting held in Skapik's department store to complete organization of the new sports group.

Elected to serve with Mr. Bland were three vice presidents, Ralph W. Inglefield, Gladstone P. Shaffer and Stephen P. Gmitro. John Jackish was elected secretary, and Sid A. Merlin was named treasurer. Additional officers and committee heads will be named following adoption of a set of by-laws to govern the new organization. John H. Skapik, Jr., was named chairman of the by-laws committee.

## FISH AND GAME CLUB ELECTION

Herbert R. Sloatman was elected president of the Larrys Creek Fish and Game Club by the directors at their meeting. Named to serve with him were G. F. Erdman, vice president, and F. W. Robinson, secretary-treasurer.

The stockholders met Jan. 27 and elected J. W. Crooks and H. B. Foster directors to succeed G. E. Otto Flock and Sen. John G. Snowden, retired. The other directors are R. L. Riley, A. R. Bush, Mr. Erdman, M. L. Hough, R. B. Whitehead, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Sloatman.

## OFFICERS NAMED BY SPORTSMEN

J. W. Preston, Williamsport city councilman, was elected president of the Consolidated Sportsmen of Lycoming County at the annual meeting held at the Court House, succeeding Cloyd L. Myers, of Bodines, who has headed the organization for two years.

Mr. Preston has been active in sportsmen's affairs for many years. He was a delegate representing the Newberry Sportsmen in the meeting some years ago which resulted in a merger of that organization with the Lycoming County Sportsmen's Association to form the Consolidated Sportsmen.

Mr. Preston announced that his executive committee will meet at the City Hotel soon, for its first business session.

### Other Officers Chosen

Others on the list of officers, who were selected by the newly-elected directors of the association, are W. Henry Elder, Jersey Shore, first vice president; Samuel C. Castner, Williamsport, second vice president; divisional vice presidents, John C. Youngman, Williamsport; F. Earl Brion, Liberty; Howard Eck, Montoursville; Lee Artley, Muncy; E. F. Hill, Hughesville; H. Russell Heiney, Jersey Shore; Boyd Huff, Montgomery; Samuel Heylmun, Marsh Hill; secretary, S. Dale Furst, Jr.; treasurer, Cloyd L. Myers.

## FAYETTE COUNTY ELECTS

The new officers of the Fayette County Fish and Game Protective Association for the year 1945, are John H. Craig, Connellsville,

Pres.; Nevin Fry, Republic, V. Pres.; Scott C. Hare, Vanderbilt, Sec.-Treas.; and M. J. Mitchell, Fayette City, State Sec'y.

## GEORGE RITTER HEADS TIOGA COUNTY SPORTSMEN

WELLSBORO, Pa.—About 75 members attended the annual meeting of the Tioga County Consolidated Sportsmen's Association in the Church of Christ, Wellsboro.

The meal was served by the Ladies Church Group No. 2. The following county Rod and Gun Clubs were represented: Asaph, Westfield, Morris. Nessmuk of Wellsboro, Big Elm of the Jackson-Roseville District, Mansfield, Little Marsh, Tioga, Long Run of the Sabinsville District, Sullivan of Mainesburg and vicinity.

Officers elected for the year 1945 were the following: president, George Ritter of Mansfield; first vice president, Bert Earle, of Sabinsville; second vice president, Wallace Spencer of Asaph; secretary-treasurer, Merle Garrison of Mansfield; delegate to the Division Meeting of the Association to be held in Williamsport, Saturday, January 27, and also the Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs to be held in Harrisburg in February, Stanley Hamilton of Roseville; alternate, Bert Earle of Sabinsville. Elected as auditors were the following: Lewis Corwin, Elwyn Lewis and Leslie Wood, all of Wellsboro.

Bassbugs seldom are successful lures unless the water is calm. Choppy water makes it hard for the bass to see surface lures and also prevents the surface rings and water rippling that makes the fish think the bugs are alive and struggling.



A fine Black Bass, 23½ inches long and weighing 7 pounds, 13 ounces, was caught in Sweet Arrow Lake by Jacob Krebs, of Port Carbon.

## MOCK ARTICLE WINS FAVOR

Commonwealth of Virginia,  
Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries,  
Richmond 13, January 30, 1945.  
Editor,

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

Dear Sir:

Johnny Mock is a real artist and the way he depicted the fishermen of the type who do not make suitable pals, in 1944 November issue of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, is evidence that he has, at least, a nodding acquaintance with these undesirable types or else he would not have known so thoroughly their shortcomings.

Some folks are endowed with the natural instincts of a gentleman, the text of the golden rule being born and bred in them, while there are others who came up out of the run of the mine of fairly decent people; and are fairly amenable, and, here is where true hunters and anglers can by precept and example help neophytes, who are ignorant of the amenities of sportsmanship, find their way into the paradise of true sportsmanship.

But the difficulty is the proper approach, for each of these men have different temperaments and some of them deem it a personal affront to be told of the unsportsmanly things they did—yet—it is more charitable to tell them, hoping they will see the light, than to shun them and let them perish in their own folly. I know of several to whom I have applied this philosophy when they were young, who are now as fine sportsmen, afield and astream, as are to be found anywhere.

I will admit a few of them were so offensive I never went hunting or fishing with them again—feeling that they were beyond recall. If the men you hunted and fished with years ago never ask you to go with them these days, look up Mocks' indictments and see if you are not inflicted with one of them. And, if so, change your ways, make a fresh start and you may yet get back in the fold.

Very truly yours,

M. D. HART,  
Executive Secretary.

## OUT OF THE MAIL-BAG!

Halifax, Pa.,  
February 9, 1945.

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER:

The editor of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER is certainly to be commended for the fine job he is doing in bringing to the lovers of the great outdoors the many fine articles on fish and fishing. The knowledge and fishing "sense" gained from such articles has been a very valuable asset to this subscriber on many occasions . . .

Yours very truly,  
K. E. LEBE.

If you have made your own bed, don't grumble about the lumps in the mattress.

Nothing will develop latent wickedness in a man faster than being watched.



## A SEABEE FISHES

(From Page 16)

thermal regions, etc. During the course of the tour, we came to a brook where they used to catch trout, take them thirty feet away from where they caught them, hold them over one of these steam-spouts and cook the fish.

The guide carried some bread along and as we got to the bridge, she began to feed the fish with it. Well when we saw that, we just couldn't believe it possible for fish of that size to live in that small stream (about the size of Pequest River, N. J.), and we didn't want to leave the bridge.

Right then and there we decided to make arrangements for fishing. Fenwick seemed very enthusiastic about it but the next day he decided not to go. I felt a little disappointed, but decided to go anyway. I went to the depot and had quite a talk with the man there. I told him just what I wanted and stressed the fact that I wanted to fish a small stream for small trout. Fourteen inch trout are the smallest you are allowed to kill. While I was selecting flies, a gentleman came in and evidently heard some of my conversation. He came over to help me out and told me about a small stream at the edge of town which I could walk to as it was only a mile. He said it was a little hard to fish, but sounded like the nearest thing to what I wanted. He also would take me there if I wanted him to. What could be nicer? And off we went in his pick-up truck. The truck had initials on it, which meant nothing to me. But then he explained who he was—The Commissioner of Forestry and Waters!!! I knew he was a man of importance and I did not mean to take up his time, so after he gave me directions, I thanked him. But that would not do. He must come down and show me the creek.

After I fixed up my line, he tried a few casts. Then I tried the next hole, and so on and we became quite friendly. He asked me what I thought of the rod. Well, I didn't know what to say. I had rented the rod at the depot. I said that I thought it was a little heavy. Then he said, "Hit the top of that next hole." I took a few false casts to build up surplus line, and let it go. To my surprise it all went out thru the guides and the fly came over, settled there for a while and then came floating toward me. It was a beautiful cast, but no fish.

About that time he decided to leave me, but before he went, he made me promise to stop at the depot the next morning. I tried to raise a trout in the next few holes and then as I had no luck, I walked along the stream just to look at it. I finally came to another beautiful stretch in which I hooked my first trout. This was a small one, measuring 24 inches, a fighting fool!

The next one I lost, then I caught two more. After that I took the rod apart and followed the stream, getting back in time to have dinner and go to the movies.

The next day I stopped at the depot, not knowing what for, but I didn't have long to wait because the man in charge greeted me with "YOU LUCKY FELLOW." To make the story shorter, the commissioner left a rod for me, and I learned too, that he had paid \$200 for it only recently, and he felt that I would



Wanita Sheldon, of Conneautville, and 4½ lb. Walleye she caught in Conneaut Lake, on plug.

enjoy using it! I didn't know what to say but had to take the rod.

I promised to tell you the story of fishing here in New Zealand and will also do my best to give you some idea of the beauty and wonder of just a very small stream in this wonderful land.

I walked over the cattle road between two rows of fencing in a very rolling hilly farm country. Finally I came to the last hill, and coming over it I looked down on the prettiest sight I've ever seen. The hills bumping up all over the place, the stream folding back on itself continually as if it could never straighten out. Remember the head of the Connecticut Lakes turned and twisted like this, only that was on a much larger scale. In each one of these twists and turns you could find enough fishing to keep you busy for a day.

The next thing was to get down from the hill as it was very steep where I was at the time. I started over the fields which were filled with thousands of sheep grazing. I started several miniature stampedes. Finally I got the sight of rushing water. What a thrill! I am sure the Commissioner must have felt something of my thoughts when he sent me here. I wish I could describe the stream, but words fail me. I am trying to think of a stream back home that you and I fished, but there just doesn't seem to be any that would compare in exactly the same way. It has a little of the Jacksonburg, Dunfield, Spring Creek, Clay Creek and many others. Fast rushes of water emptying into big deep pools 50-60 ft. long, and each pool so different and so full of fish. You will have to take my word for it as I haven't gotten to believing it all myself. Have been waking up thinking it all a dream.

I selected a small dry fly such as the March brown, rigged it up and ready for a try on the water. Made quite a few casts with no luck. I started strolling along the stream. There were quite a few trees and bushes along the creek, and I had no waders, net or creel. I rolled up my trousers and waded midstream into a run in order to get a cast into the hole below. What an ideal spot to be fishing, but I still had no fish.

Coming out of the water I climbed up over the hill to another stretch of stream and found myself in about the same position—casting to the lower part of the hole. The water broke! It acted on me like the flushing of a grouse. I was so surprised that I forgot to set the hook, but Mr. Trout did that for me by running down stream. I was getting out of line fast, so I had to get out of the creek and follow him. I managed to get some line back, but he kept on going. Down the creek I could see some big trees and thought "I'll never pass them." I thought if I got ahead of him, maybe he would turn back, just then he jumped again and then again.

I don't know how I managed to hold him, but he was still on the line. After that he went into the deep water and just sulked. I reeled him in and managed to get near

(Turn to Page 21)

## FISHING JOE

See that old fellow, that's Fishing Joe.

There's not an angler around the lake he don't know.

He makes a good living aselling us bait,

Some folk don't buy them, but shucks they don't rate,  
For the fish only bite on his worms.

Sometimes he angles for the bass or the trout,

With one eye alooking if the wardens about.

But the Warden knows Joe, won't take him to jail.

For shucks if he did we'd all go his bail,

For the fish only bite on his worms.

Now no longer do anglers fish the lakes shore

For Fishing Joe sells his worms here no more

For Jesus called and Joe had to go.

And there's no use in fishing the old lake I know,

For the fish only bit on his worms.

PFC. George Allen Agogino  
"Somewhere in the South Pacific"



## FOR THE LOVE OF OUR GREAT OUTDOORS

By J. LEON WELLS

Nature lovers every where should at some time or another visit the picturesque Delaware Valley, its mountains, lakes, hills and dells, its creeks running through glens and dales which brings a beauty that soothes a weary soul. Bristol, Morrisville, Yardley all along a beautiful river which in itself brings enchantment and peace to those looking for picturesque scenes.

In Bucks County's hills and woodlands  
On the North of Bowmans hill  
Pidcocks creek a flowing through it  
On the bank is Neelys mill.  
In the fields are flower gardens  
And the Dogwoods blooming there  
Enchantment in those hills and valleys  
In the land of banish care.  
You're rewarded and contented  
As your tired heart, shouts with glee  
As you mount atop the tower  
And you see the scenery.  
Canal, river, creek and woodlands  
Hemlocks, birches, larch and pine  
Along the wonderous Delaware Valley  
In Bucks County home of mine.

Then down the valley we find New Hope which brings new hope to us all, here we find a fish and game association, which is doing its utmost to put fish in our streams, game in the coverts, and making the countryside beautiful by planting trees, wonderful work these boys are doing. Then up the river through pines and glens, we come to the beautiful Catalousa Valley from the Delaware River up to Carversville, this runs through a beautiful valley, snuggled between high hills which brings pleasure to the eye, it is paralleled by a beautiful stream. As you go on up the valley through narrow lanes of hemlock and pine you enter the quaint little village of Pt. Pleasant home of Delaware Fish and Game Association, a good, live outdoor club, along here you can find peace and restfulness, in the thousands of acres of hills and dales, with fishing in the streams and river, or you can hike along some shady woodland trail in search of the red deer, the sly raccoon or the scampering rabbit. You are now near Stovers Park a state park where one can enjoy one's self to the utmost. A park nestled in the hills of a beautiful country. You are near the famous Doans Cave a cave inhabited by a gang of Bucks County outlaws in the days of our fight for independence. To those who love the great outdoors, the woodland paths, the beauty of the landscape, the hills and valleys, the natural scenery of forest, field and stream, it can not be surpassed in harmony or beauty by nature anywhere. In Bucks County we have a federation of clubs fostering all these things I have told you about, fishing, hunting, forestry and all outdoor life and our fondest hope is to make the visitor in our county feel at home and in these clubs you will find friendliness and sociability, among those who love the great outdoors.

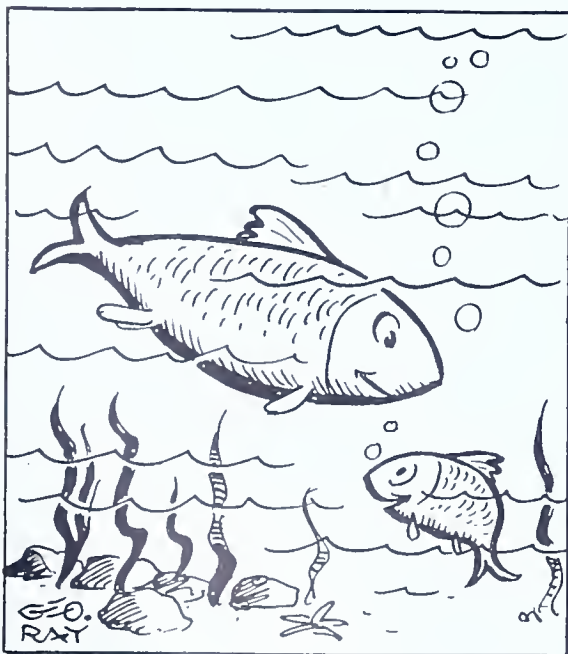
CARSTEN AHRENS.



### QUEEN BUTTERFLY

Down South float red butterflies, suave and serene,  
Which (unmindful of gender) we glibly call "Queen".  
Up North their red cousins I'm certain we vex,  
For we call them all "Monarchs" in spite of their sex!  
Like black-banded petal they float through the hours  
Over treacherous traps of the milkweed flowers.  
The male of the species is surely no slouch,  
On each wing he carries perfume in a pouch.

CARSTEN AHRENS.



Mistress: "This food tastes terrible. Did you salt it?"

New Cook: "Yes'm, but I never used that brand before. It was called Epsom Salts."

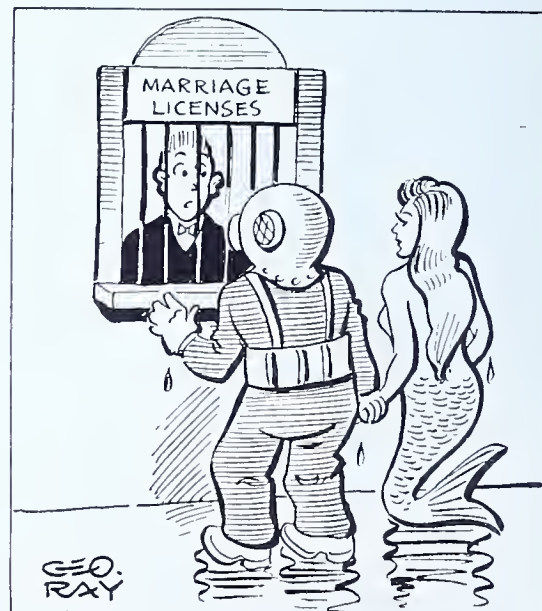
Bankers are not all hard-boiled. Some will actually hesitate a minute before refusing a loan.



### RED ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY

One cannot help but see him  
When he's resting or in flight;  
He makes a splash of color  
That is black and orange and white.  
He's around on mild days in winter,  
And that, you'll admit, is late;  
He belongs to those wide-awake butterflies  
Who manage to hibernate.  
His kith and kin are numerous,  
They're scattered far and wide;  
You are apt to meet him in Europe  
Or a New York mountainside.  
He's often called the "Angel-wings"  
For it frequently appears  
That God made notches, here and there,  
With celestial pinkish shears.

CARSTEN AHRENS.





# A SEABEE FISHES

(From Page 19)

enough to see him, when he started another rush. This time he went back where he came from and right past where I hooked him. He made another jump, but not so high, turned around and headed downstream again into his hole where he stayed in the deep water. Then and only then, I tried to move him with the line. Slowly I managed to bring him to shore, got my fingers under his gills and—what a thrill! But when I held him along side of the pole and saw he only measured 24 inches I was sort of disappointed for he really fought like a ten pounder. But after all—I was supposed to catch a few small trout, and it looked as tho they were all going to be this big.

I walked to the next hole and looked in. As soon as I got near them they scooted for cover, and they all looked the same size as the one I had just caught and let go.

From then on, I didn't bother to drop my fly where I couldn't manage a hooked trout. Even after that, tho I managed to lose the next one. These bushes are really trees that manage to spread their branches close to the water, in fact right over the water leaving only a few inches for a fly to float under them. When I got my strike it was under one of these branches and then it all began. I followed him down stream, but he turned and suddenly went up under the tree and jumped. He was hooked well, and I could hear him splash around in there a while. I retrieved my line until I got opposite the bush, but not seeing him, I started to get as much of the leader as possible. In doing this, I found that he had snapped nearly all of it off. So-o-o for number two fish.

I walked past a few more holes and came to a long ripply stretch of water about 300 ft. long that headed for a cliff and a sudden turn where I imagined there was another big hole. I could wade this as it only came to my knees. This stretch I fished down stream. I had a black gnat or something like it on my line, when, *Whoops*, I hooked another. This one jumped up several times and kept it up. I managed to hit him with the butt and finally brought him in without running all over the place. Tsk, tsk, he was only 20 inches, and not as fat as the others!

Below that I hooked another. My fly was soaked and he must have gotten on while the fly was under water for I never felt the strike. He ran and that was the first I knew I had a fish. When I pulled up on the line he gave a few jumps and in a few minutes I had him in my hands.

I now knew the strength of my leader and felt that I could turn them a little. However, I didn't fish any more after that. I washed the pebbles out of my socks and shoes, rolled down my trouser legs and undid the rod and just walked along the stream looking in each hole to see the trout run for cover. I saw some I know would go to 10 or 14 lbs. Maybe I could get one the next day.

However the next day proved a disappointment as far as the fishing was concerned. I stopped in the morning at the depot and was again handed the beautiful 4 oz. rod. It had a very stiff action. I bought myself some more flies and leaders. It started to rain and as I had no clothes for wet weather, I de-



Jack Anderson, author of "Fish for The Doc", this issue, and pal do a little casting from the boat.

cided to wait and go out in the afternoon. This rod and reel were better balanced than the first one. The line was very light which, on short casts proved hard to manage, but on the long casts, it was ideal. Most fishing required you to keep well out of sight for the slightest thing would disturb the fish, therefore the long cast was the only thing that would move a fish. I tried wet and dry, streamer, everything I had. Finally in desperation, I put on a 4x leader with the smallest fly I had, and the only thing that rose to that was the small minnows similar to our shiners. They weren't over six inches, so I finally gave up in disgust.

The next day I rented a bike and I went out again, holding my breath for fear I might fall carrying this expensive rod, but I managed it. I hid the bike in the bushes and tried fishing upstream this time. I'm glad I did for it changed everything for me. Beside it afforded new scenery and more secluded territory. I don't know how that could be, but bluffs were steeper and sort of made you feel down underneath.

Selected a nice spot to start from and proceeded to get ready. Started with a blue dun which evidently they didn't want. I changed to a black spider, a bivable which managed to stir up a few rolls, but no trout. I left that hole and moved to the next one, which had a longer run to the pool and quite crowded with trees. My first cast at the tail of the run brought a rise that caught me quite unprepared so I lost him. Decided to dry my fly and wait, but I just couldn't manage to move him again.

So on from hole to hole until I made two of the turns in the creek, coming out to a flat piece of land. It meant that I could fish the complete horseshoe bend from one side of the creek with no trees or bushes to interrupt my back casts and a good half mile of creek to fish in before I made the turn to fish the next horseshoe bend. Words don't

explain this very well, but I hope you can get the picture of it in your mind. Anyway I came into the field and I could see the creek on both sides of me—onc side the water going in one direction and on the other side the water was going the opposite way.

I walked into the field and kept to one side and came on a pretty set-up of sheer bluff 30 ft. high, no trees or bushes. The first hole I approached clumsily and scared the trout, but the next hole I was a little more careful. Still fishing a black spider, I would cast for a swirl or eddy, the fly riding the surface going round and round. Wham! What was that? You guessed it. It was Mr. Rainbow. Well, I had to run. I just couldn't stop him. I took him up to the next run, and brought him to hand. I didn't measure him, but he was about the same as the others.

Then on to the next hole. This bluff had a rock formation which ran away from the cliff making a sharp S turn in the creek leaving a huge hole 10 ft. deep or better. I was going to fish this differently, but I tried everything I had before leaving the hole with no luck. I was sort of sorry to leave the place because it surely looked good, so I walked up to the pool and looked in. Oh, Boy! What a honey was lying just behind the bend. Really the biggest I've seen in the creek yet, but I couldn't move him. He must have finally seen me for he went down to deep water where I watched him, and down there I saw at least eight more as big as he was.

Well, I fished all around to where I came in. During that time I only hooked four fish, and I felt I should be able to do better, so decided to fish back down the stream, changed my leader for a little heavier one and put a streamer on. The streamer was sort of like our silver doctor. This I would cast down stream and retrieve in the usual manner as you and I have done so often on

(Concluded on Page 22)

Two Walleyes taken by D. Haggerty on the "Loaves of Bread Stretch" Delaware River, near Bushkill, Pa.





## A SEABEE FISHES

(From Page 21)

Spring Creek. However the fly wouldn't sink deep enough and the trout failed to show much interest. I thought of putting shot on the leader, but I had to remember this wasn't my rod. In the end I put on a BB cut in half. On my first retrieve I had a trout and before I left that hole I caught five and lost two.

Then I had a better idea. I'd take the shot off and rub my leader and line in the mud to make it sink and go back to the pool where I had seen the big trout. But this time things were different because I had to fish from the other end of the pool and in order to get my line where the trout lay, I had to cast to the bluff and let the fly drift down past the turn, then retrieve it. Well, what do you think? It worked and it wasn't long before I had one.

I was too excited to tell you just what happened, but I swear he must have jumped as high as I am (maybe a little less!). Oh, Boy! What a fish. He had the marking of a rainbow, but from the top I would have sworn he was a brownie. I gave him all the rushes and runs he wanted and then pulled him into the shallows where I put my fingers in his gills. This is when I killed my first trout. He was a beauty. I measured him later. 27 $\frac{3}{4}$ " long—6 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. Big in girth and very healthy looking. I stood in the creek and held him over my head looking him over from stem to stern. At that time I still thought I might put him back, but in the end I kept him. To this day I don't know why I killed him. It surely wasn't because he was big, because I saw one of our boys come into town to have his picture taken with a 14 lb. rainbow. So I must confess that I left him by the stream in the end, after carrying him several hours.

After all the excitement died down inside me, I went at it again. Now I began to think the trout dumb for I caught 3 more nearly as big as that 6 lb. one. And that way I went around the bends till it was time to quit fishing, catching fish after fish and having the time of my life, but somehow the picture wasn't complete. I needed you to compare fishing technique and tactics with. In any case, I felt lonely with no one to talk to. I had the kind of fishing I'd always wanted and no one to enjoy it with.

The next day it rained and I decided to go anyway, but this time I walked. I had a feeling that if I went a little further on the creek I might even get a bigger one. Yes, now I was after a bigger one. Never satisfied!

During the middle of the day I had very few strikes but I did manage to find a bigger pool, and believe it or not, a bigger trout. I went back to him continually during the rest of the day, but failed to budge him. The fish I caught that day were smaller than the ones I caught the day before. This time I carried the tape measure and a small hand scale. The fish measured between 20 and 25 inches, and their weight between 4 and 5 lbs. Don't you think they are nice fish!

The next day I made plans to fish a much larger stream, but by the time I got back to my room, I found myself utterly fatigued, so thought better of it. I proceeded to come back to camp and the hospital on the next

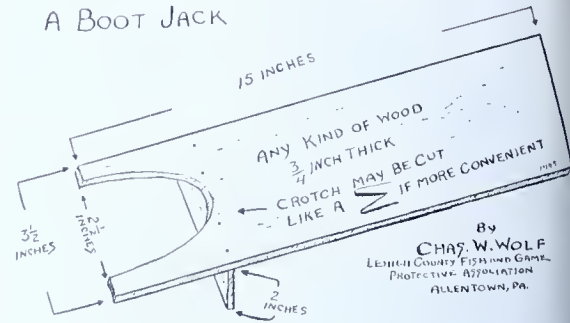
train. I had four days of my leave left which I'll regret as long as I live, but that is something beyond my control.

That's been three weeks ago and I'd give anything for another day back there. I still have a store of flies and leaders, the rod is back in the hands of its owner and I have a wonderful memory which is something.

If only you and I could just pack up and start on a fishing trip to take in a stream as beautiful as the one I am writing about, that would be wonderful, wouldn't it? I don't know even the name of the stream, but have an idea I couldn't even spell it anyway. These native names are confusing. The name they gave me is Whakarewarewa!

## THE HANDY BOOT JACK

FISHERMEN — To STOP BOOT CUSSING, USE  
A BOOT JACK



# OUTDOORS CALLING--

## Let Someone Else Commit Crimes

By BILL WOLF

Philadelphia Record

A nature lecturer recently said that no major crime has ever been committed in the United States by a man who goes fishing, smokes a pipe, or likes dogs.

Although this isn't literally true, it has some basis in fact. I know of at least one fisherman who is in one of the far western prisons because of a slight matter of murdering his wife (he writes to a man who writes to me), and there have been other similar cases.

As for the pipe and dog angle, I can't vouch for the accuracy of the man's statement. Some of the toughest characters I have ever known liked dogs and would kill anyone who did anything to one of their hounds. Pipe smokers may have more placid tempers than, say, cigarette smokers, but I wouldn't put beyond them the possibility of crime, especially in those sour moments when their pipes go bad and they draw half the dottle back in their mouths.

However, I do believe fishing brings a serenity to the mind that makes the contemplation of crime unlikely.

An *Anodyne*. It's very difficult to truly like fishing and harbor bitter or mean thoughts while fishing. No one can go angling and—while on the ocean, stream or lake—plan a little job of mayhem, holding up a bank, or plans to kill the man next door because of the way his false teeth click.

Thoughts of violence are incompatible with fishing. Not everyone who fishes is a gentleman, of course, but it does teach tolerance, bring an introspection of the healthy sort and take much of the bitterness out of life.

In fact, angling is a troubled man's refuge. If he is worried about income taxes, domestic problems or the state of the world, he can go fishing and forget the whole darned mess. As long as he fishes he concentrates on the job and, when done, he is so tired that all he wants to do is eat a bit and go to sleep. He forgets his worries and refreshes both mind and body so that he can better tackle

his individual problems in the future. Let someone else commit the crimes, he's too busy.

This can be carried to an extreme and the man may go fishing and forget everything in the world, his job, duty, home and all. Few are fortunate enough to reach that state.

No *Delinquents*. Social workers worry about child delinquency, but if I had a son about whom I worried I believe I'd encourage him to go fishing. I'd see to it that he caught fish (the surest way to keep up his interest), and then I'd try to teach him the other things about fishing, besides catching fish, that make angling what it is.

Then, if he still persisted in his evil ways, I'd club him with the butt end of a plug rod and cane him with the tip, just to show him that fishing can curb delinquency.

## THE MOSQUITO

The snow is on the mountain,  
The snow is on the sea,  
Who knows how soon the sunshine  
Will make her land on me?

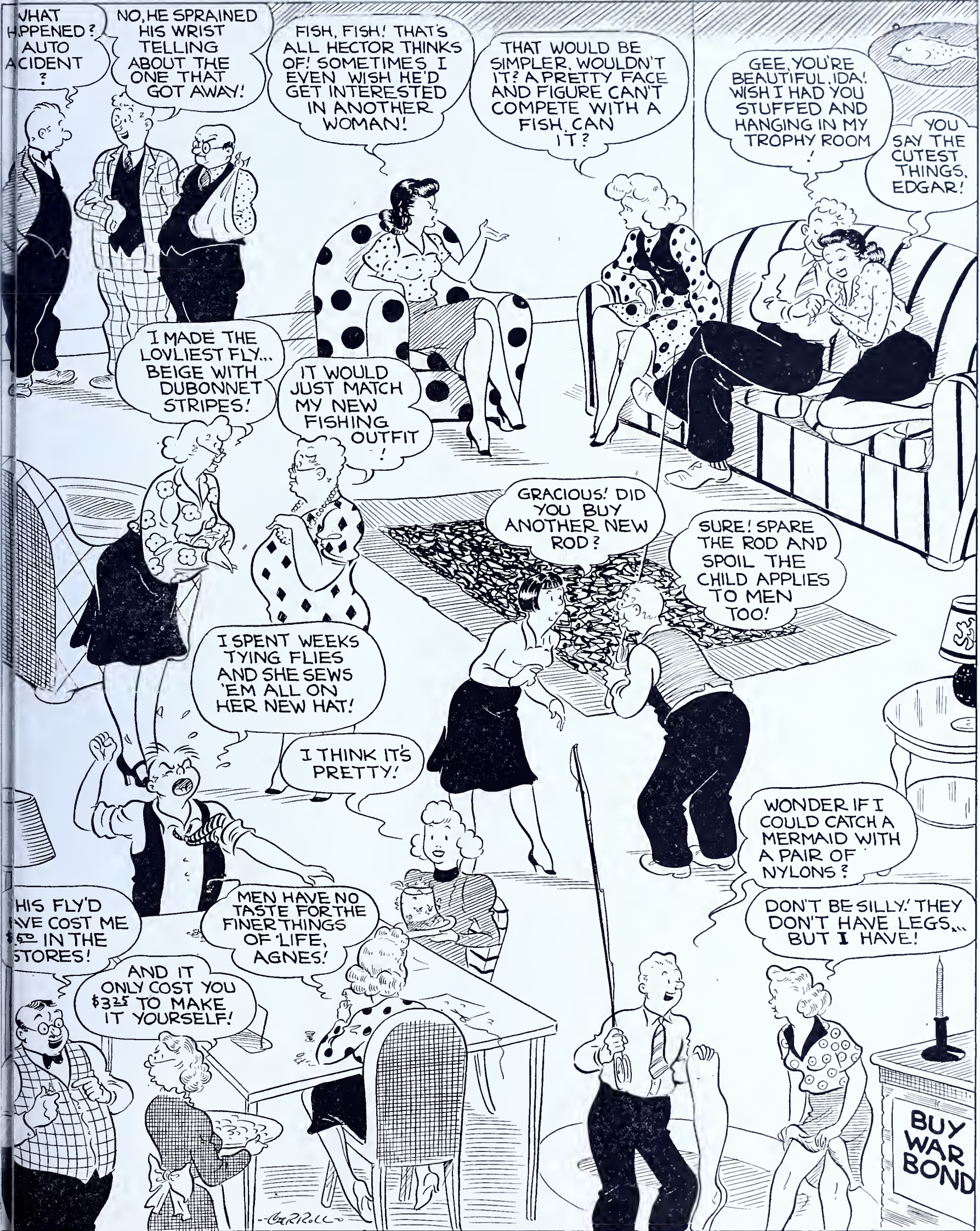
Her voice is low and humble,  
She has a quiet, gentle sting,  
My soul is filled with rapture,  
As she journeys past me, a King.

But alas, when the lights are low  
She dares for her right to sing,  
She does not stop, she likes to GO!  
She's a BIG SHOT, the little thing.

C. R. HOBSON.

Man is the only creature on earth that shortens his life by working hard in order to acquire things which will shorten his life still further.





WHAT HAPPENED?  
AUTO  
ACCIDENT?

NO, HE SPRAINED  
HIS WRIST  
TELLING  
ABOUT THE  
ONE THAT  
GOT AWAY!

FISH, FISH! THAT'S  
ALL HECTOR THINKS  
OF! SOMETIMES I  
EVEN WISH HE'D  
GET INTERESTED  
IN ANOTHER  
WOMAN!

THAT WOULD BE  
SIMPLER. WOULDN'T  
IT? A PRETTY FACE  
AND FIGURE CAN'T  
COMPETE WITH A  
FISH, CAN  
IT?

GEE, YOU'RE  
BEAUTIFUL, IDA!  
WISH I HAD YOU  
STUFFED AND  
HANGING IN MY  
TROPHY ROOM!

YOU  
SAY THE  
CUTEST  
THINGS,  
EDGAR!

I MADE THE  
LOVLIEST FLY...  
BEIGE WITH  
DUBONNET  
STRIPES!

IT WOULD  
JUST MATCH  
MY NEW  
FISHING  
OUTFIT!

GRACIOUS! DID  
YOU BUY  
ANOTHER NEW  
ROD?

SURE! SPARE  
THE ROD AND  
SPOIL THE  
CHILD APPLIES  
TO MEN  
TOO!

I SPENT WEEKS  
TYING FLIES  
AND SHE SEWS  
'EM ALL ON  
HER NEW HAT!

I THINK IT'S  
PRETTY!

WONDER IF I  
COULD CATCH A  
MERMAID WITH  
A PAIR OF  
NYLONS?

DON'T BE SILLY! THEY  
DON'T HAVE LEGS...  
BUT I HAVE!

HIS FLY'D  
HAVE COST ME  
\$50 IN THE  
STORES!

AND IT  
ONLY COST YOU  
\$3.25 TO MAKE  
IT YOURSELF!

MEN HAVE NO  
TASTE FOR THE  
FINER THINGS  
OF LIFE,  
AGNES!

BUY  
WAR  
BOND

—CARROLL—



## BLACK BASS

(From Page 14)

fishermen. Typical of the growing sentiment for terminating the destruction of fish life in Pennsylvania streams is the following interesting letter written in 1879 by an ardent sportsman living on the Susquehanna River. It constitutes a strong defense of the black bass.

"There is," he wrote, "a very decided increase of the native salmon, pike perch, or wall-eyed pike in this river. Last year hundreds were taken averaging a foot in length and about three-fourths of a pound in weight. This increase is acquainted for by the fact that the bass destroyed the small fish that preyed upon the eggs of the pike. If the laws now on the statute books against fish baskets and nets are enforced, these fish, which grow to a weight of ten pounds, will naturally increase. Until that is done, there is no room for the hope that there ever will be a material improvement in the product. Last fall, at the dam below Sunbury, there was taken out in a single night by one of those infernal machines and scines, no less than fourteen hundred pounds of bass and salmon. In other parts of the main river, and in the Juniata, the average catch of each basket at night, when the water was about three feet above the ordinary height, was at least fifty young salmon, about twelve inches in length."

Commenting on this drive against illegal devices, the Board continues in its report for 1883-84:

"Another gentleman reported to the board that he has seen two bushels of young bass taken from a single fish basket in one night. Another, that a man of his acquaintance fed five bushels of young bass to his hogs in less than a week."

"That whatever fall-off there was in the supply of black bass was due almost entirely to fish-baskets and other illegal devices for catching them, was soon abundantly demonstrated. By vigorous measures the Delaware River was cleared of all fish baskets and traps but such a laudable result did not follow similar efforts in the Susquehanna. Almost immediately, the catches in the former stream began sensibly to increase, and do to this day, while those of the latter water course are steadily declining."

The wave of popularity with fishermen that carried the black bass to undisputed favoritism as a game fish has continued unabated to the present time. Its surging, picturesque fight when hooked, and the savagery of its strike marked it as the ideal fish from the angler's viewpoint. The demand for bass and more bass became increasingly insistent with passage of the years. Not until 1914 was the Fish Commission able to announce definitely that a successful method had been found for the artificial propagation of this peer of game fishes. In its report for that year, the Board asserted that success had been achieved by permitting the parent fish to spawn naturally and by teaching the young bass to take food while in the ponds.

The daphnia, or water flea, a tiny form of crustacea, served as the essential link to successful propagation of the black bass. Efforts to raise bass in Pennsylvania have been

confined chiefly to the smallmouth variety, which is particularly adapted to waters of the Commonwealth. During recent years, however, the largemouth bass, frequenter of more sluggish lakes, ponds and streams, has attracted enthusiastic support from the angling fraternity. Both species are now propagated at Pleasant Mount Hatchery, where the annual output of bass, ranging in size from one to seven inches, is heavy.

Spring Creek, Huntsdale, Union City, Reynoldsdale and Torresdale also produce many bass for stocking. The bass stocking program of the Fish Commission has been a vital factor in the comeback of this splendid game fish. Hatchery methods and production of the food supply at Pleasant Mount Hatchery, where at the peak of feeding the young bass, approximately two bushels of daphnia are consumed in a single day, have been successfully worked out by our Chief Fish Culturist, C. A. Buller.

Under modern day conditions, with intensive live bait fishing and a heavy drain upon our bass waters in securing live bait for fishing by our growing army of fishermen, I believe that one of the most encouraging factors for future good bass fishing is the presence in our waters of a good carp population. The young of this species, in the opinion of the writer, furnishes much vital forage to not only our bass but other warm water game fishes. The carp also provide splendid sport for the average angler, especially the juvenile sportsman of the state. Then too, their food value is of the finest quality when they are properly prepared.

## CORRECTION

On page 6, December issue, the illustration, "from the Creel of Leonard Smith and Sam Eberly, the foot note should read, 'weights were 3¼, 3½ and 3¾ lbs. respectively.' The bass were taken on 'Sunrise' dock in Pike County.

## BUY BONDS AND STAMPS—NOW!

— HELP —

## GET THEM HOME!

## OUT OF THE MAIL-BAG!

Indianapolis, Ind.

Editor PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

Dear Sir:

In the *Indianapolis News* I read where your magazine, the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, compares with our *Outdoor Indiana*. I am very much interested and having crossed your state many times by auto I feel that I should like to become a subscriber. Will you please mail me a copy.

WILL W. BURNS.

1120 Craig St., McKeesport, Pa.,  
Jan. 14, 1945.

Editor PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

Dear Sir:

I wish to commend you on the beautiful new dress (Cover) of the finest outdoor magazine, the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, that comes into my house and I subscribe to the leading ones.

Sincerely yours,  
SAM N. DZAMA.

The envious knock behind your back when they know they can't knock you out in a fair fight.



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April 1945

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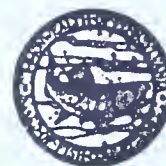
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EDWARD MARTIN  
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# PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

OL. XIV—NO. 4

APRIL, 1945

## Cover

APRIL 15

### "TROUT SEASON"

Photo by Phila. Inquirer  
Frank B. Johnston, Photo Dept.



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Dick Fortney

**Twenty-Five Years of Trout  
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Chas. M. Wetzel

**Pennsylvania Federation of  
Sportsmen's Clubs**  
Angler Feature

**Old Man's Fish**  
Pvt. F. J. Floss

**Sinkers—An Easy Method of  
Molding Them**  
W. R. Walton

**Outwitting Bass With a Flyrod**  
Bob Harison

**Try the Nymphs**  
Jno. W. Budd—Billy Dickie

**Satisfaction**  
Dad

**Rammin' Around**  
C. M. Campbell

**FISH COMMISSION  
HONOR ROLL**

## E D I T O R I A L

APRIL—and with it the annual opening of the TROUT SEASON in Pennsylvania!

A few last licks of a biting winter—a winter which really and truly meant business and piled the snows not inches but feet on high. A cold frigid blast which came to Pennsylvania early Fall and 'hung up its coat and hat for a good long stay'—yes, and then with the same suddenness came to a short and abrupt end during March. In the past now however are those penetrating cold days and nights of winter. Spring is here and with it the rebirth of everything outdoors beautiful, garden planting, lawns to be mowed, painting. The mating of birds, the return of the martins, the budding of trees—and oh yes—that ever welcome Spring activity "house (FISHING) cleaning."

Your Fish Commission has been busy all winter getting ready for the planting of fish. Equipment badly in need of repairs, was placed in order and the fleet of tank trucks begun to roll early in March. Luckily the month was more like Summer and the wear and tear was greatly reduced with the absence of snow and ice. The various clubs and individuals in Pennsylvania have done a marvelous job, assisting in placing more than a million flashing bundles of speckled dynamite into the streams open to public fishing.

APRIL—and with the dawn of the day on the 15th. Five A. M. to be exact, fishing for trout in Pennsylvania, will again be legal.

Good luck to you, fishermen, and may the days you spend astream this season be days of happiness and peaceful recreation.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER.



# THE CHALLENGE OF BIG TROUT

*Locating a Lunker and Putting All Your Skill and Knowledge Into the Catching of Him Is the Ultimate in Angling*

By DICK FORTNEY



Dick Fortney

To locate the home of a truly big trout and then to put all your knowledge and skill into a campaign to lead that fish to your landing net some happy day is to experience the ultimate of the fine old sport of angling.

In every stream where game fish live there is one worthy of the best angler of the land—a living challenge to the best in any man.

And, oddly enough, the lunker trout in nine cases out of ten is there to be caught simply because most fishermen have a habit of moving from pool to pool on a stream, taking whatever fish respond to their baits or lures and being unwilling to spend the time and use the patience necessary to spot the record-breakers.

It must be admitted that the catching of run-of-the-mine trout requires no particular skill.

But the biggest fish in a stream are the biggest because they are old and wise and have succeeded in finding hiding places in which they are safe from the eyes and the lures of the casual angler.

It is true, of course, that every angler, no matter how little effort he puts into his fishing, at some time or another ties into a big fish. Then tragedy is likely to be the result. The casual angler will have become so accustomed to hooking small fish that the big one of a lifetime will probably be handled carelessly—and lost.

I know half a dozen anglers in Central Pennsylvania who concentrate, almost entirely on large fish which they have located in the course of many trips to their favorite streams. The stories of some of their experiences should prove illuminating and perhaps will open for fishermen an entirely new field of their sport.

My old friend Millard was bent busily over his work-bench one afternoon when I dropped into his bicycle repair shop. He was tying a heavy hook on a length of artificial gut of unusual size for the trout fishing which this veteran sportsman enjoys so much.

"I'm fixing up a rig for a horse," Millard explained before I had a chance to ask a question.

"A horse?" I asked, somewhat puzzled.

"Yep, a horse," said Millard. "Twice in the last week I have tied into a whopper of a trout, and both times he busted up my tackle. I'm going after him again tonight, and this time it isn't going to be my fault if he gets away."

Millard—whose favorite form of angling is to use a grasshopper impaled on a long-shanked hook with a couple of white quill wings attached near the eye—said he had first encountered the big trout while fishing at night in a large pool. He hooked the fish solidly, had it on for a couple of minutes, but then lost it when a sudden terrific surge of the fish snapped his leader.

Some nights later he had returned to the pool. And again he had hooked the big fish. But again the fish escaped. Now a

week had passed, and he was preparing for the third attempt.

I saw Millard two days later, and he told me what happened.

"I thought for a while that somebody must have caught the big one," he related. "I sat on shore better than an hour waiting for a sign of him, for I was sure I'd have to be extremely careful this third time."

"The other fellows in the party coaxed me to give up and join them at a pool some distance away where they were getting lots of action, but there was only one fish in that stream for me that night."

"I was getting discouraged and a bit fearful, when in the quiet darkness I heard the rise of a heavy fish in the exact spot in the pool where I had hooked the big fellow twice before."

"There really wasn't much to it after that. He took the 'hopper on the first cast and tried his heavy-handed tactics again."





"But the horse tackle held."  
The trout was 20 inches long.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another fishing friend, John by name, didn't have to campaign so long to catch a big trout he saw feeding one evening in one of the larger creeks in Central Pennsylvania, near the mouth of a feeder brook.

The trout was taking surface insects with great regularity and seemed utterly unaware of the presence of my friend. He did not become alarmed even when John kept casting again and again, changing lures half a dozen times in his effort to interest the big fellow.

Tucked away in one compartment of my friend's fly box was a lure he never before had used. It was a large Royal Coachman, one of the wet fly patterns so popular among night fishermen.

John attached this big lure to his leader with some hesitation. He knew he ran a chance of frightening the trout and putting an end to its feeding. But the fact that he had tried all of the logical patterns without a response persuaded him to make the experiment.

The trout, a 19-inch brownie, took the big fly a second after it touched the surface of the water, and John brought home a fish about which he could modestly brag the following day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of course, the big trout isn't always caught.

I was fishing a Mickey Finn streamer fly on a fair-sized trout brook one cloudy afternoon when I approached a spot where the stream flattened out into a deep, almost round pool, with part of the water flowing in a narrow, swift riffle around the far perimeter of the pool. At the head of the riffle, just where the turn began, the trunk of a small tree, stripped of its bark and branches and about eight inches in diameter, had become lodged across the current, extending from the far side of the stream almost to the side on which I stood, and about six inches beneath the surface of the water.

It had natural appeal as a hiding place for a good fish—and, sure enough, as the streamer was brought darting past the end of the log, a large shadow followed it, then suddenly turned and disappeared.

Here, obviously, was a really large trout.

But a couple more careful casts of the streamer failed to entice the fish into view again.

I sat down on the rocky shore, opposite the sharp curve of the riffle forming a half circle from left to right in front of me, and pondered the strategy to be followed, handicapped by the fact that from my position upstream I had been unable to see exactly where the big trout had gone after its first inspection of the streamer.

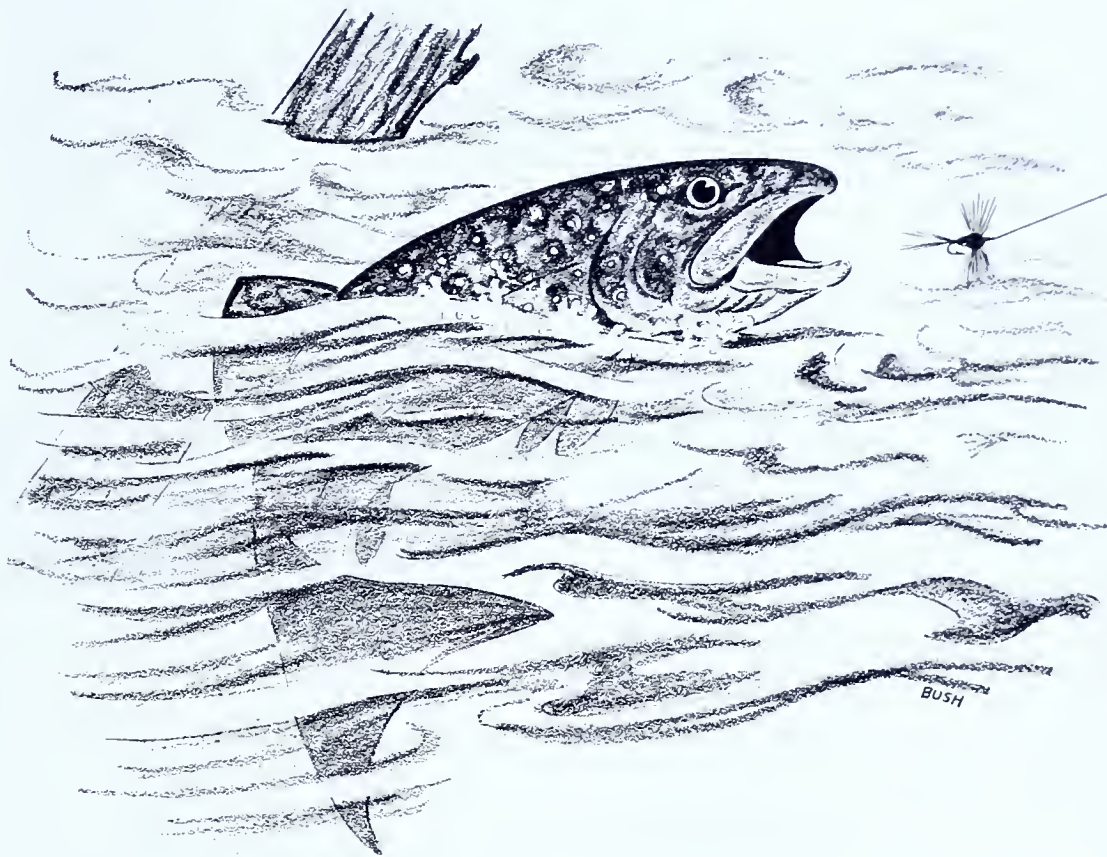
Then half way along the circle of the riffle I saw the rise of a feeding trout. Overcoming an impulse to arise and work on this fish, I reasoned that here perhaps was a clew to the location of the big fellow. The fish came up twice more for a surface fly, and on the second rise I could see that it was of just ordinary size.

I tied a dry fly on the leader and hooked the fish on the first cast, then put the fly

back on the water in the same area and missed another trout that promptly splashed to the surface.

Twelve trout were raised and hooked in that riffle—but still there was no sign of the big fellow, although every new rise held a promise that this might be him.

It was obvious that the big trout was not hiding in the riffle itself. From where I stood I could see the water clearly, and there was no sign of a large fish. The only remaining possibilities were the deep pool



at my right and the water around the log at my left.

The big pool was so clear I could see entirely to the bottom. There was no place there for even a small fish to hide.

My fish had to be somewhere in the broken, swift water in the vicinity of the partly sunken log.

So every few minutes, between casts for the smaller trout which were busily feeding in the riffle, the fly was cast well upstream and allowed to float down over the submerged tree trunk.

Forty-five minutes passed—and then it happened!

The fly was floating directly over the log when up through the broken water came the snout of a giant trout. The fly disappeared in an angry swirl—

And while I stood there like a ninny, completely paralyzed by surprise, the big trout left the riffle, swam into the big pool below, and leaped its full length out of the water. My fly sailed free into the air, and the big trout sped out of sight like an arrow.

Honestly, I don't believe I even set the hook when the big trout took the fly. I found out later how big the fish was. A friend of mine caught it one night on a grasshopper. It measured exactly 21 inches.

\* \* \* \* \*

My friend Jack is an incurable seeker of

big fish. He even goes to the extreme of giving them names. He has no interest at all in small trout streams but concentrates on the big creeks, where he knows the larger fish are more likely to be found.

He took me one afternoon to a spot where a riffle so swift and deep that no man could stand in it connected two large pools.

"In the very middle of that riffle, in water so swift you wonder how a trout could stay in it, lives a real lunker," Jack told me. "There's a big rock on the bottom of the

riffle, and I think the trout lives in its shelter. But he's big and strong enough to come up against that current and take a fly off the surface. I've seen him do it half a dozen times for a natural insect."

Then Jack urged me to try for the big fellow.

"It's your fish," I told him.

"Oh, it's all right," he replied with a strange gleam in his eye. "Go ahead and try for him."

But I refused, and Jack finally got into action. He chose a Quill Gordon, size 12, and after wading into the stream as far as the depth of the water and the speed of the current would permit, carefully lengthened his line with false casts and finally dropped the fly neatly in the very center of the riffle.

The result was instantaneous and explosive.

A giant trout flashed up to the surface of the water, took the fly with a snap, then whirled and made a break downstream. Jack's line went slack when that sickening sag due to a broken leader.

I didn't get a chance to console my friend. "That's the way it always goes," said Jack. "That's the fourth time I've hooked that trout this summer, and the fourth time it has gone free. But isn't he a beauty?"

He certainly was!



# TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF TROUT FISHING

## Part Three—Conclusion

By Chas. M. Wetzel

IN 1933 I wrote my first article for the *Hunter Trader Trapper*, an article describing an immense trout taken by my wife in St. Nora's Lake, Ontario, Canada. This was my first venture as a writer, and I had small hopes of having it accepted; however the story must of had some merit for it was promptly given space. You can imagine the thrill I received in seeing my name in print for the first time.

About this same time The PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER graduated from its typewritten mimeographed sheets, and came out as a full fledged magazine catering to fishermen. A great many shrewdly surmised that the principal reason for its existence lay in the fact that such a paper would prove a decided asset to the Commonwealth, not only because it would be an ideal means of disseminating information on conservation—something badly needed by everyone in the State—but that it would also make everyone Pennsylvania conscious; and would tend to educate the bait fishermen, thereby raising their sport to a higher and more satisfactory plane.

But be that as it may, whatever the reason for its existence, the success of the ANGLER proved instantaneous. This can be attributed to the fact that the magazine dealt with the native streams, and had no advertisers to cater to. It is now known throughout the country, and rated as tops by every fisherman.

In 1934, I wrote my first article for The PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, an article describing the Mayfly, that is, the Green, Black and Grey Drakes, that swarmed in such immense numbers on Pennsylvania's trout streams during the fishing season. Among the old timers, this insect was known as the Shad Fly, and the article was probably the means of reviving the local name given it by the early pioneers. The editor advised me that the readers liked it and wanted more written in the same vein, so that was the start of the series entitled Native Trout Flies.

Following Native Trout Flies, there appeared various articles by me on fly tying, stuff that hitherto had not appeared in any of the sporting magazines—not because it was unknown, but because such magazines could not print material of that nature, due to complaints of manufacturers who were advertising their flies therein. The readers of the Angler apparently liked this stuff, especially those parts where the dressing of the artificial fly was tied in with its prototype, the natural trout stream insect, so in this way I became a regular contributor to the paper.

Alex Sweigart the editor gave me credit for knowing considerably more than what I actually did about trout stream insects. For a number of years back and in conjunction with my fly fishing for trout, I had

been making a collection of trout stream insects, both in the under water, as well as the winged stages.

The primary purpose of the collection was to secure specimens so that I could use them as models when tying up my artificial flies; for it was daily becoming more apparent that a closer imitation of the natural trout stream insects was desirable, especially since the introduction of the moody brown trout. Collecting these insects proved a pleasant diversion, but before I knew it, I was so deeply immersed in the thing that it began to seriously interfere with my fishing. I was no longer content with just imitating the fly, but I had to find out all sorts of things about them, so many in fact that it became a regular obsession.

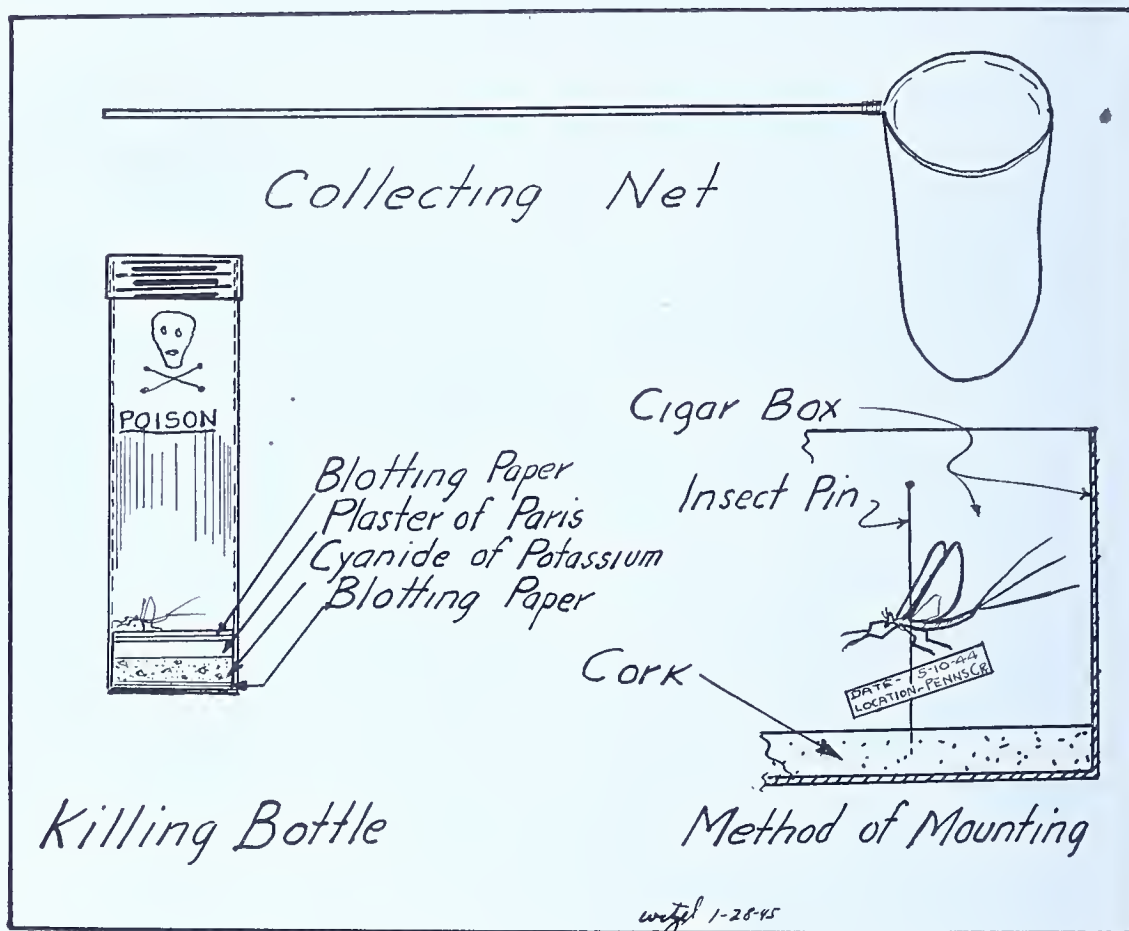
What I was striving for—although at the time I did not recognize it—was an emergence table, something which would tell me when to expect certain insects over the trout streams. This information would prove very valuable later on, for if the trout were rising well to a certain fly hatch on a certain day, the chances were that a repetition of the same thing would occur in following years, perhaps not always on the same day, but very close to it. With this information on

hand, and with artificials closely resembling the natural insect one could gauge the time of arrival on a certain stream, and at the same time be reasonably confident as to the flies which would be over the water, thereby assuring good sport.

That such an emergence table would prove practical was unquestioned, for year after year I had checked the arrival of certain flies over the same water, and the date of emergence varied very slightly. As an extreme example one certain mayfly appeared over the same water and always on the same date, for six successive years. This was the Yellow Drake, *Ephemera varia*, which could always be noticed flying over Middle Creek on the evening of July the first. The above is an exception rather than the rule, for one can hardly hope to hit it so closely; however the variation in the majority of cases will prove very slight.

In 1934 when I first described *Ephemera guttulata*—commonly known as the shad fly—I mentioned that this insect appeared in prodigious numbers over Central Pennsylvania's streams usually around the thirtieth of May. Hass Lose of Bellefonte has been yearly checking its arrival on Spring Creek

Turn to Page 22





I GO A-TROUTING

April's winter nestles in the lap of spring;  
The night has blended into morn;  
The sun is peeping through the cloudy mist;  
Sparkling dew-drops twinkle on the bough;  
Zephyrs waft angel's breath through budding trees;  
A robin calls unto its mate seeking approval of nesting site;  
Rabbits scamper o'er springtime's awakening green;  
Pine squirrels chatter—the chipmunks hide and seek;  
Thus God's paint and brush has lured me hence again  
This pearly, babbling brook for speckled trout to fish;  
Repaid full well though not a single strike come to my lure.  
Wading the icy waters, feet, legs warmly clad,  
O'er shore-lined rocks all washed aslant;  
o'er others  
In mid-stream that stand on edge, depressions here and there;  
Between them, through which the water tumbles with a rush,  
And splashing, sweeps into o'er-hanging banks below  
Where low-drooping bushes kiss moss-covered logs  
Partially submerged with ends resting on bordering banks.  
Below, a mammoth boulder challenges the waters' flow  
Which digs beneath its tons, a deep, dark excavation;  
Forming a quiet pool in whose somber depth lurks  
A giant speckled beauty of mature age, head upstream,  
Body gracefully and rhythmically moving from side to side,  
Tail ruddering.—My lure hits water near the cavern's mouth—  
Zip! A tumultous splash—a lightning plunge—this way and that—  
With hand a-reel and line and nerves a-taut,  
I play the game.  
Sometimes I win, sometimes I lose but always a good sport.  
Through miles on miles this scene repeats, though oft' one's strike comes  
Where one least expects, lending spice and thrills to the play.  
In waters swift, in waters still—in deeps, in shallows—in open pools,  
In shady nooks, in sunny haunts, neath stumps and logs and rocks,  
All, all replete with surprises and delights.  
when I go a-fishing.

—M. M. KAUFMAN.

Washington, Pa., Feb. 10, 1945.

Dear Editor:

Enclosed find \$1. for renewal of my subscription to the ANGLER for two years.  
I enjoy the ANGLER very much and would not want to miss a copy and after reading it I send it on to a friend in Pearl Harbor, T. H.

Sincerely yours,  
Wm. E. Crosbie.

COURTSHIP AND SPAWNING OF BROOK TROUT



The courtship of the male during the nest building.

BROOK TROUT SPAWN IN LATE FALL IN STREAMS OFTEN COVERED WITH ICE AND SNOW



During the courtship the male swims over and under the female, often gently nudging her and rubbing lightly against her with a rapid vibration of the body.



# PENNSYLVANIA FEDERATION OF SPORTSMEN'S CLUBS

## Highlights of Interest to Pennsylvania Fishermen as Gleaned from 14th Annual Conclave in Harrisburg, February 17th 1945

Due to the ban on transportation, hotel reservations and curtailment on public gatherings, The Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs dispensed with their regular annual convention this year. In its stead and in conformity with the request of the Federal government, the Executive Board of Directors representing the eight state-wide Divisions conducted the 14th annual meeting and sat as a permanent resolutions committee in Harrisburg on Saturday, February 17, 1945.

The meeting was called to order by the Federation President—Colin McF. Reed at 9:55 A. M.

Absent this year was the usual big gathering of the delegates while the entire proceedings took on the air of wartime circumstances and it was an impressive scene indeed when these men representing every county in Pennsylvania arose in silent tribute and memorial to those of them who have since made the supreme sacrifice on the far-flung battle-fronts of the present war. The Directors spent a very busy day with some seventy resolutions having been considered and approved in addition to the usual volume of work to be accomplished in a gathering of this kind.

Following are the resolutions having any effect with the administration of The Pennsylvania Fish Commission as approved by the meeting.

### No. 1—Central Division, Clinton County

That the Pennsylvania Game and Fish Commissions prepare an extensive game and fish program in order that excellent sport will be available for ex-service men when they return to civilian life. Approved.

### No. 2—Central Division, Clinton County

Whereas: Trout and other fish seem to be distributed on a stream mileage, or a volume of flow basis or both and Whereas: In recent times trout are planted to be caught rather than to propagate and increase and Whereas: The number of man hours spent on a stream by fishermen does not always correspond to its length or volume of flow Therefore Be It Resolved: That the Pennsylvania Fish Commission consider the intensity with which a stream is fished in addition to its length and volume of flow in allocating trout and other fish to the stream. Approved.

### No. 3—Northwest Division, Lawrence County

The Fish Commission make effort to stock more Blue Gills and Perch in Cascade Park Lake and Ponds in close vicinity of the Deshon Annex Hospital in New Castle to help in recreation program for disabled soldiers. Approved.

### No. 4—Northeast Division, Carbon County

Be it resolved: That the State Fish Warden and special Fish Wardens have authority to make arrests, same as the State Game Protector and Deputy Game Wardens and shall be uniformed and compensated when called on duty. Approved.

### No. 5—Northeast Division, Luzerne County

Be it resolved: That the Fish Commission be urged to expand their present hatcheries, and acquire new hatcheries at suitable locations throughout the State to the end that more stocking can be had in fishing water. Approved.

### No. 6—Northeast Division, Luzerne County

Resolved: That the Fish Commission check with local Fish Wardens as to conditions of streams before any stocking is done. Approved.

### No. 7—Northeast Division, Luzerne County

Resolved: That The Fish Commission re-survey the streams in the State known to be sorely affected by droughts, in order that the stocking may be done with least loss of fish life. Approved.

No. 8—Be It Resolved That: the State Federation oppose any change in the law which would if adopted, permit the sale of fish by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission to any individual, party, or club. Approved.

### No. 9—Southeast Division

Resolved That The State Federation recommend to the Fish Commission that the trout season for 1945 and any season when April 15th falls on a Sunday, open on Saturday, April 14th. Approved.

### No. 10—Southeast Division

Be It Resolved That The State Federation reaffirm resolution No. 12, adopted Feb. 12, 13, and 14, 1942, and reaffirmed as No. 11, February 11 and 12, 1944; That the State Legislature provide for an increase of fifty-cents in the fishing license for the earmarked purposes set forth. Approved.

### No. 11—Southeast Division

Be It Resolved That all sections of streams stocked with trout, and approved as State Stocked Trout Streams, be closed to all fishing from April First to five A. M. of the opening day of the trout season. Approved.

### No. 12—Northwest Division

Be It Resolved: That the State Federation petition the Board of Fish Commissioners to retain J. Allen Barrett in his present position as editor of THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER and lecturer. Approved.

### No. 13—Southern Division, York County

Whereas: The present Commissioner of Fisheries, Charles A. French, has been a very efficient servant of all Pennsylvania fishermen, Therefore Be It Resolved: That the Honorable Edward Martin be petitioned to retain Mr. French in his present capacity and that under no consideration should anyone else be put in his place. Approved.

### No. 14—Southeast Division

Be It Resolved That The State Federation reaffirm its stand on the proposal to increase the wages of the field forces of the Fish and Game Commissions, with said increases to become effective as quickly as possible. Approved.

### No. 15—Southeast Division

Be It Resolved that the State Federation oppose legislation known as H. R. No. 4485, "Authorizing the construction of certain public works in rivers and harbors for flood control and other purposes" unless amendments covering the following are incorporated in the bills: 1. That, a provision be inserted to require studies by biological experts of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service of all waters to be impounded for flood purposes so that such impoundments may be utilized to the best advantage for fish and game. 2. That on all such impoundments the rights of the states with reference to the control of resident wildlife populations, the fixing of legislation or regulations governing the taking thereof, and the issuing of hunting and fishing licenses, shall be specifically recognized. Approved.

### No. 16—Southwest Division, Beaver County

Resolved: That proper steps be taken by the Legislation Committee of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs to have the Ohio River Sanitation compact, known in the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania as House Bill No. 121, be brought out of committee, presented on the floor of the House and ratified, thus making it possible for this compact to become effective. Approved.

### No. 17—Southcentral Division

Resolved: That the Huntingdon County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs is opposed to any merger of the Pennsylvania Game and Fish Commissions until the sportsmen of the State have the opportunity to approve such a change. Approved.

### No. 18—Southcentral Division, Cambria County

Whereas mining coal by the process of stripping the surface has caused widespread





### S For Sphinx Moth

You come when the lights are low,  
Whirring through the afterglow.  
Like a hummingbird you tower  
Just above a long-necked flower,  
Sip the nectar from her throat  
As you hover, as you float.  
Then into the dark you swing  
Like a hawk on narrow wing.

CARSTEN AHRENS.

### It's a Small World After All

In the October 1944 issue PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER we published a picture of Faris Barnhart, prominent Waltonian of York, assisting in planting trout in York County streams. Early in December of the same year Mr. Barnhart received a short letter including the page from the ANGLER with his picture, from Pvt. Chas. Bowers, U. S. Army "Somewhere in England." Yes, it's a small world after all and only goes to again prove the keen interest in our little publication manifest by the boys "over there."

From Pvt. Bowers' letter to Mr. Barnhart, the editor lifts and publishes the following paragraph which should have a serious appeal to every man, woman and child in America.

"Barney, I wish you could see some of the nice trout streams here. Clear as a bell and running right through the towns. Believe me, nobody throws or dumps any refuse of any kind in them. Unlike our country, here only the tops, (that is the wealthy class) are allowed to fish them."

Bethlehem, Pa., Feb. 15, 1945.

Dear Editor—

The PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER is very interesting and you are giving your subscribers a dandy magazine. Best Wishes.

H. T. Borhek



Mrs. Doris Cochran exhibits 28"—8 lb. wall-eye caught in Lake Carey, Wyoming County by Henry J. Meytrott—"Fish-o-Bite" lure.

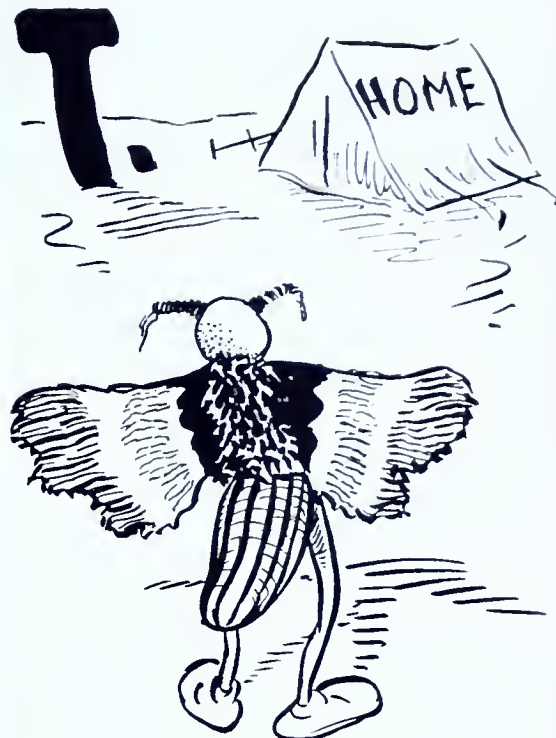
### FORESTS HELP CONTROL FLOODS AND EROSION

Pertinent facts are cited by the New York State College of Forestry, Syracuse University, on erosion, floods and forests. Soil erosion removes twenty-one times as much soil fertility annually as required by agricultural crops. It would cost two billion dollars a year to replace this lost nutrition. Poor farming and deforestation in the East has lowered the water table from 10 to 20 feet. More than twenty-one million acres have been withdrawn from cultivation because of erosion.

The forested area of the Mississippi watershed has been reduced one-half. Flow from forested watersheds of the Mississippi in one year was 38 cu. ft. per second per square mile, but the flood water from abandoned and bad agricultural land was more than ten times as much; from denuded lands, nearly thirty-five times as much.

Rivers carry one billion tons of soil annually into the sea. Approximately seventy-five percent of all land in cultivation is now subject to erosion in some degree. Silt is being deposited in reservoirs of the Southwest used for live stock watering at the rate of one foot annually. Open pastures absorb only one-third to one-twentieth as much water as forests.

The forest offers the cheapest method of erosion control and stream flow regulation. It has been shown that run-off from deforested areas in some cases is ten to twenty times that from a forested area. More than 34 per cent of land in New York State has been affected by erosion.



### T For Tent Caterpillar

In varnished egg cases out on a limb  
You're snugly cradled through winter grim.  
Early you hatch when the thrushes bring  
The promise of another spring.  
You devour the leaves that tenderly grow,  
A slender thread is spun as you go.  
In the crotch of a tree you weave a tent,  
There to return when day is spent.  
You're fuzzy and fat by the middle of June,  
Find an out-of-way place for your yellow cocoon.

For a few weeks you rest, then in July  
Transform to moths and learn to fly.  
You lay your eggs in a band that's neat,  
And then you die . . . the cycle's complete.

CARSTEN AHRENS.

### Fish Salvage Plan Planned for Dam

A new plan will be inaugurated at Pymatuning Dam in order to prevent the killing of fish drawn through the outlet gate. Engineers said that beginning with the Spring thaw, water is to be released from the surface of the dam instead of the bottom as in the past.

The method, it was pointed out, will prevent the battering fish receive at the outlet gate.

An enclosure is to be built around the outlet gate to within a few inches of the lake surface with a wire screen above it which will prevent the fish from being drawn into the rushing current. Heretofore, fish as much as two and three feet in length had been found dead along the outlet after being subjected to the buffeting of the outlet gate.

The enclosure will be made of logs which will be removed a layer at a time as the water level drops in the Summer months.

Engineers state the plan will enable them to clean the outlet periodically and will in no way affect the release of water from the dam.



# THE OLD MAN'S FISH

By Pvt. F. J. Floss



those that by his estimation are fighters, considering all others parasites with no right to life. To keep destroying fish not considered game fish is only tempting fate. For if all such fish are destroyed it will throw nature out of balance and only the Gods know what the results will be. That they should be controlled is true, but in a conservative manner, never to the point of extermination.

fishing the course of a rugged swift moving mountain stream, suckers are caught by picking out a nice looking hole in a stream and staying right there. And where the trout smacks the lure with the viciousness of a charging bull, suckers take the bait with such ease you seldom know that you have a bite until you reel in and find one hanging onto your bait.

The amount of fun and sport you will derive from sucker fishing will depend on the outfit you use and where you do your fishing. If you plan on doing your fishing in a small stream or lake a light fly fishing outfit will give you maximum sport. If you plan to go river fishing a heavy outfit will have to be used, due to strong current and

THE fish generally referred to as the "The Old Man's Fish," is the sucker. This title was bestowed upon him because before the rationing of gas and meat the old timer's were about the only one's who fished for sucker. They being physically unable to stand the strenuous sport of game fishing, preferred to fish for suckers, where all they had to do was sit on a bank and let their baits rest on the bottom until they got a strike. They also preferred the sucker because they got a lot of fish for all the effort they expended.

But now with gas rationed and meat points so scarce, most fishermen are looking for fishing close to home, and a fish in abundance that is easy to catch, to supplement their low meat and gas supply. The sucker is the solution to both. And more and more fishermen are turning to the old man's fish and discovering for the first time the good qualities of this all-year fish, that is found in most clear water streams. Those that were reluctant but dared to try him on the table once they had caught him have had a lot of bugaboo's about this fish as a table morsel exploded. Ask those that have shoved a fork full of sucker into their mouths and they will tell you they are delicious eating and they will never hesitate about eating him again. If you need further proof as to the suckers use as a food, ask a nutrition specialist, and he will inform you that in food value the sucker outranks many of our game fishes.

It seems a shame that in former years when caught by some so called sportsmen the sucker was thrown up on the bank for crows and magpies to feed on. He was despised just because he had no fighting ability. That to my way of thinking was no reason he should be destroyed. Surely those guilty of such deeds are ignorant of the word conservation. In fact if these thoughtless destroyers would take the time to study all fish instead of just the one's they think deserve protection they would find that if it was not for the presence of the sucker in their lakes and streams many of their game fish would never reach a legal size. As small suckers are a source of great food supply for many of their game fish.

I am not condemning the game fishermen, for I too fish for those fighters. But, I am most emphatically condemning the man who thinks that the only fish entitled to life are



Sucker taken on fly-rod is sport.

The sucker is not as bad a fish as he is painted, after you have been introduced to him I think you will agree with me. He is found in most of our rivers, streams, and lakes. In length he goes upwards to 24 inches, and suckers of one foot are common. His color is variable depending on the locality, bottom of stream, and water, where caught. He is known locally by such names as: White Sucker, Brook Sucker, Carp Sucker, Black Sucker, Long-Nosed Sucker, and Mountain Sucker. He is a bottom feeder, living chiefly on small crustaceans and vegetable matter that is washed into the water.

Sometimes he plays host to that internal parasite the tapeworm, that can be absorbed into the human body and cause anemia. But don't let that stop you from fishing for him; as all are not so infected. And the ones that are can be detected by examining the intestines when cleaning. The chance that one so infected may get by your inspection and land in the skillet need not cause you alarm either, as thorough cooking will kill all such parasites removing the danger of infection.

Sucker fishing is the complete opposite of trout fishing, where the trout are caught by

other factors, in either case I have found the two following outfits tops for sucker fishing.

For small streams and lake fishing arm yourself with a light 5 oz. fly rod of about 9 foot length, equip it with an H line, a 6 foot leader, one split buck shot, and a No. 8 hook, slip a small wiggling worm onto the hook and you have an ideal sucker fishing outfit that will give you fun and food on many occasions.

For river fishing where snags on sunken logs, brush, and rocks are prevalent a heavy outfit will produce the best results. The outfit should consist of a 6 foot casting pole, 25 lb. wet test line, a No. 8 hook, and a sinker heavy enough to keep the current from dragging your bait down stream. I also attach to this outfit a 20 lb. test leader so that when I do become snagged the leader will snap first saving the line.

Baits for suckers vary with the locality, but confirmed sucker fishermen seem to favor dough balls, peeled potatoes, cheese, liver, crabs, and cotton and worms. The one mistake most beginners make when fishing for suckers is putting too much bait on their hooks, suckers have a small mouth so don't pile too much bait on your hook. If the bait





Sucker stream.



Mountain stream suckers.

is too large they will just nibble at it and you will not be able to hook them; as they will not have the bait in their mouth where it should be when you strike.

The care you give suckers after they are caught will go far in keeping them fit for the table. To preserve them the writer uses the following method. First, don't keep your fish alive on a stringer; as in their struggle to escape from the stringer they exert themselves so much that it takes something out of the meat, that results in the fish tasting flat and mushy when cooked. To keep the flesh of your fish firm and flavorful, kill it as soon as you take it off the hook, by hitting it on the head with the back of a knife or some similar object. Second, place green grass or ferns on the bottom of a creel that is well ventilated and put the fish on top of them. Such an arrangement will allow the air to circulate freely around the fish and keep them cool and fresh.

In cleaning suckers scale them first then slit them from the vent to the base of the gills. Lift the entrails out by inserting the index finger at a point near the gills. Then cut out the gills, but don't cut off the head, scrape the inside of the fish with your knife clear down to the backbone. The above two operations are most important as they remove the source of that strong flavor so many people complain about in fish of this nature.

In cooking, wipe dry, dip in beaten eggs and roll in cracker crumbs. Fry in deep hot salt pork fat. Suckers cooked this way are delicious, the egg hardens instantly preventing the meat from absorbing grease.

### FISH WARDEN WRITES TO CRITCHFIELD, FROM ITALY

Italy, February 14, 1945.

Joseph Critchfield, Member  
Pennsylvania Fish Commission,  
Confluence, Pa.

Dear Mr. Critchfield:

Christmas has passed but I still have not forgotten the Christmas Greetings you sent me. Knowing that the people back home think about us is a great morale factor.

I certainly was glad to hear that things are going well, and it is my sincere wish that before so very long I will be able to resume my service with the Commission.

Over the three years I have been in the service I have gained knowledge that will be of great assistance to me in the future. I can clearly see what we have to be thankful for back home. There are many things that we must guard against such as polluting our streams. In Italy one can distinctly see the outcome of poor management in Game and Fish work.

I am still in Italy where poverty and devastation are everywhere. It is beautiful country with tall mountains and beautiful farm land, but war has showed its ugly marks and destruction is evident wherever one glances.

In my travels I have seen "The Leaning Tower of Pisa" which managed to survive the German terror. It still stands from about the 12th century—leaning as we have always pictured it.

Well, I would like to tell you many stories, but I will keep them until we meet.

My best wishes to the family and sincere thoughts for your good health.

Always your friend,

CPL. WM. E. MCILNAY,

805th Co., A.O.D.,

APO 238, New York, N. Y.

### Reel and Trigger

By MORT WHITE

Allentown Chronicle

These wet patterns, tied up on No. 10 hooks have been in the box for three years without once being used. Maybe we passed up a good bet without knowing it. Who knows? There certainly have been days when none of the others would work.

You see they are patterns not commonly used in these parts. There's the Parmachene Belle, as pretty a thing as you'd want to lay eyes on. Always makes us think of peppermint candy because peppermint sticks are also red and white. There's the Red Ibis. Another beauty, with gold tinsel ribbing on the cherry-red body. And lastly—the one the natives insist is a "Ginny"—pronounced with a hard g. Otherwise known as the McGinty. That's a beauty too, with its bumblebee body, red and gray mallard tail and white-tipped black wings.

All three were sure-fire lures up there where the ice goes out of the lakes during the last week in May. You get those handsome brookies, running up to 15 inches, out of boiling streams that are no more than four feet wide. A size 10 fly does the trick better than any other, and the little fellows like it just as much as their grand-pappies. While you are thus engaged, a size 22 black fly, with a high powered buzzer system installed, is getting you on any part of your anatomy that is exposed. That's the country where you remember never to stick your neck out. But let's not dwell on that.

You crawl along these little feeder streams through heavy brush that lines both banks. Wherever you see a large boulder, behind which the water eddies, you poke yourself through the brush and drop the fly, paying out slack line. No casting there—there just ain't room for it. Nor is it necessary. Just let the fly run to the eddy with the current and stop breathing, because it's almost sure to happen.

Mr. Trout has the rush of the current on his side in the ensuing battle, and you have your hands full for the next several minutes. Working through the hole in that tight brush is no help either. Finally, after the net seems hopelessly tangled in the brush, you get it out there and you have your fish. Now all you have to do is back out of the brush with the net, the rod and the fish which is still hooked. Simple, isn't it? Especially with only two hands—both occupied. But it's fun.

At current prices the chemicals composing the human body are said to be worth less than a dime. And here we've been bragging that we felt "like 30 cents!"



## THE WINNERS

### Fishing Contest Conducted by Windsor Fish and Game Association

An eight pound, twenty-nine inch Walleyed Pike earned first prize for Ralph Lehman York, R. D. 2 in the Windsor Fish and Game Association Contest during the 1944 season. Lehman caught the fish on Nov. 7th below McCall's Ferry at Boeckels Landing on the Susquehanna River. The four winning records follow:

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Ralph Lehman<br>York, R. D. 2          | Eight pound, seven ounce Walleyed-Pike. 29" long. Girth 14". Caught at Boeckels landing. Lure; flat fish.              |
| Cletus Henry<br>Windsor                | Four Pound, twenty-three and one-half inch Walleyed Pike. Caught Oct. 8, at Boeckels Landing. Lure: O. S. flat fish.   |
| Dale Gerber<br>690 E. Phila. St., York | Three pound twelve ounce Black Bass, 19½" long, girth 13½". Caught Nov. 1st at Boeckels Landing. Lure; Creek Cut Plug. |
| Paul F. Boeckel<br>Delta, R. 2         | Three Pound two ounce Black Bass, 18¾" long. 11¾" girth. Caught Sept. 15th at Boeckels Landing.                        |

### Boeckels Landing

By

RUSSEL S. HALTZINGER, Sec'y.  
Windsor Fish & Game Ass'n.

On the lower Susquehanna river below McCall's Ferry and stretching down to Boeckels Landing is what I consider to be the most beautiful in the state. Dotted with innumerable islands here is the nearest thing to the fulfillment of a fisherman's dream. These islands all have a jagged shore line with overhanging trees and shrubbery and the depth of the water may easily range from two feet to as deep as fifty feet. Here black bass abound in plenty. Large black bass and walleyed pike while some of the finest catfish fishing can be had for the trying. Four pound channel catties are really a common occurrence. I personally caught four catties this past summer the combined weight of which was 19½ lbs. Yellow perch, crappie and blue gill can always be depended upon to add to the day's pleasure.

### The Sportsmen's Corner

By DICK FORTNEY

**Big Spider Flies are Deadly Lures in Hands of Trout Anglers. Towering on Edge or Sprawling Flat on Surface of Pool or Riffle, They Are Taken With Relish Even by Lazy Fish**

IN THE soft shadows of early evening a big trout was on a feeding spree in an extremely fast, rough riffle in Lycoming Creek. The fish was prowling just under the surface of the water, moving boldly up and down in the current in a stretch of water some 20 feet long. With the regularity of clockwork the trout arched to the surface and took a floating insect with a splash visible even in that troubled water.

To float a dry fly down that riffle was next to impossible. No matter how well oiled or heavily hackled it might have been, it would not have floated more than two feet.

It was an ideal spot for the spider type of dry fly.

#### Gray Pattern Chosen

A spider of gray (barred rock) color was selected and tied to the leader point, then cast a good distance up the riffle. The lure sprawled flat on the water and rode majestically with the wavelets until midway over the water in which the trout had been feeding.

Six feet downstream below the floating fly the fish broke the surface again—then almost immediately there was a great commotion farther along, and the spider fly disappeared.

I'm sorry I can't report how big the trout was. It turned like a flash in the water, swam down the riffle like an arrow, and ripped the fly from the slender leader point with a bull-like tug.

The trout went free—but ever since that evening spiders have ranked high among my favorite dry flies.

#### What Is a Spider?

The accompanying pictures tell better than words just what a spider fly is. It is obvious that it is one of the simplest of all trout lures, for it consists of nothing more than two large hackles wound around the middle of a Size 16 standard dry fly hook or a short-shank Size 14 hook with a gold finish. It has neither tail, wings, nor body.

In size the spider may vary from the diameter of a nickle to somewhat larger than a half dollar.

My own preference is for a spider somewhere between a quarter and a half dollar in diameter. Smaller spiders, if sparsely tied, are effective on small brooks. Spiders larger than a half dollar are very delicate and difficult to handle.

The blackened circle on the illustration will give you an opportunity to compare the size of three spider flies with a quarter.

#### Variety of Colors

A variety of colors is possible in spider flies.

My own favorites are light cream, ginger, black, and gray, or barred rock. But other colors—blue, honey, dark brown, and even white—are well worth trying.

Badger feathers are especially effective, since they result in spiders with dark centers and light "legs." Held up to a bright light, they have the appearance of small bodies (insects) from which rays of light are radiating in all directions.

As has been mentioned, the spider is made by wrapping two large feathers in the middle of a dry fly hook. One feather should be wound with the face toward the bend of the hook, and the other with the face toward the eye. This will have the effect of blending the two hackles together and of giving the fly greater durability.

#### How to Fish the Spider

Because of its light construction, the spider fly requires no oiling or greasing. It will float without any such aid. The finest leader point within reason should be used. The technique is simple:

1. Cast the fly and let it float with the current, whether on an almost motionless pool or a fast riffle.

2. Cast the fly and then by careful manipulation of the rod cause it to skip lightly across the face of the water.

Sometimes the spider will alight on the water upright, and the bend of the leader will hold it in that position. Again it will fall flat and float sprawled out. Either way, the trout will take it greedily.

#### Teasing the Trout

Another effective technique—and it is not as easy as it may sound—is to let the spider drift quietly for a distance, then with the barest movement of the rod cause it to quiver or come upright on the water (if it has fallen flat). Often this trick will induce a smashing strike, the trout apparently thinking that the "insect" is about to take flight.

The trout angler will be well advised to have plenty of spiders in his fly box. It is not unusual for a trout to strike such a lure so viciously that it is hooked far back in its mouth. The retrieve of a fly that has finished its float also is likely to mess up the fly. In either case, it is almost impossible to straighten up and dry the fly. The best plan is to remove it from the leader and tie on a new, dry lure. Later, however, the shape of the spider can be restored by steaming.

In the final analysis, the spider is an emergency fly. It is most effective when trout refuse to take the more conventional patterns, although it also is likely to produce under any conditions. It has kept many a day from ending troutless for this observer.





FROM UP TIOGA WAY

Left to right: John C. Herman of Pennsylvania Game Commission; Roy F. Reidinger of Leetonia; John Herman, Clarks Valley and Buddy Schofield, son of Ralph Schofield forest ranger at Leetonia.

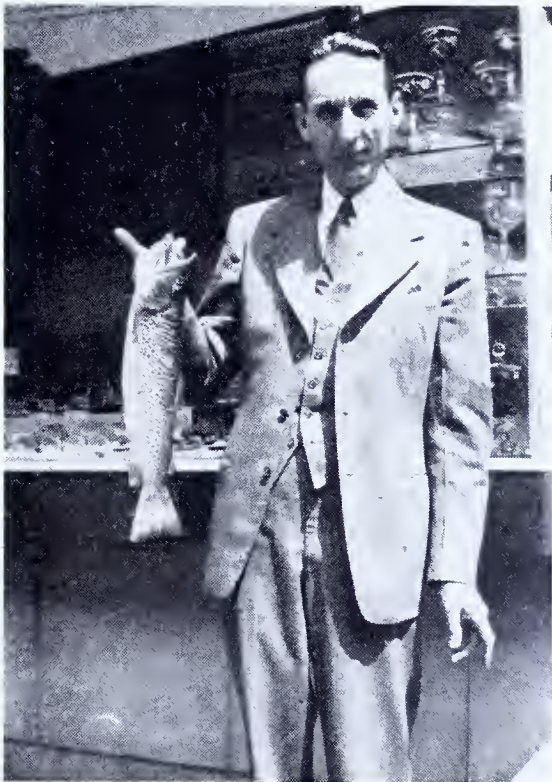
Elmer Horbach of Reading R. D. and two fine smallmouth black bass taken from Perkiomen Creek.



SNAPSHOTS  
FROM  
THE FISHING  
FRONTS



Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gottfried, 237 W. Douglass St., Reading, and two fine brownies.



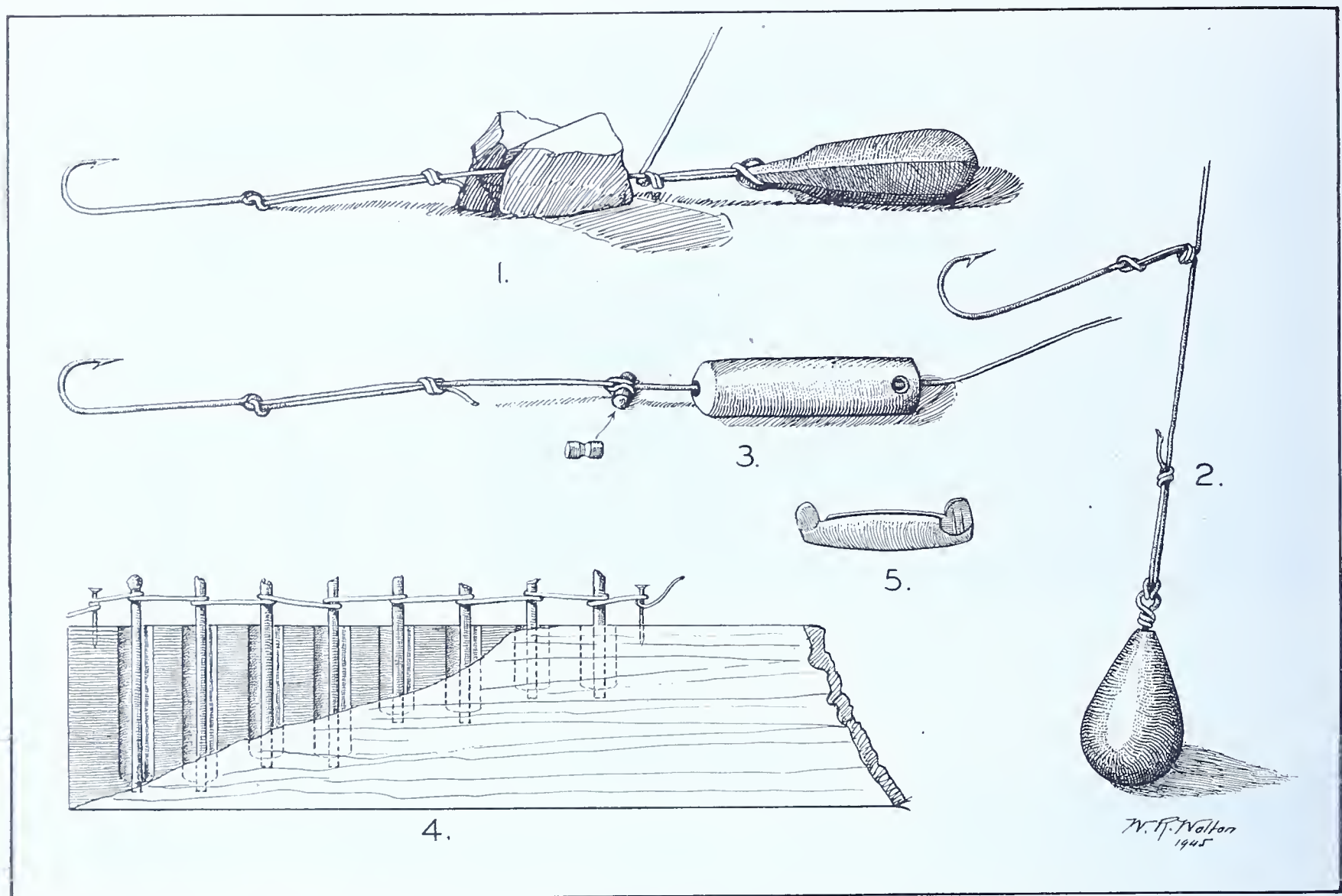
Robert Duffee of Sharon and 20"—3¼ lb. brown trout taken on silver minnow from Mercer County's "Mill Creek."

Mrs. Odette McCue of Lancaster, fishing for suckers, February, 1945.



BUY  
WAR BONDS  
AND  
HOLD THEM!





# SINKERS--AN EASY METHOD OF MOLDING THEM

By W. R. Walton

**S**INKERS, and I do not mean dough-nuts though their specific gravity may be similar, are one of the essentials of the bait fisherman's tackle. These of necessity, are of various shapes and sizes to fit the conditions under which one is to fish. My personal preference, in summer, while the fish are active and feeding in all sorts of places, is to eliminate the use of the sinker entirely and to keep the bait moving. However, when the water is high and turbid or its temperature remains low and consequently the fish are sluggish, the use of a sinker may become imperative. In such circumstances, the position of the sinker on the line, relative to the hook, becomes important. For instance, when the sinker is tied in a stationary position above the hook, as in figure 1, this is likely to reduce both in speed and force, the transmittal of the bite to the hand of the angler. This, because the resistance offered by the sinker must first be overcome before the contact with the fish can be felt. Consequently, and especially if the sinker lie behind a rock, the hook may be stripped without the fisherman's becoming aware of the loss. Old-timers, cognizant of this defect, overcome

such possible theft by attaching the sinker to the line end, with the hook located well above it, as in figure 2. This also illustrates the dipsey sinker popular with many anglers. This last arrangement is good if the line be kept taut so as readily to telegraph news of the bite to the hand or rod tip.

A still better sinker and arrangement, in my opinion, is the one shown in figure 3, in which the line is threaded lengthwise through the sinker, above the hook. In this arrangement, a stop, consisting of a small section of twig, is tied below the sinker to prevent it from jamming over the hook knot. This type of sinker, having a hole through its long axis, for the free passage of the line, is called in British parlance, a "tracing sinker." It is familiar to American fishermen in the form of the egg-sinker, obtainable in many tackle shops but not very widely used. However, these sinkers are available only in certain arbitrary sizes which may or not not be just the weight appropriate to one's purpose. For this reason, as well as economy, I make my own tracing sinkers in a style that is quite easy to mold. This may be used either as a tracing sinker or in the ordinary way, viz:

tied to the end of the line. Having used this type of sinker for some years with satisfaction, I present herewith directions and illustrations which should render its production by home manufacture an easy matter.

The mold, as illustrated in figure 4, consists of a soft wood (pine, cypress or poplar) strip,  $\frac{3}{4}$  x 2x, say, 18 inches. Along the center line of this, a row of holes are bored with a  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch bit. Where a heavy sinker is desired, the hole may be from  $1\frac{1}{4}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches deep. Lighter ones are provided for by sinking shallower holes as indicated in the figure. To provide the passage-way, running through the long axis of the sinker, ordinary wooden match sticks are inserted in the center of each mold cavity. To render these stable, a fine copper or soft iron wire is given a single turn around their upper or free ends. This is then fastened at each end by winding it around small wire nails, driven into the wood as shown in the figure. The molten lead is then poured into the molds and, when solidified, the match sticks are withdrawn by means of a pair of pliers. Since their wood becomes somewhat charred and shrunken by the heated metal this readily is accomplished.



In order to remove the sinkers from the molds we simply split the wooden strip edge-wise. In case straight grained wood has been used, and the splitting is carefully done, the molds may be used repeatedly by tying or wiring the halves together again.

It may be seen from the illustration of the finished sinker, figure 3, that a hole has been made in it near one end. This is done with a hand drill and facilitates its attachment to the line end when so desired. In case you wish to be fancy, the tips of the sinkers may be tapered most easily by the use of a wood rasp, but this is quite unnecessary so far as results are concerned.

The material advantage gained by the employment of the tracing sinker is that this allows the line to run freely through it when the fish bites and flees with the baited hook. Most game fishes as doubtless you know, will run for some distance with a natural bait before gorging it. Just why this action occurs we know not, but perhaps it is due to instinct similar to that displayed by an old hen which has found a big worm in a well populated chicken yard. She promptly seeks solitude, where there ain't none, to the end that she might gulp the prize unmolested.

In passing, may I adumbrate that man frequently handles his mazuma in much the same manner. Seeking craftily to secrete it, lest another more powerful than he, mayhap the Collector of *Infernal Revenue*, wrest it from him. But returning to that more decent animal the fish, it is well known that such fishes as the smallmouth bass and the chain pickerel always run with the bait. Should the former species feel any considerable resistance to his pull, he is most likely to drop it, like the proverbial hot potato, and refuse further to touch it. In these circumstances the tracing sinker becomes an asset for it allows the fish to run untrammelled if the fisherman is alert and ready to give him line.

For very light sinkers nothing is much better than the split shot, while for medium weights the Rangely sinker (figure 5) is most convenient as it can quickly be clamped to the line wherever required.

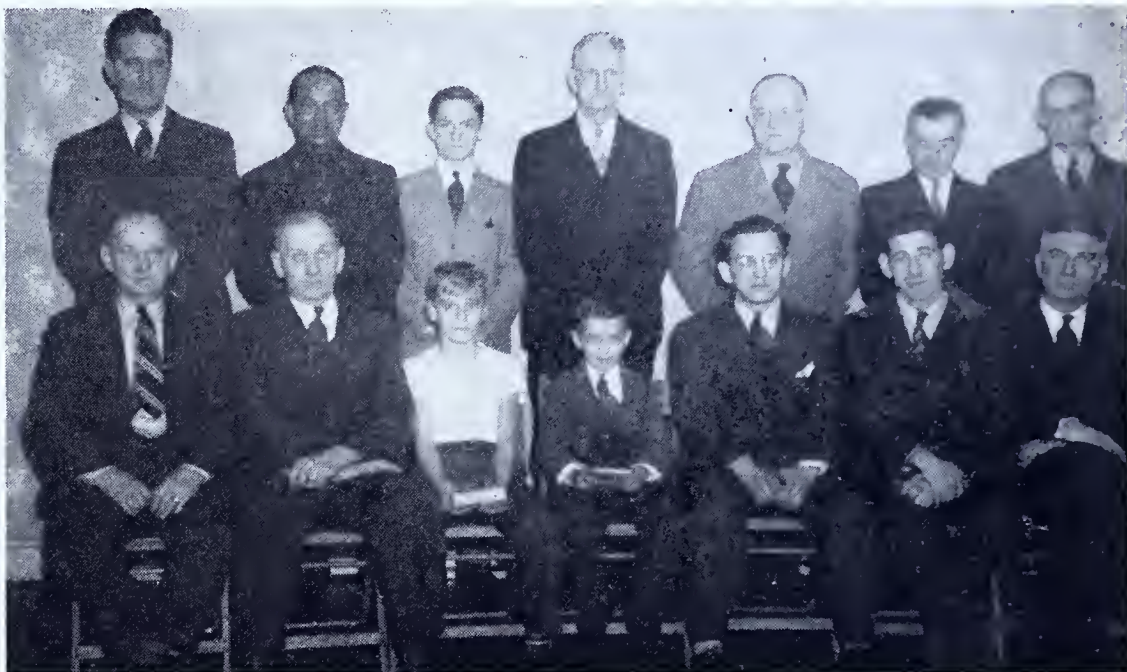
Of course the foregoing discussion of the sinker problem refers solely to fishing in non-tidal waters to which I am almost exclusively devoted. This, not only because I am a bum sailor, but primarily because I shrink from converting recreation into manual labor. To be sure, there exist certain kinds of fresh water fishing that entail undue toil. For instance, there is the alleged sport of deep-water trolling for lake trout. In this operation, as I have viewed it, from 200 to 300 feet of copper wire or equally heavy metallic line are employed with a proportionately heavy reel, rod and sinker. A big sucker is tied on the hook and an even bigger one attached to the rod butt. There he may stand for hours on end, trailing his heavy tackle behind a power launch, and jerking his heavy burden forward every few seconds. True, if he catch a fish, it may be a large one but oftener his expenditure both of toil and folding money are likely to go unrewarded. If this be recreation, then so also, in this writer's opinion, are sawing wood and cracking stone. Me for the woodland streams, even though

my choicest fly creations perennially decorate their tree tops.

While the angler climbed a limb on high, To repossess his precious fly, He murmured, as his breath grew short, "It's exercise but is it sport?"

Better to lose a few grasshoppers than to break off their jumping legs to keep them from leaping out of the bait box when it is opened. A 'hopper kicks its legs when it is in the water, and that helps to make it a more attractive bait.

## The Prize Winners for 1944 Big Fish Contest Sponsored by Harrisburg Hunters' and Anglers' Association



THE PRIZE WINNERS.

### Prizes Awarded by John Bistline

#### Brook Trout

1. Roy Wheeler—16¼ inches.
2. R. G. Gardner—15½ inches.
2. Reinard Landefeld—15½ inches.
2. George S. Cover—15½ inches.

#### Brown Trout

1. Albert Straub—22 inches—wt. 3 lbs.-10½ oz.
2. R. C. Gardner—21¾ inches—3 lbs.-14 oz.

#### Rainbow Trout

1. Harry E. Palm—24 inches—wt. 4¼ lbs.
2. W. L. Peters—21 inches.

#### Small Mouth Bass

1. C. M. Lebo—22 inches—wt. 4½ lbs.
2. E. Loyd King—21½ inches—wt. 5 lbs.

#### Large Mouth Bass

1. Richard Renshaw—20 inches—wt. 3 lbs.-14 oz.

#### Salmon

1. Rev. H. K. Geyer—27¾ inches—wt. 7¼ lbs.

#### Pickeral

1. Marlin Williams—19¾ inches.

#### Crappie Bass

1. Walter P. Nye—15½ inches.

#### Fall Fish

1. Guy Stansfield—15½ inches.

#### Perch

1. Stephen Youtz—10¼ inches.

#### Rock Bass

1. Gary Lee Steffen—10½ inches—7-years old.



Garry Lee Steffen, 7 years of age and who lives in Steelton, captures top honors as John Bistline presents him prize for largest rock bass.

### Out of the Mailbag

5305 Oakland Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER:

I wish to take this opportunity to praise the ANGLER, it is very interesting, illustrations are fine and articles on subjects of fishing including "flies" "turtles" "snakes" etc. are greatly appreciated.

Very truly yours,  
C. P. Olson.



## Outwitting Bass With a Fly Rod

By Bob Hanson

I DO quite a lot of fly fishing for bass providing, I can get enough gas to take me to my favorite fishing grounds, here in western Pennsylvania, we do not have much bass waters to choose from, however. I do catch some nice bass, occasionally, they are all large mouth bass, and they do give you plenty of action on a fly rod.

Usually real early in the morning or late in the evening, in my opinion, is the best time to fish for bass, and then I like to work my lure around the edges of the weed beds, where the bass are waiting to pounce out on any unfortunate minnow or frog, that ventures near. As all good bass fishermen know from past experiences, the natural feed of a bass is the small frogs that we find along the shores of lakes, ponds, or woodland shadowed streams, that's why my favorite surface bass lure, is a bucktail frog, this hair frog is as near a representative of this killing bait as any thing that has ever been perfected by the lure maker and when you fasten one of these lively swimming little lures to your leader, you feel assured that the bucktail frog has action that's hard to resist and any old bass that passes it up is either on a diet or has lost all interest in life. This lure has merit and is the only rival that a live frog has and is far superior to the real frog.

It is the real "McCoy" for an evening's fun on a lake or stream just before dark or at the break of day. These hair frogs cast easy, and is a pleasure to work over eddies and at the edge of shore weeds and pads, in lake coves and streams. These hair frogs are a light natural bait that, with a little practice on the part of the angler, can be made to actually represent a live froggie trying to get back to the safety of the shore. Cast it out where the bass are hiding or where you think they are feeding, then twitch the rod tip so as to make the bait kick, and jump and start its life-like swimming motion, and don't be surprised if it disappears in a spray of mist.

The frog I use is constructed entirely of hair, it has all the lively actions, and sensitive movements of a real live frog. There is a number of so called fly rod frogs on the market today, but the majority of them have grave faults, they drop on the water upside down or sometimes sideways, and in some instances are difficult to pick up cleanly and easily, some float too deep and absorb a lot of water, which helps to submerge them. I believe I have described this hair or bucktail frog to you fairly well, so now let us go on a fishing trip and try this favorite lure of mine. I attach one of them to my six foot leader of at least ten pounds test, using a six ounce fly rod, bass bug action and level line and automatic reel. You will need a landing net also.

Casting a bucktail frog to the edge of some lily pads, I watched it alight on the water perhaps thirty feet away from where I stood, for perhaps forty seconds, I permitted it to lie motionless on the surface before I started it back on its swimming retrieve. I gave the frog short twitches of not more than an inch

at a time and this caused the hair legs to kick like those of a real frog. The legs had not made more than three or four thrusts before there was an explosion on the surface and my frog had disappeared and a big bass was rushing away with it. I raised the tip of the fly rod and set the hook and the fight was on.

This bass had plenty of zip and I did not try to force him, just gave him plenty of line when he wanted it, and took in the slack line when I could and after about eight or ten minutes, he began to tire and I worked him into my landing net.

Sitting down for a few minutes I made another cast out to the edge of the lily pads. This time I retrieved the lure about six feet before it disappeared and another battle royal was on.



Sonny holds fine black bass caught by his dad Bob Hanson with "buck-tail frog."

This time my finny antagonist tried all the tricks that the bass is capable of performing but the same ultimate results were reached when the net slid under the bronze colored form, and then seeing that it was not the proper size for my own size limit I released it unharmed and hope it will grow big and wise and give some fisherman a good battle some day.

On my third cast I saw the frog fall on the surface about six or seven yards to the left of the spot where I had raised the second bass and still at the edge of the line of lily pads. Nothing happened.

After a few more casts I placed the frog almost against the weeds where I allowed it to lie motionless on the surface for thirty or forty seconds. I again started to retrieve with jerks of not over an inch at a time. Nothing happened this time, but on the second cast near the edge of the same cluster

of weeds, Zowie!—and the bucktail frog went under in a spray of mist as another bass tried to swallow it and I had the satisfaction of feeling the solid weight of another tackle buster bass, as it made a rush for deeper water.

I grudgingly played out the line to him and then made the experiment of attempting to check its rush too soon with the bend of the rod. Out came the bass shaking its bronze brown body viciously, trying to free itself of the lure and as the frog still held, it started rushing off in another direction and shortly came out again in another nice leap that permitted me to see that it was as large as the first one I had caught. Finally, however, the strain of my fly rod started to tell and the scene of the battle moved steadily now towards my landing net. Carefully working the fish closer I slid the net under him and the battle was over.

I made several more casts around those pads without any results, and then moved down the shore line to a spot that really looked good to me.

Casting out to where I had seen a fish break the surface of the water. As I started to retrieve, the lure bubbled and kicked its way about four to five yards toward me. The surface then opened with a slosh and another bass started on a mad rush for deep water. Checking this one, I saw it come out of the water also in a shower of scintillating rain drops, but the faithful hook held and it went madly dashing away for the lily pads and when I tried to check these dangerous activities the bass again went into the air and tried to free itself of what was causing him so much trouble. The tension of the fly rod and my automatic reel soon began to have the usual effect and this one also started to weaken and the faithful old net came out and went down into the water for its usual errand.

This body of water where I was fishing, is fished hard at all times, but I happen to know that it is hard for a bass to pass up a real live frog at any time and the bucktail frogs that I was using on this trip certainly put one over on these wise old bass, which like to feed early in the morning or late in the evening.

### ARGUMENT FOR INSURANCE

Hurrah! Five dollars for my latest story." "Congratulations, young man. From whom did you get the money?"

"From the express company. They lost it."  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Voice over the telephone to schoolmaster—Please, Alfred Jones will not be at school today, because he is in bed sick.

Schoolmaster—Very good, but who is speaking?

Voice—My father.

—Montreal Star.

Judge O'Flaherty: "Haven't you been up here before?"

Casey: "No, y'r honor. Oi niver saw but one face that looked loike yours an' that was a picture of an Irish King."

Judge: "Discharged. Call th' nixt case."



# TRY THE NYMPHS

John W. Budd--Billy Dickie

IT WAS past mid afternoon when Dad parked the car under the pines by the wooden footbridge and let us out. There was my old pal, Bob, who was home on a furlough from Camp Meade; Peter, the fourteen-year-old fly fanatic from across the street; my dad, the best fisherman of the bunch; and myself. The dried pine needles on the ground and the green ones on the trees smelled fresh and clean as the early May breeze sifted through their tops. It felt good to be alive and be out at the old camp again even though the stream was eight or ten inches lower than normal.

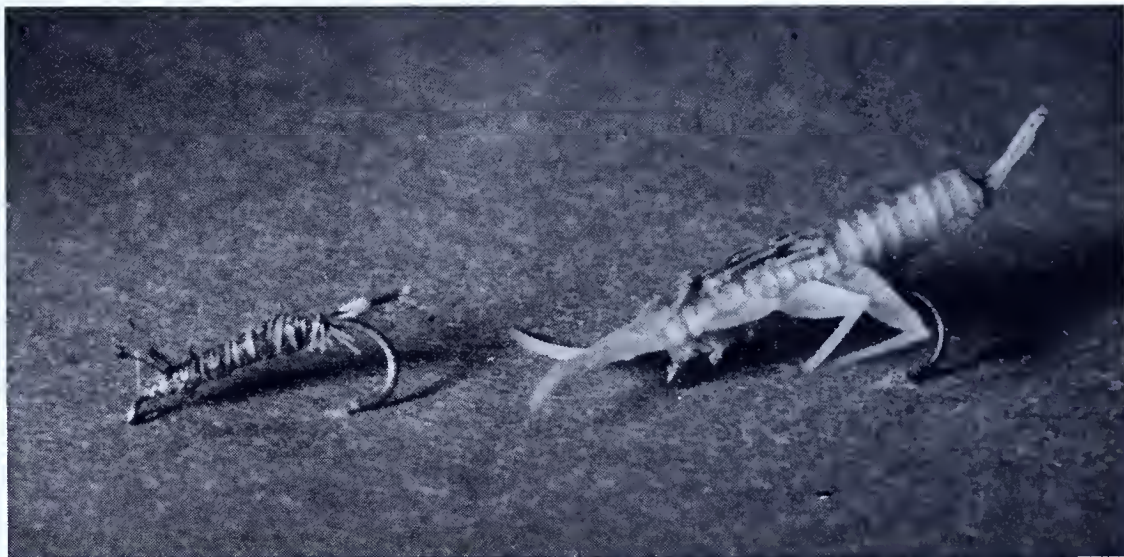
When Dad unlocked the door of the cabin we found that it looked and smelled just like it always did when we first opened-up in the spring. As we stepped inside it hit us square in the face, that smell of a camp that has been closed, that musty and dry, yet fragrant and damp, strange and rough, yet old and familiar—like home after a long trip. After we had opened the place up, Bob unplugged the fireplace and went out for kindling and firewood; Pete dashed across the road to the spring, drew a couple of buckets of water, and sloshed back to the kitchen; and while I finished emptying the car and got the bunks in order, Dad started our supper of ham-and-eggs and potatoes fried with plenty of onions.

After supper we just sort of drifted around in and out of the cabin for a while, feeling full and satisfied as we looked over our tackle and got ready for the coming day's fishing. Pete and I tied a few flies out on the kitchen table while Dad and Bob smoked on the porch. By the time it was dark we were all gathered around the fireplace swapping yarns and discussing in a very businesslike way how we would fish tomorrow. Bob and I were worried because the stream was so low. Bob is a great one for bait and I always put my faith in wet flies in the early part of the season, so perhaps we had reason to worry. Pete wasn't bothered about stream conditions at all and gave us to understand in no uncertain terms that there were great things in store for him and his own original dry flies. Dad just sat back in his corner rested his feet on one of the andirons and just let us blow off steam. When we were pretty well talked-out he told us that we had better be sure to carry a couple of nymphs along with us just in case our pet methods didn't pan out.

Dad's an old timer who has fished the Bear for the last forty years and he said some things that are worth passing-on. He reminded us that nymph fishing is a newcomer to the field of angling, that its possibilities have just in the last twenty-five or thirty years begun to be exploited. When Bob asked just what was the difference between a nymph and a regular wet fly, he went on to describe it as a wingless wet fly especially designed to imitate the natural

under-water food of trout. Nymphs are usually so much closer imitations of the real underwater life than the average run of wet flies that under certain conditions, especially when the water is low, they produce good catches that otherwise would not be taken.

Dad said there are several reasons why trout are attracted to nymphs. In the first place, they imitate the larva of various flies such as the caddis fly and the stone fly. He went on to tell us that the two principle species of stone fly found in the streams of the eastern states are the *Pteronarcys biloba*, which are found in the small cold streams,



and the *Acroncuria abnormis*, which are found in the larger and warmer streams and rivers. The two species of may fly found in the East are the *Ephemera*, which are found in waters of moderate temperature ranging from brooks to rivers, and the *Iron humeralis*, which are found in streams of average size which are very cold and clear. In the second place, Dad said, nymphs resemble small crustaceans, especially scuds, crawfish, water fleas, snails, and immature clams. Third, certain nymphs are tied to look like land-insects such as worms, grubs, flies, and caterpillars which have fallen into the water. And last, Dad expressed the belief that fish take nymphs, especially some of the futuristic designs which he had seen, because they just looked like something good to eat.

He told us not to be afraid to use a long, fine leader. He has a theory that with the exception of too speedy a retrieve, that too short or too heavy a leader is the major cause of failure in nymph fishing. His leaders generally taper from X to 4X or 5X and are never less than nine feet long. On occasions where the water in a still the water and the fish are out for food. One of the luxuries of the camp on the one has plenty of stream all to himself,

After wolfing breakfast and packing a couple Bear is that it is situated at the fork of the North and West Branches so that every-pool is unusually low and clear I have seen him drag out and use a 5X leader eighteen feet long.

On getting down to the nymph itself, he said that shape and construction materials are of much greater importance than color. The first nymphs were simply wet flies with the hackles cut off, but since then nymphs have advanced to a much more complex construction. He told us that he had had the best luck with those made with translucent live-rubber or plastic bodies on extra-light hooks. He brought out several boxes of various kinds and sizes which he passed around for us to examine and to try-out and then suddenly turned and kicked the embers of the back-log in the fireplace, and we knew it was time for bed.

We rolled out before sunrise in order to be fishing when the mist is just coming off

of sandwiches Pete started walking down the road along the main stream as fast as his hobnailed wading shoes and waders would let him go. Bob filled his bait can and took the trail up the North Branch. I stood and talked to Dad while he set up his rod. He gets a kick out of watching how eager the kids are to get started on the first day in camp. As I turned to walk up the road that follows the West Branch down the mountain he reminded me that since I was the staff photographer on this trip I'd better get back early enough to take some pictures.

I worked that stream like a demon for two hours or so with my favorite flies—No. 12 Cowdung and Red Fox on the droppers with a Royal Coachman on the tail. Brook trout up to about eight inches and two small Browns were the best I could do and I didn't feel like coming in empty-handed on the first day. Then I lost my Coachman in a tangle of roots and swore in seven different languages. When looking through the fly box I remember the nymphs. My regular wet flies hadn't done anything, so why not try a nymph on the tail just for luck? I selected a No. 12 of a pattern that

Turn to Page 21



### The First Day

What do you do, just before the First Day. Do you do the same as I. Do you watch the weather a-wondering whether they'll take a spinner or fly?

How will you rest the night before. Will you lie there half asleep, not quite sure if your favorite lure should be fished near the top or deep?

Where do you plan to make your first cast. Is it down by that old stone wall, or up at the bridge where they 'oft take a "midge"; or the pool near the waterfall?

How will it seem in that cold, cold stream, after wading 'bout an hour. Will you wish you could have a cup of hot "jav," or something with lots of power?

What will you do if you catch a few. Will you stop that very minute, or do as I do, fix that untied shoe and then go after the limit?

How will you feel if an empty creel is yours when the day is done. Will your little heart yearn for a nice fat worm so that you might catch just one? Or, are you the sport I think you are, one who can take it and grin; a guy who can say: "I had a swell day even though I hooked not a 'fin'."

GOLD RIBBED HARE'S EAR.

## PORTRAITS OF BROOK TROUT FROM

## THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH FARMS



### A Cubic Inch of Wood

Dr. Carl C. Forsaith of the New York State College of Forestry, Syracuse University, gives some astonishing facts about wood. A cubic inch of white pine, weight for weight, is stronger than common steel. When it is air dried it will support the weight of nearly 2½ tons lengthwise of the grain, although three-quarters of its volume is air.

The block contains between four and five million cells of a certain type called "tracheids".

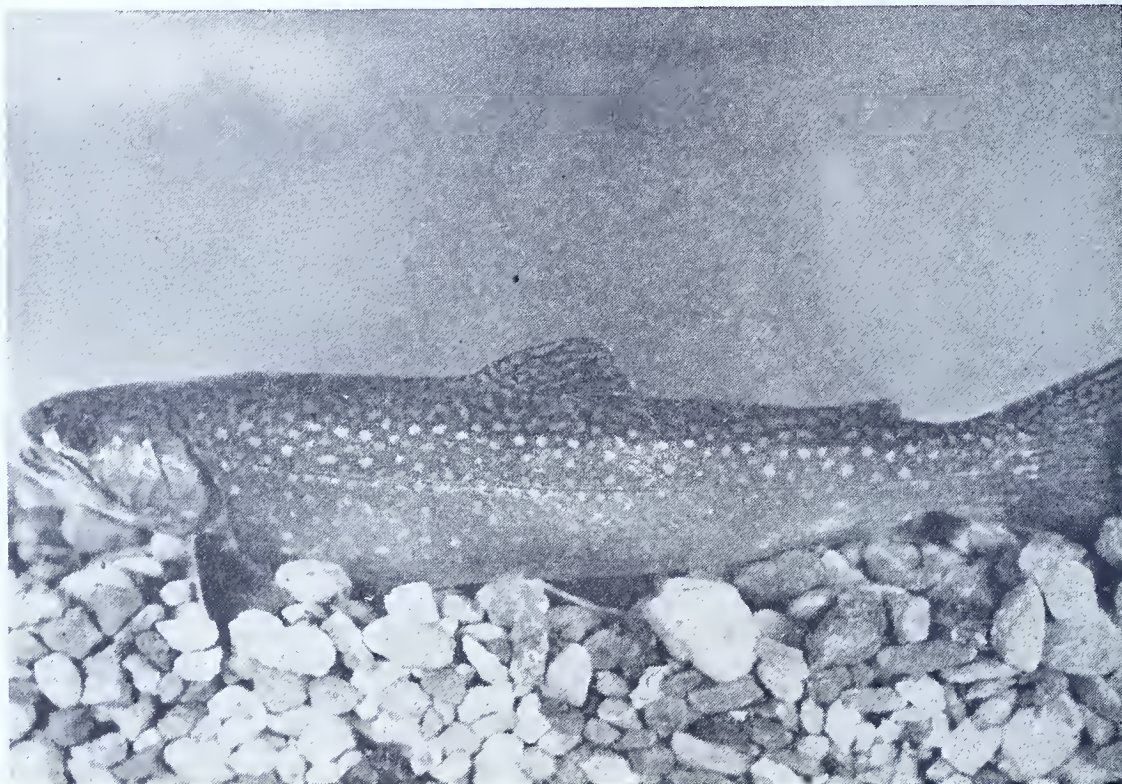
If placed end to end these cells would reach more than ten miles. White pine has three other kinds of cells. Organic matter constitutes approximately 99 per cent of the wood. Also there is to be found in it one-third of all known elements. Less than one percent is mineral matter and that is what is left in ash when the wood is burned. This comes from the soil.

Chemically it can be said that about one-half of white pine is cellulose, from which photographic film, rayon, cellophane, smokeless powder and other products are produced.

Dr. Forsaith also states that around one-fourth of the block is lignin, which acts like a cement, uniting the wood cells. The chemical formula for lignin has not yet been determined.

Another quarter of white pine is made up of sugars, resin, wax, acetic acid and pentosan. (A kind of sugar which will not ferment.)

Ethyl alcohol, which is exactly the same kind of alcohol that occurs in liquors and wines, can be made from wood.



The female brook trout.



The male brook trout.



Feb. 14, 1945.

Editor

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

You certainly have a great little magazine and doing a great job with it, it is worth more money. Here is my check for my renewal and one for a friend.

Keep up the good work on pollution, its long overdue.

Yours truly,  
Jos. J. Curt,  
Chester, Pa.

Little Jack Horner  
Stood on the corner  
Waiting to cross the street.  
He used his head  
When the light was red  
And on green he used his feet.



## OUTDOORS CALLING

### How to Get Along on Nothing Much

By BILL WOLF

Yesterday's sermon here dealt with the present stock of fishing tackle in the stores and the theme song was "Nobody Knows the Troubles I've Seen" trying to get such things as reels and other scarce items.

The conclusions reached were that the angler probably can find everything he needs except, possibly, a reel within his price class. Just suppose you really wanted to fish and had everything except a reel. What would you do? Would you have to give up fishing for the lack of this one thing?

If you did, you would be quite foolish because the reel is a comparatively recent invention in fishing, dating back a mere 300 years or less, whereas fishing is considerably older. The ocean bottom angler and the trout fisherman can get along without a reel if necessary.

#### Ways and Means

The ocean fisherman can coil the line in the bottom of the boat if he has no reel. Certainly, it will get all tangled up with everything else until the angler learns to keep other things out of the road. The rod can be used as though it held a reel, or a hand-line can be employed. Commercial line fisherman seldom, if ever, used a rod and reel.

The trout fisherman has even less reason than the salt water angler for depending entirely upon a reel. All I ever use a reel for in fly rod casting is as something on which to wind the line when moving from one spot to another. At all other times, I fish with free line held in the left hand in coils. So do many anglers.

It follows, then, if you had something on which to coil the line when not actually using it, you wouldn't need a reel. Such a gadget can be made by any handy person. I saw one constructed of two spring-type clothespins fastened to the rod butt. The line was looped over the two. A hook of the sort used in kitchens to hang up things could be fastened, wound or taped to the reel seat and the line coiled on it. Would have to be large however.

This is no suggestion that fishing finally has come to such a pretty pass, but is mentioned only to show that it is a faint-hearted angler who gives up because he lacks one thing. Last year an angler found, on arriving at the stream, that he had forgotten his reel. Worse than that, the missing reel held his only line. So he put together bits of leader material, leaders and odds and ends of line in his haversack, fastened it to the rod tip and fished all day with that make-shift outfit. You can get along on little.

#### Making It Do

Some equipment is interchangeable. While camping, the tip guide on a plug rod broke. It was of unusual construction and couldn't be repaired on the stream. But the tip guide on an extra fly rod joint worked very well

when removed and placed on the plug rod.

In normal times you are advised not to put fly lines on narrow arbor reels such as those used for plug casting. If you must, use such a reel now. Or buy one of those \$1 kid outfits and put the cheap little reel on your fly rod. It will work.

Use a bit of ingenuity and you will have a line holder. Heat the ingenuity white-hot like metal, shape it to your needs and let it cool.

### With Rod and Line

By CLYDE ROLLER

ONE matter considered by the West Shore Association at the meeting, attended by about 75 persons, was the proposed merger of the Pennsylvania Board of Fish Commissioners and the State Game Commission, the club adopting a resolution favoring continuance of the present arrangement by which the two agencies operate independently of each other. The association expressed the opinion that no such change as the one suggested should be made until servicemen now in the armed forces return and get a chance to make known their wishes in the matter.

The meeting was presided over by John W. Martin, president of the association, included a showing of a motion picture, "Wild Life Problems," which drew some highly favorable comments. The picture, a State Game Commission film, was shown by Leo A. Luttringer, Jr., chief of the commission's division of public information.

The association is now conducting a membership drive and a report made by Herbert Steigerwalt, of New Cumberland, chairman of the membership committee, indicated that the campaign is progressing in a satisfactory manner, with 225 persons at present enrolled. This does not include those now in the armed forces, who are being continued as members. About 15 or 20 were signed up at the meeting.

### Williamsport Fish and Game Club Selects New Officers

Howard R. Heiny was elected president of the Texas and Blockhouse Fish and Game Club of Williamsport at the annual meeting recently.

John H. Siegel was re-elected vice president and W. Herbert Poff, secretary-treasurer.

Directors named were George W. Stabler and Mr. Heiny, both re-elected and John H. Bender, a new member of the board.

Mr. Heiny succeeds Mr. Stabler to the presidency.

The majority of the 40 members in attendance went to the club in the afternoon and cut deer feed and distributed corn. Dinner was served before the meeting.

### Huntingdon Waltonians Reorganize

At the 1945 re-organization meeting of the Huntingdon Chapter, Izaak Walton League of America, the following officers were elected for the year 1945: President, J. W. Matthews, Huntingdon, Pa.; Vice-President, J. E. Shellenberger, Huntingdon, R. D., Pa.; Vice-President, M. D. Campbell, Mapleton Depot, Pa.; Secretary-Treasurer, John W. Newcombe, Huntingdon, Pa.; Directors, C. B. Boyer, James Creek; C. Herbert Jackson, Huntingdon; James G. Kyper, Huntingdon, R. D.; Fred B. Mark, Huntingdon; T. Roy Morton, Petersburg; Otis Shingler, Orbisonia; J. Walter Snyder, Huntingdon; Advisory Board, C. McKnight Africa, Huntingdon; M. D. Campbell, Mapleton Depot; J. Bland Clark, Mt. Union; Clyde W. Davis, Huntingdon; C. Jewett Henry, Huntingdon; G. I. Phillips, Alexandria, R. D.; Howard Shilling, Huntingdon.

### Big Urge

Once again wishful thinking  
Has gone to the jail  
Of the cold icy winter  
And arranged for the bail,  
And Big Fishing Urge  
Is released from the stall  
Where Old Man December  
Corralled him last fall.  
In a moment he's gone,  
At a two-twenty clip,  
With a hop, skip, and jump  
And a jubilant yip,  
To be the first one  
To catch that old gleam  
Of red spots on the trout  
In the silvery stream.  
Then I whistle to him,  
And call loud and long,  
To come back and get me  
And take me along,  
Out where the sugar sap,  
Climbing with ease,  
Holds its cup to the lips  
Of the buds in the trees.  
Big Urge then comes back  
And is willing to wait  
While I rig up my tackle  
And dig up some bait,  
And then we are off,  
Chuck full of that thing  
That might burst a robin  
If it could not sing.  
Out there with Big Urge  
I'm as happy as when  
I am actually back  
At my fishing again,  
And I'm thanking the Lord  
For the things He can do  
When He gets an old sinner  
Out under the blue.

F. JUDSON SEWALL.



# SATISFACTION

By Dad

**T**O BEGIN this story we will roll the years back to the year of 1912, that is 33 summers. Part of it has been told to a few real sportsmen who love to fish and enjoy the outdoors so with this thought in mind that maybe it will stir the heart of a few to do for their sons or some friend's boy the same as Harry did for me when I was only 10 years of age.

I was a boy of 10 living in a peaceful village playing the few simple games as most boys. Our fun was to play ball, swim and do a little fishing and not to forget the fun of that watermelon patch and the peach and apple tree of the neighborhood grouch on the way to the swimming hole. Our fishing grounds were a rippling brook winding through the hills that were around the mountains and the river winding through the valley.

One day a very nice and understanding man who we will call Harry came to live near by. Being a good fisherman he inquired who could he get to secure for him some helgramites and minnows as he wanted to go fishing. Harry was directed to me and as it proved later was told that I could guide him to some choice fishing spots in the brook and nearby river.

This was the beginning of a fine friendship and many enjoyable fishing trips together that summer. I well remember the day maybe the 3d trip that Harry taught me the fundamental principle of a good fisherman and that was to let the little fellows go so that they may grow to be big fish some day. Harry's lesson went something like this. "If all of the little boys were to be killed where would the men come from?" This was in language that I could understand and I always remembered it. Well we had many fine fishing trips that summer and on these trips Harry allowed me to use a special rod and reel of his, the last trip we made Harry said as a reward for letting the little fellows go so that they may grow to be big fish here is a present. To my surprise he gave me the rod and reel and today I have this rod and it is one of my most prized possessions.

Many years passed and I moved to the city and later I married. When my daughter was a few years old a friend asked me to go fishing. After several trips he asked me to try fly fishing and to his amazement I asked what is fly fishing? After a lot of persuasion I consented to buy the necessary supplies and after a trip to the tackle store I parted with a lot of folding money for an armful of fishing tackle and supplies. That week end I received my first lesson in the simple and easy art of fly fishing. My friend being a good teacher it was only a short time until we were having many enjoyable afternoons along the streams of Pennsyl-

vania. Since that time I have tossed a fly on many of the surrounding state's beautiful waters. As the years rolled by my collection of equipment became greater and along with this a greater knowledge of the wildlife in our state.

By this time a boy rounded out my family. Traveling around a few ideas began to form and with these ideas the desire to try something and hope for results.

My boy was 3½ years old when he enjoyed the first fishing trip. After a number of hours he caught a fair sized sunfish and believe me he was one proud boy, he had caught a fish. The next summer on a beautiful day we were fishing on the lower Susquehanna and on this trip that idea of mine was put into action. We were catching a number of sunfish and blue gills but they were running small so I said to my son here is a little story, that little sunny on your hook you must let go so that he may grow to be a big one. Well folks that was a rather big order for a 4½ year old boy to do but he let the little fish go. I told my son the same story that had been told to me many years before. If all of the little boys were to be killed where would the men come from? I further explained that as little boys grow to be big men so do little fish grow to be big fish. Fortunately it was only a few minutes until my son caught a real nice sunny and was he happy, he exclaimed look Daddy I have caught the Daddy of the little fish that I let go. Well then I knew that in a small way the lesson had taken root and maybe some day I would be rewarded. After 5 years one day last summer we were fishing from a bridge that was 35 feet from the water and as my luck must have been home I moved over to a pier near the center of the bridge. It was only a short time until my son caught a bass about 10 inches and he put him back with this remark, Let him grow to be a big one. After a few more strikes my son hooked into a nice one and he called Daddy I have a nice one on and after a battle for a 13 year old boy he landed him over the side of the bridge without a net. While my son was playing the bass I cautioned him to be careful as a fisherman would and very casually he stated Daddy I like to play him and if he gets off he will grow to be a bigger bass. The bass was a 17½ inch one and a real triumph for a boy this age and under these conditions. After an inspection of the fish my son stated Daddy let's give the bass to Mr. Ross as he likes to eat fish and his luck is bad on his fishing trips.

Well folks it was with great satisfaction that I went home that evening knowing that 9 years of patient teaching and wishful hoping had come true with these words, Daddy I like to play him and if he gets off he will grow into a bigger bass.

In closing may I put it this way. When you go fishing take your boy or girl and to those that have no children take the neighbor boy or girl along on those fishing trips. To your amazement your trip will be packed with fun and laughter. Some times I have 5 and 6 along with me and a pleasure and a privilege it is to do this small thing for a few youngsters.

Teach them how to fish correctly and to give the little fish a chance to grow into big fish. Remember, "Little boys grow to be men and little fish grow to be big fish."

If you practice this you will have the satisfaction that I enjoyed last summer when my son stated "Daddy I like to play him and if he gets off he will grow to be a bigger bass."

This kind of sportsmanship is needed ever so much and if it were put in practice more our fish wardens, police and probation officers would have a very easy job.

Be a friend of the boy and take him fishing and you too will have more fun.



Ellis D. Weigle of Waynesboro and a 4 lb., 3 oz. smallmouth black bass.

## To a Brown Trout

An evasive shadow, as shy as a child  
Older than we, yet faithful to the wild  
As sly as a fox, as bold as a King  
As swift as the swiftest bird on the wing.  
Your fastidious tastes cannot be denied  
You're as full of whims and moods as a bride.  
A vicious strike, like an electric shock  
A tug of war to get under a rock.  
A surging, plunging, struggle in the deep  
Then a beautiful rainbowed jewel-spangled leap.

It's a sad paradox beyond my ken  
You must so die to live in hearts of men.

—SEV. W. LASKOWSKI



# RAMMIN' AROUND

By C. M. CAMPBELL

SOME of us, possessed of a liking for the water be it sea, lake or stream, get a kick out of the situation when it is our lot to live adjacent to it. Such an abode may have its drawbacks; especially when the streams such as I live near; may overflow the bank to irrigate your front yard or stroll in the doors up to the first floor window sills. Several times a few tons of ice have been deposited on our lawn during the passage of a gorge. Frozen into miniature bergs, and forced out of bounds by water pressure, this ice has threatened the house itself. There is another side to the picture, however, which is manifest after the danger of ice gorges and Spring freshets is over. Then the river and creek are things of beauty as well as utility. Living near the junction of a big river, and a good, fishy creek, the Spring, Summer and Autumn days furnish a few fishing-fool pals and myself with a lot of sport.

Some of this is what I want to pass along, in the hope that it will strike a responsive chord in some others who may read this yarn.

Most of us at some time or other, no matter where we hung our hats, have been associated with some locality designated as—"Up the Creek." These are the fellows who will prick up their ears whenever anybody mentions a vacation "up at the shack." We have no shack, but live near enough to the water to almost fish from the front gate with a long pole. We keep a flat boat or some sort of scow for use "up the creek" when that is "where they are biting." One morning, while crossing the bridge over the creek, I saw a black bass chase a minnow almost out on the bank. With the significant indication that the bass might be biting, I lost no time going after my casting rod and my friend Bill. We beat it to the boat, cast for an hour and hung four nice bass on the stringer. An interested audience lined up on the bridge. They were twelve in number, ten men and two women, who had driven ninety miles since daylight, to look over the creek that had been recommended as the best bass water in this section. We learned later, that they were headed for the lake some thirty-five miles north, but their trip ended right on the bridge when they saw Bill and I tie into a nice bass, each, after only a little casting with plugs. The gang at once broke ranks to dig out their tackle, and a basket of soft-shelled crabs, split up the gang in pairs and trios, and in less time than it takes to tell it, were lined up along the banks of the creek on either side. Bill and I, with the advantage of the flatboat, held sway in mid-stream, further encouraging the strangers by hooking our two largest bass. One of the travelers hooked a carp, and succeeded, after quite a tussel, in dragging the leather back into the shallows some fifteen yards from the deep water. He started to yell his head off about the "bass" he had on, while the other members of the crowd chimed in until it was about as noisy on the old creek as was the Rose

Bowl whenever someone made a touchdown. The carp had been reeled into about four inches of water, where he messed around with half his back out in the breeze. Sure of his catch, the stranger bent to grab it just as the hook tore out of the flabby mouth. Without pausing to look up any maps or time tables, that carp started a bee line for the deep water with everything he had. Our man from outside tried frantically to scoop up his fish, and all but succeeded, but the carp was on his way to the depths, urged by a non-stop impulse. Our visitor hurled rock after rock at his fleeing "bass," and as a last resort, threw his hat at it just as its red tail disappeared in the deep hole. Says Bill, with a mirthful chuckle, "We could be arrested for even thinkin' what that guy is yelling." I thought so too, for his squalling was sulphurous enough to blister the paint on the bridge, fifty yards away. We saw that the carp and suckers were steadily stealing the bait from our gang of admirers, so Bill suggested that we take a fling at it for a change.

We let the boat drift down to a shallow bar close in at the end of a small island. Here we caught a few soft-shelled crabs, snapped on bass hooks to replace the plugs, and anchored our craft where the water was about ten feet deep. A few minutes later Bill had one on, and it was a circus to see him lead the big fellow around the boat, one way then the reverse. He was staging a show for the benefit of his audience, and they sure got their money's worth. He was handling the fish with great caution although it didn't look that way to the gang on shore. Every time he got the fish near the boat we could see that the hook was dangling perilously loose in a long rip in the carp's mouth. But Bill was an old-timer at this game. He allowed no slack line, but just let the big fellow tire himself out so he was easy to net. A chorus of varied remarks greeted Bill who said to me, in a stage whisper, "They think I got something," just as one of the women piped up "Will you LOOK at that fish?" It was about three feet long and later weighed in at 12¼ pounds. Soon after Bill had this one on the stringer my line started out in jerks that took out a foot of line at every yank. I let him go until the run was steady, then hit him hard. That started a ruckus that was apt to break my line. It was twelve pounds test when new, but had seen two seasons of service. As a ham actor I was much outclassed by Bill, so made no effort to put on a show like he did. I wanted to land this fish because he was a scrapper, pulling all I felt the line would stand. It was not possible to stop his runs, but they soon tired him out, and Bill scooped him out of the wet. More applause from the gallery. This one was a leather back about half the size of the first one, with only a single row of large scales covering his slats on either side. He was hooked through an eye which accounted for the scrap he put up. We each caught another one before lunch time, one of which

we lost when lifting the stringer in to the boat. We unloaded, and photographed the catch in the back yard, also weighed it to find that we had 31½ pounds of fish for the morning session, not to mention the barrel of fun we had listening to the comments of the gang from outside. We gave the remaining three carp to the visitors, leaving them happily engaged in a search for bait to replace that filched by the suckers and carp. I believe this day was the only one on which the carp were biting readily all season.

It was mid afternoon, and I was weeding in the garden when Bill strolled around the house, headed my way. That he was steamed up over something was written all over his map. He didn't attempt to unload what was stored under his hat so I, being curious, suggested that we take time out in the shade. Under the pear tree he started to unwind. Says he, "With all the rammin' around we've done we've never tried out a real early trip. How'd you like to take a trip up further this afternoon, camp out over night so's't hit the fishin' early in the morning, before daylight?" I fell for the idea, but didn't care to go any great way because there had been no reports from the "Stove League"

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## RAMMIN' AROUND

(From Page 19)

or by grapevine telegraph, of any considerable catches made in the river or up the creek. We agreed on a short trip up creek, and got away about six o'clock. We had to pole the boat over about a mile of swift water, and took our time to it because the sun was still hot although not much more than an hour high. We stopped at a spot where big rocks lined the bank on one side, among which we had stocked the stream with a thousand bass in the past two seasons. These came from the State Hatchery, and some of them were adult breeders. The other bank was lined with sand and gravel, long stretches of which were covered with weeds and willows. All considered, this looked like good bass water. We had a lunch with us, also an 8x10 tarp. A wide, flat rock sloping off to the water's edge made a substantial-appearing place to hang out. The boat was drawn half way up on this rock to secure it for the night.

Bill just had to test the fishing up here, and after making a few casts had his plug knocked out of the water when a savage bass struck at it close to the rock. "O. K. old boy, that's all I wanted to know—be seein' you in the morning," says Bill, putting his rod carefully in the boat.

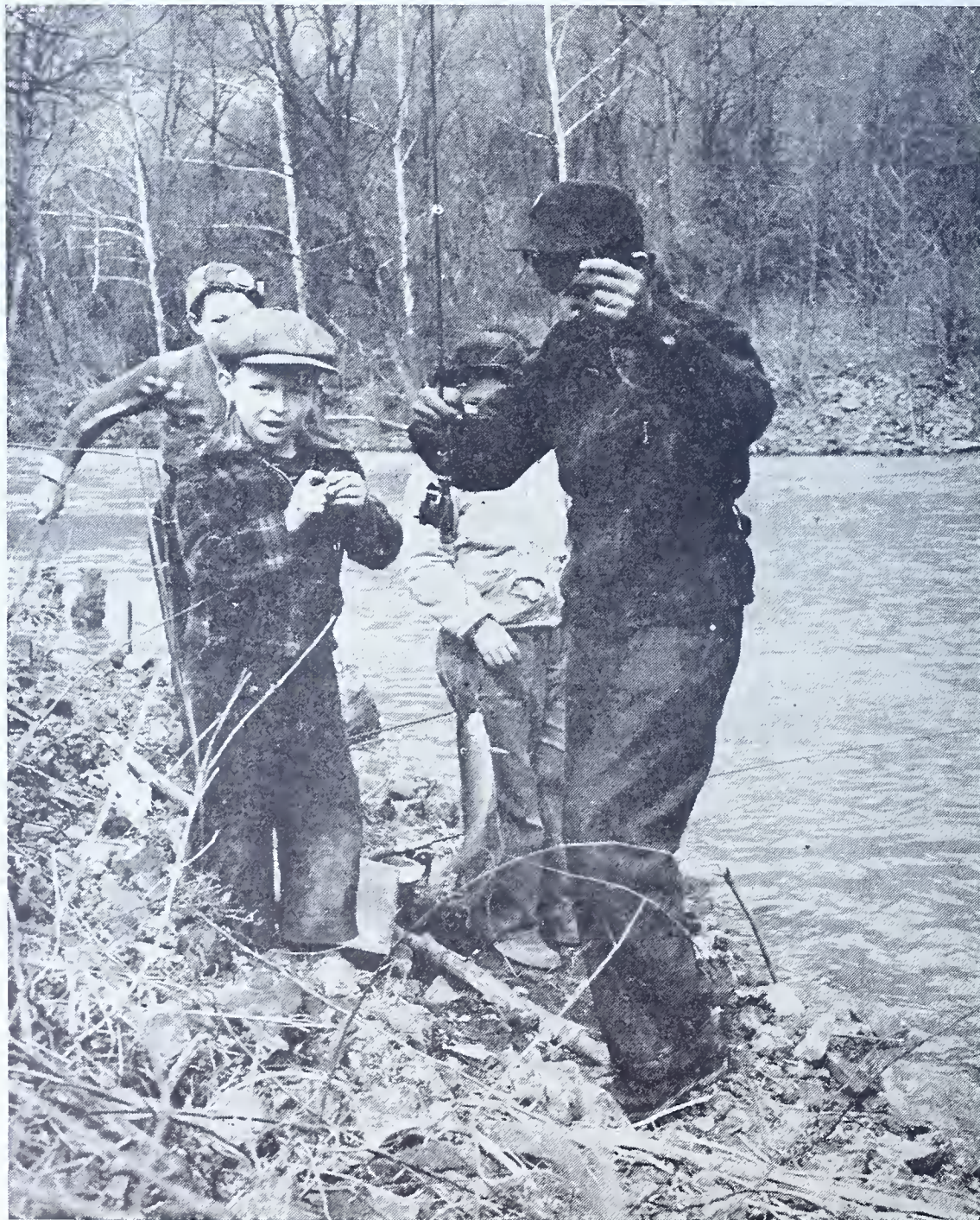
It was interesting to sit there in the twilight, and watch the action along the creek. When the shadows of the hemlocks behind us reached out to shade the opposite bank we spotted a big mink working along the water's edge. Now in, now out of the water, among the weeds, under over-hanging roots and willows—fearless as a lion. He didn't miss a bet in all the fifty yards of creek bank he searched, finally disappearing in the tall weeds at the edge of a meadow. A crane flew down creek sounding his rasping squawk from time to time and trailing his long legs like the tail of a small kite.

The owls and crickets started their evening serenade, and a flock of crows flew noisily off to roost. It seemed that Nature was sending her day shift home, bringing the night shift out for its tour of duty. For an hour we sat in the dark, listening to the concert—occasionally flashing a light on a couple of muskrats who were digging among a bunch of wild iris and pickerel weed. Bill said, "time to fly up on the pole" so we busied ourselves by cutting an armful of hemlock boughs for bedding, and piled them on the rock to soften it up a bit. We rolled our boots in our coats for pillows, used the tarp for a quilt and shortly drifted out of the picture for the night, leaving the owls, crickets and katydids to reel off their incessant racket. Just after two I woke up, tried to rouse Bill who was dead to the world, and took his time coming out of his coma. We pulled on our boots, rolled up the tarp, and tackled the lunch basket after boiling up a can of coffee. There was a light mist over the water, but not enough to dim the stars overhead. Shoving the boat off the rock we cast plugs for an hour or so without a strike, and just as the first pale glimmer of dawn began to show in the east, slid into the draw of the riffle, changing the plugs for spinners on the way down.

We floated rapidly over the swift water

to the eddy below where I got the first strike of the morning as we entered the quiet water at the foot of the riffle. It was a savage strike, and Bill started reeling in his line to clear the deck for action. Then he got an equally savage wallop within a dozen feet of the boat—Says he, "Two strikes and the bases full, let's get 'em." Bill had on a wide grin, and a big bass hooked. He must have thought he was in with the chickens for he yelled "shoo" at his bass to head it away from the boat, for it was coming right at him. What I had on was not apparent at first. The fish bored deep in the water, not breaking the surface at all after the strike, while Bill's bass stood on its tail time after time. After one of these leaps he tore off to the right, and the run brought him close to my fish. It seemed like they wanted to pull in double harness, but they went at it in the way you might expect an ox and a wild mustang to work under the yoke.

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WHAT JUVENILE DELINQUENCY PROBLEM?



## TRY THE NYMPHS

(From Page 15)

I had tied for Dad. It had a fat white chennile body with black ribbing and short bushy whiskers on both ends.

The next pool was one of my favorites. It was long and narrow and about three feet deep with a root-tangled overhanging bank on the far side. I worked the flies down along the far bank until they reached a point just above the very tail of the pool. So far there had been no action, so I held my rod under my arm and reached in my pocket for a cigarette, lighted it, and stood there for a moment relaxed and enjoying the scenery. I felt a faint tug on my line and struck hard, thinking, "another one of those little brook trout." The rod came alive and I found myself tied to a fine brown. Once he almost tangled me in the roots under the opposite bank before I slipped the net under him, fourteen inches of golden-bellied brown trout. After I cleaned him I sat on the bank and analyzed how I got him. That was it; the nymph could be fished exactly like live bait.

I took off the leader with the droppers and substituted a nine-foot one that tapered to 4X and tied the nymph on. Thereafter I cast the nymph directly into the current and let the current do all the work—just as if I were fishing with worms. After the fly reached the end of its downward journey I fished it back up like a worm, only slower and as close to the bottom as I could keep it. As I proceeded downstream I discovered that the slower I retrieved it the more strikes I got. The reason for this seems to me to be that natural nymphs are insects that crawl along the bottom or float downstream if the current makes them lose their grip on the stones; therefore, if the nymph is jerked swiftly through the water, the trout become suspicious. By the time I had fished the remaining mile of stream that separated me from the cabin I had killed three browns and one brook trout that were all over twelve inches long.

At noon when I put my rod in the rack on the cabin porch I caught Dad sleeping in a rocker and woke him up. He growled something about disturbing people's sleep and joined me at a cup of coffee over our lunch of jelly sandwiches. I kidded him about spending his time sleeping instead of fishing but he just told me to put my fish in the crock in the spring house on my way out and not to bother people who were smart enough to sleep instead of fish when the sun was so hot. I gathered my camera equipment and took the fish down to the crock. Inside there were two fish but as usual they were both fatter than mine and one of them was considerably longer than any of mine, and Dad had been on the porch since nine o'clock.

Pete was about two miles downstream. He had fished over a beautiful stretch of water but had only netted one good fish. Pete was griped at himself, the stream, and the whole world in general. About every two casts he would get very red around the face and neck and begin to rant like a trooper. We sat down above a good pool on the roots of a stump and watched two good trout that were lying near the tail

of the pool. Once in a while one or the other would lazily swim a short distance and take something off the bottom. Pete's dry fly had just disappointed him again on this pool; nevertheless, these fish were feeding. Pete said something about trying the nymph just to please my old man although he knew that nymphs wouldn't work either. Pete is descended from a long line of fly fishermen and is by no means new at fishing nymphs, but the methods used are so exacting that he usually finds it tiring. With a Cahill No. 1 tied on a tippet above his nymph he cast up and across stream and fished the dry fly exactly as if he had never heard of nymphs. On the first cast nothing happened, but just before the Cahill began to drag at the end of its second float it stopped dead for an instant and Pete struck. After the battle Pete killed a fifteen-inch brown. We traveled upstream and Pete made a killing on the nymph.

This method of fishing both dry fly and nymph at the same time is the least tiresome way to use the nymph. You need the same hair-trigger nerves that you use when wet fly fishing but there is always the dry fly to watch as an indicator. This is the best way we have found to fish nymphs under banks and root-tangles without getting stuck. When unfamiliar with a stream it is best to float a dry fly through the spot first in order to figure out where the nymph will go. It is best to allow a little extra time for the nymph to reach the bottom before beginning to cautiously work the nymph through a pool.

With the nymph more than with any other type of fly it is necessary to completely fish-out the cast. Sometimes the trout will follow your retrieve almost up to your feet before he decides to take it.

One thing about fishing with nymphs that discourages a lot of fellows is that more fish are missed than are hooked. But what's the difference; a fellow who is familiar with nymph fishing gets a lot more strikes.

We had Bob's catch of brook trout for supper. Oh brother, the way Dad broiled those fat speckled babies makes my mouth water yet. Pete wanted to know how a bait fisherman like Bob could ever do any damage using nymphs. We all knew that Bob used only about two feet of leader and that the North Branch is too narrow a stream and too heavily-wooded to do much casting. Bob claimed that all he did was sneak along the bank and dangle his No. 16 nymph into the pockets about halfway between the bottom and the surface—just like sneak-fishing with worms. His method sounds unorthodox, but we ate ten juicy brookies that proved how well it worked.

Just as the first star began to show Dad took his rod off the rack and we followed him down the path to the dam. The dam is a pool that covers about 1 of the 3 acres of the old cow pasture. It is triangular in shape, narrow at the inlet and about 75 yards wide at the breast. The rest of the pasture is very rough and practically treesless, with sheets of bluets and a goodly spattering of red and yellow paint brushes. Below the pond there is a thick woods and on the far shore the timbered hillside literally falls into the water with here and there a hemlock drooping horizontally over the water

with its lower branches reaching into the depths. The sunset was at its peak as we reached the pond and the sky tinted the clear waters with every hue from rose to gold.

Dad stood on the end of the pier in the middle of the pond and began to cast. He made three or four false casts and finally let out about fifty feet of line. He allowed his Royal Coachman float for a while and then began a leisurely retrieve, a few twitches and a pause, then a few more twitches and another pause. There was a splash and a tug; then Dad pulled against the taut line.

This was his first strike. He was excited as he held his now-living little three-ounce rod in his right hand while he retrieved line with his left. The fish ran deep and would not jump. He could feel by the short jerky movements that this was not a big one, but he felt that electric tingle of excitement just the same. He eased the trout over to the bank where Bob netted him, wet his hands, and then released him. During the next hour Dad caught and released three more about the same size.

It was getting pretty dark; the whip-poor-wills had begun to cry; bats dipped low over the water; and we were all tired. Bob held the flashlight while Dad cut off his Coachman and substituted a rubber stone fly nymph. He made a long cast, planting the nymph in the deep water under the laurel bushes on the far side. He seemed to wait forever in letting his bait reach the bottom before the retrieve began. He pulled in about two feet of line at a time with a long, slow, steady pull and then waited about thirty seconds before he retrieved again. About halfway back he got a light touch. He struck immediately and the rod became alive, bent into a crescent, line tight as a fiddle string came off the water in a long, dangerous pull. Dad was afraid the 5X leader would break if the strain increased. His reel buzzed as the fish took line. The tapered line had run out and the black silk backing was getting dangerously low when the fish turned and ran back toward us like a torpedo. Almost under the bridge the fish dived deeper and started back toward the deep water along the mountain. He speeded up his run; then abruptly stopped to sulk. Dad could feel him shaking his head. There was a rush and he leaped, black and dripping in the afterglow.

None of us had ever seen such a trout before. There was a heaviness, a power not to be held, a bulk of him that looked more like a muskie than an old brown trout. For twenty minutes or so the big fellow dove, jumped, and raced up and down the pond. At length he began to show signs of weakening and finally turned over on his side. Dad led him to the shore where Bob, Pete, and I waited, but he was too big to net.

In order to see where his gills were and to keep our fingers away from that needle-studded undershot jaw somebody turned on a flashlight. That was our undoing, for the big fellow made a lightning dive and run which Dad could have controlled except that a kink in the line caught in the first guide and the leader broke. Nobody said a word and in a little while Dad reeled in his line

Turn to Page 23



## 25 YEARS TROUT FISHING

(From Page 4)

and has found that the yearly variation in arrival is very small, although I believe that May the twenty-eighth, more nearly approximates the average date. As the majority of you know, many a trip is now planned to the Fishermens Paradise around that time, and the angler can always be assured of good sport providing he is equipped with proper flies such as the Green, Black and Grey Drakes and the corresponding nymph.

In compiling this emergence table certain important information was needed, such as, the date the insects appeared over the water; the name of the stream and its location; and finally the name of the fly. The first two proved easy, but the third was the extreme opposite, of which I will have more to say later on.

In collecting winged insects certain tools such as a net, killing bottle, pins, etc. are needed.

The diameter of the net should be approximately ten to twelve inches and depth of bag about one and one half to two times this amount; the material should be of the finest cloth obtainable; and the handle should be about three feet long.

The bottle containing the killing agent is constructed as follows: Procure a wide mouthed bottle with a screwed top. Place two sheets of blotting paper over the bottom; over this blotting paper place a layer of cyanide of potassium about one fourth of an inch thick; on top of the cyanide pour a thin layer of plaster of paris about three sixteenths of an inch thick; and finally on top of this, place two more sheets of blotting paper. The bottle should at all times be tightly corked and should under no consideration be inhaled, for the fumes are extremely poisonous. After constructing such a bottle, it should be allowed to age for about a week before being used. Insects should not remain long in the bottle, and as soon as killed should be removed and pinned dry.

Pins for mounting may be procured from biological supply houses. They are about one and one half inches long, have a small head, and are black enameled. Size No. 1 will prove about right for trout stream insects such as mayflies, stone flies, caddis flies, etc. and they are invariably pinned through the thorax. Mayflies should be mounted with wings in a vertical position.

A box must now be prepared for housing the pinned specimens. This can be an ordinary cigar box—rather deep—having a three fourths inch layer of cork over the bottom. Assuming that the insect is as yet unidentified, a small sheet of paper should be pinned underneath the specimen, this paper to furnish the date and location of the catch.

Another means of preserving insects is by dropping them into a bottle containing seventy percent alcohol. A slip of paper written in pencil describing location and date should be put in with the insects for ready identification. The above method is not very satisfactory for the colors will soon fade, in fact fading will occur in all insects preserved in any solution, regardless of whether alcohol or formalin is used.

In collecting specimens I would urge that a considerable quantity be secured. In addition to those secured by the net, one can quite often pick them off of spider webs and shrubbery bordering the stream. Collecting after dark can be accomplished by driving the car along the waters edge, spreading a white sheet over the hood and turning on the lights. Caddis flies and sub imago mayflies are especially attracted to light, and it is a simple matter to pick them off the sheet and drop them into the bottle. In mayflies, the male fly is preferred since entomologists invariably describe the male characteristics which offer a ready means of identification. The male fly can be recognized by the presence of a pair of claspers shaped like calipers on the end of its abdomen. If male and female can be secured in copula so much the better, for then the specific name of both sexes remains unquestioned. If the mayflies are in the subimago stage, it is well in addition to the dead specimens, to secure a number alive and hold them over for a day or two awaiting their transformation to the spinner or imago stage. While awaiting this final moult, the sub imago may be kept alive in a small cage made of window screening. A few damp leaves should be kept in the cage to insure the proper moisture. After transformation to the adult stage, the insects can then be killed, and if males are among the lot, no special trouble should be encountered in their identification. Thus by holding over such insects, one can secure male and female specimens in both dun and spinner stages. I might mention that the dun or sub imago may be recognized by the fine hair around the wing borders, and by its dull colored wings. These hair can only be noticed with the aid of a magnifying glass. If the wings are clear and sparkling, the fly is undoubtedly a spinner or imago.

Entomologists are usually glad to receive specimens for determination and none of them charge anything for this service. Many will provide you with bottles containing a solution for their preservation, and for shipment. Put in a request that half the specimen be returned.

In shipping specimens—either pinned or in bottles—the original container should be packed in excelsior in another larger box, so that the specimens will not be injured. Those preserved in a solution should have the bottles filled full to the cork, so that no splashing or jarring will result. The package may be sent parcel post, and it should be labeled "Museum specimens—may be opened for postal inspection if required."

Insects should be sent to entomologists who are specialists in that particular order. Those who have determined material for me include McDunnough, Ross, Needham, Alexander, Betten and a great many others; however I have determined the specific names of many mayflies without any assistance on their part.

The study of entomology is most fascinating. I have spent many hours over it, but it requires considerable time and study before one can hope to trace down a fly to its specific name. Monographs of the various orders are absolutely essential. In general insects should be sent to some authority for verification, even though you are sure that you have named the fly correctly.

For those who don't want to go to all the study and work in making up a collection, the value of an accurate emergence table compiled over a long period of time, should be apparent. By referring to this emergence table one can know what hatches to expect at a certain time, and this coupled with a description of the fly should be the means of naming it correctly.

After a great many years spent in collecting trout stream insects I finally decided that there was sufficient material on hand to compile an accurate emergence table for Pennsylvania waters. Throughout the process of collecting, one thought remained uppermost in mind, that was, that only the most common flies—those which appeared on the majority of streams—would be included in the final list.

Final assembling of the data was concluded in 1934 and hundreds of flies—indigenous to certain localities and not having a wide distribution—were discarded and thrown out as having no practical value.

While all this work was progressing I decided to try and get the matter published in book form. Only one other work relating to this subject—Louis Rhead's *American Trout Stream Insects*—had hitherto appeared on the market, and I felt that there might be a demand for a book written in more detail.

The business of finding a publisher for the book proved most discouraging. Everyone seemed to like the work but when it came to totaling up the cost, the price proved prohibitive and the manuscript was returned with a polite letter of regret. Those colored plates of flies—over which I had labored so long in getting them accurately drawn to scale, and colored the exact shade, using pinned specimens as models—proved a hindrance instead of a valuable addition. The Lippincott Co. was almost on the verge of publishing the book, when war clouds appeared on the horizon, and they abandoned the idea. Keenly disappointed I stored the manuscript away in the closet, discouraged over the long time I had spent on its preparation.

Since the majority of the insects were collected on Pennsylvania streams, I could think of no more fitting place for its publication than the *PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER*; however since there was a possibility of incorporating the material in book form at some future date, it was thought best to have the articles copyrighted.

In 1941, there appeared the first installment entitled, *Natural Insects and Their Imitations*, and the final number which included the emergence table was published in March 1942. My personal feeling was that the emergence table was the most informative part, and this was confirmed by numerous letters received commenting on the series.

In 1942, I signed the contract with the Christopher Publishing House in Boston, who were to publish the manuscript in book form. In 1943 *Practical Fly Fishing*—embodying a great number of my articles in the *ANGLER*—appeared on the market, and in slightly over a year's time the edition was sold out. This can be attributed in part to the efforts of Alfred W. Miller (Sparse Grey Hackle) of

*Next Page*



The Anglers Club in New York, and Bob Hall angling editor of *Sports Afield*, both keen anglers and delightful fishing companions. Those who have reviewed the book were most generous in their praise, and my critics have been very kind. The publishers are now engaged in getting out the second edition, something very satisfying, but far more comforting is the thought that some contribution may have been made to the annals of piscatorial entomology of which we know so little.

## FEDERATED SPORTSMEN'S CLUBS— CONVENTION

(From Page 6)

damage to the locality where this has occurred and continuing loss to the Township, County, and State. Be It Resolved that a law be enacted requiring a permit to excavate for coal or other minerals in such a manner and that such a permit be issued only after sufficient security is approved to guarantee the leveling of this disturbed surface so that at no place shall there be a greater slope than twenty (20) degrees and to guarantee the reforestation of such surfaces as directed by the Department of Forests and Waters. Approved.

### No. 19—Southwest Division

Whereas: The Sanitary Water Board is embarking on a State wide clean-up campaign to free our streams of pollution, and Whereas: Many of our unpolluted streams are in immediate danger of becoming polluted by deep mine and surface strip mine drainage; while other streams on this program are being cleaned of other industrial waste and sewerage, as covered in the existing laws, and Whereas: The Sanitary Water Board has no authority under the existing legislation to prevent present or future pollution of our streams by deep mine or surface strip mine drainage or seepage, and Whereas: Under existing pollution laws, even those streams which the Sanitary Water Board would clean of other industrial pollution wastes and sewerage, could even after cleaning, be then polluted to any possible concentration by those mine drainages, and Whereas: The Washington County League is of the opinion that these interests can best be served through the presentation of these facts and findings to you delegates and officers of the S. W. Division and to be herewith presented in the form of a motion, for your worthy consideration to be submitted through the Washington County Sportsmen's Conservation League. Therefore Be It Resolved: that the Southwest Division of the Federation League take all possible action to promote and obtain legislation empowering the Sanitary Water Board to immediately stop the pollution of unpolluted streams by prohibiting the discharging of any deep mine or surface strip mine drainage or seepage into any now unpolluted stream within The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. And further, that any streams cleaned up under the Sanitary Water Board or any other campaign shall be then considered unpolluted and shall receive no future pollution. Approved.

### No. 20—Central Division

Resolved: That the Governor of Pennsylvania be commended for his stand for pure streams and that we favor the passage of the Brunner Amendment to the Pure Streams Law placing coal silt within said act; and that a copy of this resolution be sent to all members of the State Legislature in this Division. Approved.

## TRY THE NYMPHS

(From Page 21)

and we silently walked back up the path to the cabin. The old buster got away, but God, what a memory!

Nymph fishing is more or less a newcomer to fly fishing during the last twenty-five or thirty years. For my part I do not care to fish the nymph steadily because it requires such a high degree of nervous tension and perfect handling to make it produce; however, neither Dad, nor Pete, nor I ever start a trip without having a few nymphs along "just in case." They work best when a rise on a dry fly is missed, or when the more common ways of fishing have failed, and very often, as illustrated by the story of our first-of-May outings, they have produced the biggest fish of the trip.

## RAMMIN' AROUND

(From Page 20)

With some work on the rods as well as a lot of terse advice, handed back and forth from our respective ends of the boat, we put a stop to that ruckus, but sweat some for fear of fouled lines. Bill, working his reel after the fashion of a deep-sea fisherman soon bounced his bass into the boat. He yelled at me to hold tight, and with powerful strokes of the paddle, drove the old scow well up on a gravel bar. The fish I had on disliked the idea, and headed down stream with everything he had. He was tired, however, and soon gave it up. He came to the surface on his side, holding that position without a struggle while I stripped in fifty feet of line to bring him up to the boat. It was a walleye, 32 inches long, and weighed six and a quarter pounds. We had fish enough, but there was yet a quarter mile

of excellent water between us and home, so I urged Bill to cast this stretch, and took the paddle to keep him near the old tried and true "holes". There was no action until we reached the bridge which was also the scene of yesterday's fun with "fish and foreigners," as Bill put it. Here things started to pop again. It was barely daylight, the sun as yet too low to show over the horizon, but a rosy glow over the hilltop indicated where it would rise. I was mooning over this, but snapped out of it when, with a click like a steel trap a bass took Bill's spinner just as it hit the water at the limit of a short cast. For the next few minutes the gamest three pound bass did his stuff in the most desperate manner it was ever my good fortune to witness. He had Bill in a tight spot. Almost rubbing the bridge pier on his left while on the right a dead tree which had lodged under the bridge during the spring freshet, offered a haven for the fish that it did its best to attain. Bill was determined to keep him out of that hazard. The bass splashed water all over both of us in his efforts to beat Bill to it. He jumped, time and again, darted in sudden, sidewise rushes to get under the roots of that tree, and when Bill turned him, flashed the whole length of the trunk, his sides gleaming gold in the early light. Meanwhile I paddled like an Indian to get away from that tree, hoping to tame this demon once we had him in the clear. It was no use. He was the fastest work I ever saw, and appeared to be on all sides of the boat at once, to the complete amazement of both Bill and I. Finally, in spite of all Bill could do he darted under the boat, before Bill could stop him and before it occurred to Bill to let him have a little slack line, had put a kink in Bill's split bamboo casting rod that he never was able to straighten out completely. At last, after unloading all the tricks known in the code of the black bass, a lucky pass with the net brought him, fighting-mad into the boat. Bill sat down, rubbed one eye and his left wrist, yawned, spat in the creek and relieved his feelings with the declaration—"No more rammin' around up creek for me as long as such fish stay in this hole." "We could have slept in our own beds last night an' still hooked all the fish we needed this mornin'."

"Boy! Wouldn't that gang we had here yesterday click their eyeballs at this string?"

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MY KID BROTHER IS FISHING FOR MERMAIDS!

GEE! I WONDER IF THERE ARE ANY MERMEN? I'D SPEND MONTHS TO CATCH ONE OF THEM!

BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS

THAT ROCK YOU JUST STEPPED ON IS A TURTLE!

HOLY SMOKES! HERE COMES MY BOSS...AND I ASKED FOR THE DAY OFF TO GO TO MY GRANDMOTHER'S FUNERAL!

WOW! NOW MEBBE I'LL GET A DAY OFF TO GO TO YOUR FUNERAL!

THIS IS A FINE TIME TO TELL ME!

LOOK, MAE! CHEESECAKE!

HOORAY! A PIN-UP BOY!

PUT DOWN YOUR PANT LEGS...THOSE GIRLS ARE WHISTLING AT US!

THERE AIN'T NO JUSTICE...WHY DIDN'T GALS WHISTLE BEFORE I WAS TOO OLD TO ENJOY IT?

WHEET WHOO

BEFORE THE WAR THIS STREAM USED TO BE FULL OF MEN!

I WONDER IF THE STATE WILL STOCK IT WHEN PEACE COMES?

I COULDN'T GET A BOX TO KEEP MY FLIES IN!

WHY NOT USE A SHEET OF FLY PAPER?

YEP, I HAD ONE SIX FEET LONG BUT HE GOT AWAY!

IS SHE TALKING ABOUT A WHALE?

NO! HER HUBBY... HE JOINED THE NAVY!

THE MANPOWER SHORTAGE HITS FISHERMEN'S CREEK!

©-CARROLL



# PENNSYLVANIA Angler



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May 1945



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# PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

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MAY, 1945

## — COVER —

### "IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA"

*Photo Courtesy  
Penna. Dept. of Commerce*

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PENNA. FISH COMMISSION



## E D I T O R I A L

### *Half Way!*

Yes, just half way but what a terrible long way we have come—what a terrific price we have paid along the way—but then, too, the fire in Europe has been stamped out. The legions of Attila, Attila the scourge of God, Attila the HUN, have once more been ground into the dust of defeat. The last ALL-CLEAR has been sounded in Europe and the lights are on once more. Yes, the murder and bleeding and tears of innocent people have come to an end across the Atlantic—but we are just half way!

NOW! More than ever before must we, you and I, and all of us, buckle up for the last half of our gruesome journey. A journey which will take us clean across the Pacific and into the lair of the yellow fiends of Japan. Into the very bestial, brimstone pits of the Godless. The world can never be free, there can be no peace, there can be no security, no affection, no civilized society—so long as the clanking chains of the devil can be heard from across the sea; for truly the devil is loose upon the earth.

We can't quit now! This is NOT a time for rejoicing! This is NOT a time to weaken our most remote effort! But now is the time for all-out concerted action. The 'Hay-maker' must be delivered to the destroyer of mankind.

Yes, you Japan, are next! America is just HALF WAY!

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



# BLIND DATES

By N. R. CASILLO



Mr. Casillo

SOME days ago I chanced to compare the best fishing dates of two well known and widely circulated fishing calendars and was jarred by their incompatibility.

What did the inconsistency prove? Nothing, perhaps, except that two individuals working with the same set of natural phenomena arrived at different conclusions. Possibly, minor manifestations were treated or interpreted differently. Even so, how come there could be such a variance in their conclusions?

The more thought I gave the matter the more intriguing it became. I finally concluded that my reasoning powers were too inadequate to grasp the great fundamental truths expressed by the creators of the baffling charts.

Let's compare the best fishing dates for September of that year. Calendar No. 1, we'll say, indicated the following as absolute tops: 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11. On the other hand, calendar No. 2 picked these: 4, 5, 20, 21, 22, 27, 29. As you doubtlessly have observed, only two days in the latter coincide with those in No. 1. Also, most of the days in No. 2 go beyond the range of those in No. 1.

Let's probe deeper. From the 4th to the 9th inclusive, the moon was on the wane. On the 10th it was dark, and on the following day it began to wax. Clearly, the originator of No. 1 is a believer in the theory that fish bite best during that period when the orb is approaching obscurity.

Accordingly, on the 20th, 21st, 22nd, 27th and 29th, the moon showed approximately the same area of lighted surface as it did on the immediately foregoing dates although it was waxing. Also, on the later dates meteorological charts indicated that the sun was to be singularly free from spots. From a gravitational angle the sun and moon were exerting their maximum influence on terrestrial waters at that particular time.

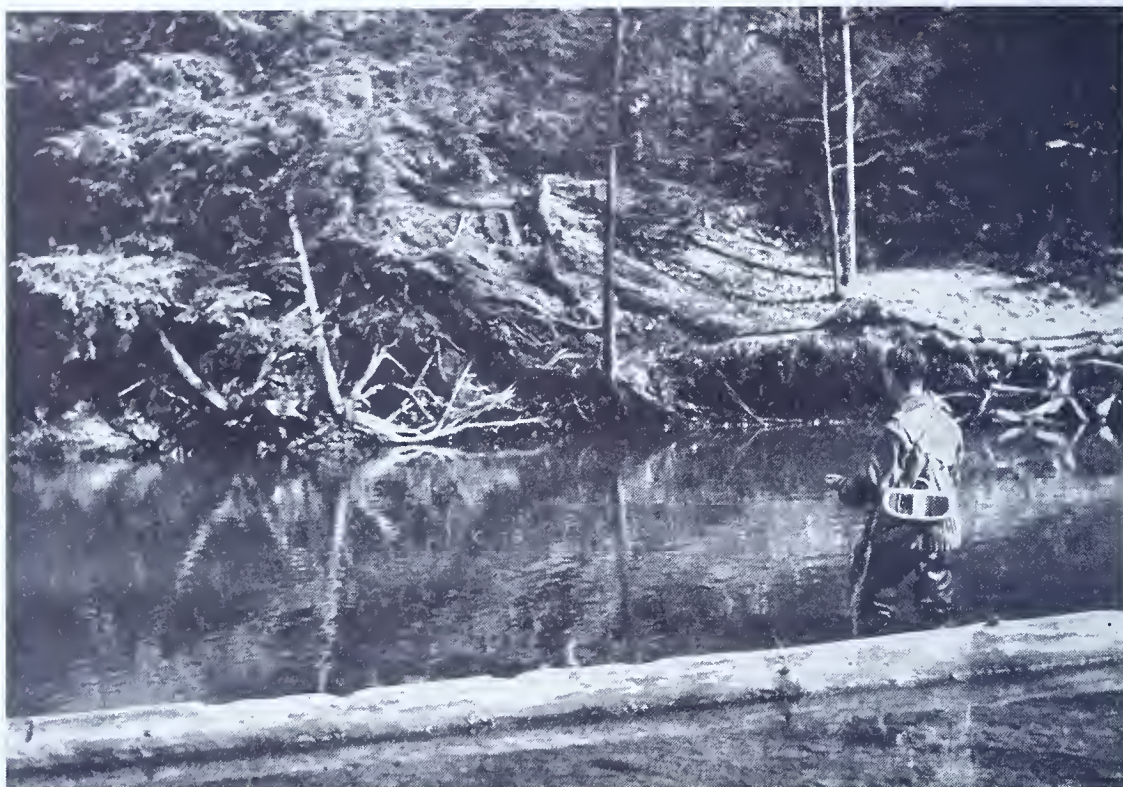
However, why should the fish bite best on the dates depicted on either or both calendars? Brother, you've got me there. Oh, I could say that the fish like to feed on dark nights or that the moon and sun combine their forces in drawing them to the surface or any of a dozen more equally vague statements. But, here, one of the calendars actually specified the hours of the day or night when the fish were expected to feed. That, my friends, had me on the ropes.

Anyway, when arranging the dates of our annual Canadian trek I produced the calendars and spread them before my companions.

Bill studied the two for a moment, cast one aside with the remark, "This is the one."

A glance showed it to be the one we had regularly used. "Suits me," I said.

Bill, in the meanwhile, had picked up the dis-



Ideal pool on the "Caldwell"—dimpled with feeding trout—even if all the signs are agin' you

carded one and was avidly perusing it, all the while making little animal sounds like those I imagine all great minds make when on the threshold of a momentous discovery. A few minutes later he launched into a dissertation on why it should be used.

"But, we've always used this one," Bill insisted.

"Listen," conclusively pronounced Burr, "this fellow uses his head. He has something." He argued on the logicity of the prognosticator's interpretation of the moon's phases or something. I'm still in the dark however, as to what it really proved.

Bill was equally inflexible, so there was nothing to do but draw straws.

Burr won and grimly set the dates.

Bill slowly wagged his head and groaned. "Those dates are as blank as some blondes I've known," he lamented. Meaning that the little fishes on the calendar he championed were practically blank or unshaded. And as you dictates favoring the dark of the moon theory well know, that's bad medicine.

I said nothing. It would prove an interesting experiment to give the dates selected by Burr a tryout. Our expert angling friends and, it may be added, solid supporters of the calendar that had until then guided all of our piscatorial ventures, sadly shook their heads. We were about to desecrate something or other that they had almost always religiously observed.

In a long argument *en route* to the fishing grounds, Burr summed up his views by stating that he had always calculated that the waxing moon was more effective in pulling fish to the surface. "It pulls the water, doesn't it?" he reasoned.

"Then, why 'ja never say so before?" fiercely hissed Bill.

"Because I was never quite sure until I saw this calendar," responded Burr as he affectionately patted his breast pocket.

In the full week spent repeatedly fishing the favored spots of the lake whereon we camped, we had phenomenal success. Much to Burr's glee and Bill's disgust, the bass fell for everything but the anchor.

"And they'd take that too if we'd only garnish it with a bit of porkrind and a few feathers," taunted Burr.

According to my records, at exactly 8:47 A.M., on the fourth day of our stay, the theretofore famished fish folded up. There was no tapering off, they just quit cold. Bill brightened up.

Burr said nothing, baited his hook with a nightcrawler and proceeded to again bestir the bilious fish into a healthy activity. At the new offering they promptly went haywire again.

"Worm fisherman," sneered Bill as he landed a two-pounder with a length of worm protruding from its mouth, although his lure was a bucktail and small tandem spinners.

Completely unmoved by the recrimination, Burr impaled another worm and plopped it into the water. "They needed a change," he explained. "Fish get off their feed even as you and I," he added with a grin. With that I'll be dog-goned if he didn't switch back to the feather minnow he had been using prior to the worms and promptly snag a lunker. It was positively uncanny.

From then on all three of us caught fish until we tired of landing and releasing them. And that's no figure of speech either. What's more, Bill really enjoyed it until he thought of the greater joy that Burr was getting out of it.

Late the following winter when his favorite tackle shop had stocked the new edition of the calendar, Burr purchased a full dozen of them so



as to be sure of a supply when the season rolled round.

That spring (1937), the opening day of trout season broke cold and cloudy. Indeed, it all started on the night before with a heavy rain and sleet storm.

"Guess we'll have to call off our little trip," gloomily phoned Bill on the eve of our proposed excursion.

I agreed with him and later got in touch with Burr to break the bad news.

He would have none of it. "What if the stream is high and muddy," he stormed, "my calendar says that everything is jake. Here, listen—" And with that plunged into data supplied by his calendar. The result was that I was compelled to call back Bill and inform him that the trip was on.

"What caused you to change your mind?" he asked suspiciously.

I told him.

Sounds of strangulation came over the wire although Bill managed to blurt "You can count on me." He wouldn't miss an opener even if he did have to be tricked into it.

Next morning Burr had no sooner piled into the car when he spread the month of April before us, pointed to the 15th and said, "See, it's the last good day before a whole string of bad ones. It's our only chance for a long spell," he added as he squeezed in next to Bill.

Everything was peaceful until we reached the Scrubgrass. We naturally expected to find the stream running high and roily, but we never dreamed it would be as bad as it was.

"It's utterly unfishable," growled Bill as he and I gazed on the sullen flood from atop the Kennerdell bridge. "And besides," he raised his voice, "my calendar doesn't show a real good day until the 17th."

Burr, in the meanwhile, had assembled his outfit and was preparing to start upstream. "Come on you birds, get going," he yelled above the tumult of the water. We assembled our outfits as Bill mumbled incoherently.

An hour or so later I caught up with Burr. He was still-fishing a stretch of backwater formed where the stream swept around a wide bend. I didn't bother to utter the usual fisherman's salutation because it seemed so incongruous.

"How's tricks?" he asked with his usual grin.

"Rotten," I came back. "In fact, I feel foolish fishing in this agitated soup." Then, as his grin widened into a smile I could not help but ask the inevitable question.

"Got four nice browns," he replied.

"Got 'em on what?" I parried, trying hard to hide my astonishment.

"A piece of nightcrawler on a Red Ibis fly," was his jaunty reply.

"You win," I conceded as I lifted the lid of his creel and saw the fish; four nice ones, too, ranging from nine to eleven inches.

Half an hour later Bill came along. Unusual for him his face was wreathed with an expression of benign amiability. In fact he actually smiled at Burr when approaching the spot where we were fishing.

"How'd you make out?" greeted Burr agreeably enough.

"Not so much as a solitary smell," sweetly replied Bill. "What did you expect with—"

"You simply haven't been fishing the right places," Burr interrupted.

Bill's eyes narrowed as his smile faded. "Y-y-you d-d-don't m-mean," he began, but could not finish as an incredulous look bespread his face.

"Yep, we've got six between us," lightly replied Burr.



Owen P. Fox—"Outdoor Studies"—Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph—at Lake Bear

Bill gurgled something as that look of disbelief deepened.

"Here they are," said Burr tossing the creel in his direction.

Without another word Bill ranged himself alongside and dropped a baited hook in the murky water.

By noon, when we quit, we had a half-score fish between us, and the stream had cleared but little.

Our next sojourn was after the huge redhorse suckers frequenting French Creek. This time Bill won the toss so that on our way up toward Cambridge Springs he actually bubbled with enthusiasm, stating that the signs were fishy and that the fish would be on the prod.

We parked ourselves on a beautiful stretch halfway between Venango and the Springs. The water was cold and slightly clouded; "just right" according to Bill, to snare some of the big redhorse that could be dimly seen in the deeper water of midstream.

I had never caught a redhorse sucker. Indeed,

I never had so much as seen one until then, if those dim forms were what Bill said they were. Further, he declared that a redhorse from cold, early spring waters was as lively as a fresh-run salmon. "In fact, if you can overlook the head, they are every bit as trim as any salmon," was his claim.

"How big do they get?" I innocently inquired.

"Fifteen or twenty pounds," he glibly answered.

"What's the biggest you've ever caught?" I asked again, decided to hold him down to specific cases.

"Around ten pounds," he replied readily enough.

In the course of that lazy and thoroughly enjoyable afternoon, we tied into and landed four fine fish averaging around six pounds apiece.

Burr was the first to get action. After an imperceptible strike the line began rolling off the unperturbed angler's reel with a celerity that was amazing.

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A brace of Caldwell Creek Brownies



# WITHOUT MECHANICAL AID

By WILLIAM J. ELLIS, Sr.

AFTER the "Making of a Caster" appeared in the January issue of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, our mail box produced a bumper crop of comments from both old friends and new, all readers of the ANGLER. Some were good, some were not so good, but all were helpful. Many told me that I had stopped in the middle of the story; they probably wanted to know how Sam cooked his bass. Others were curious as to how he handled his reel during the retrieve. Still others asked if such casting were possible without a level-winding device.

Among these latter was a most interesting letter from Mr. H. T. Borhek, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. He had always used a reel with a level-winding attachment and was so used to letting that little gadget do his work that when he tried one without this device, he could not distribute the line evenly over the spool of his reel while retrieving.

I have selected this letter from all the others because Mr. Borhek has shown a real interest in the art of casting. Spooling the line is a fundamental for which the accomplished angler is given far too little credit. The subject is of such importance that I believe many readers of the ANGLER will find the following illustrated description both interesting and helpful.

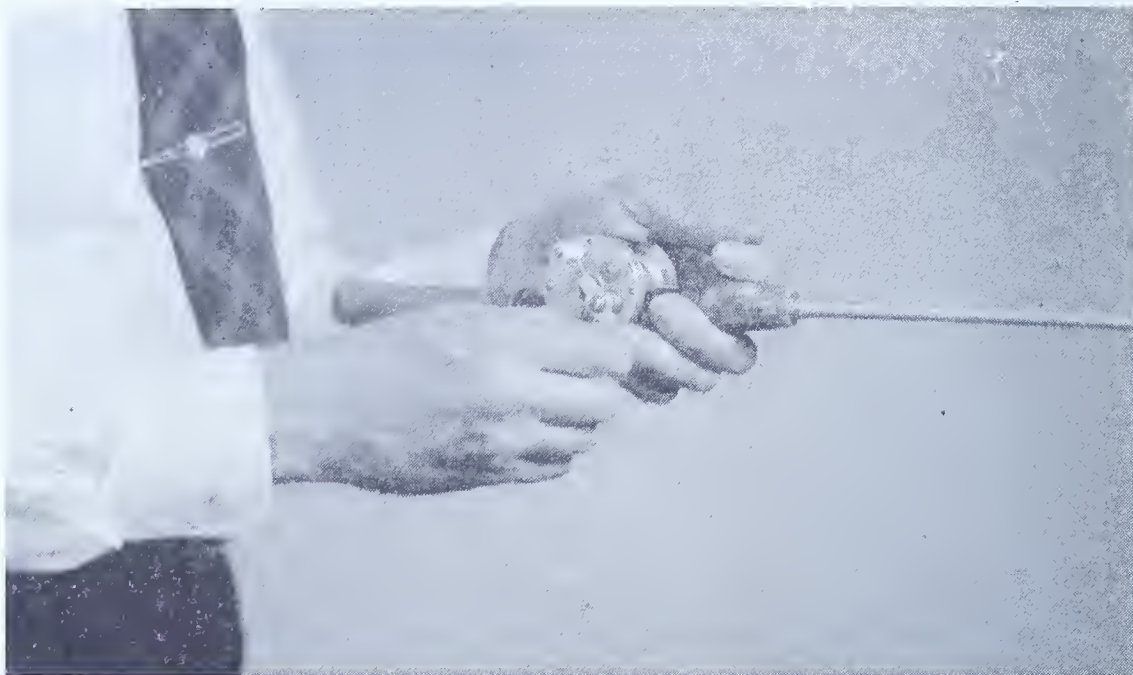
Spooling the line without the aid of any mechanical device has almost become a lost art with the fresh-water angler. This is due to the introduction of the modern level-winding reel. The salties are more adept at it because the heavier reels used for marine fishing have not proved very popular with such an attachment. There are one or two on the market, but I would only recommend them for the tyro who doesn't take his fishing very seriously, or the old timer who takes his wife fishing and doesn't want to spend the major part of his day untangling her line.

The real disciple of Izaak Walton knows that this is one of the fundamentals of angling and realizes that he will never be a finished caster until he has mastered the art. In spooling the line, two hands are made to do the work of three, for if man was capable of holding the reel with one hand while he used another to turn the ratchet, and still a third to guide the line back and forth evenly on the spool, the level-winding device never would have been invented. There would have been no need for it.

However, three-handed men are scarce, and it's a good thing, for that third hand would probably be getting in the way when we want to cast . . . just like the level-winding device often hinders the distance caster.

Without a third hand to aid us, we have to make one of our hands perform two of the three above-mentioned operations. It can't be the hand that's turning the handle of the reel, because the rotary motion necessary for that operation would never permit the back-and-forth movement used in guiding the line. Therefore we place the burden on the opposite hand which is kept stationary with nothing to do but hold the rod steady.

If you have never done any fishing, you will wonder how in the name of common sense the same hand can be used to hold the rod steady, and at the same time be moved from left to right and vice versa to guide the line. Here is where the angler is resourceful. He finds that he



The reel is held secure in the left hand between the fleshy pad at the base of the thumb and the third, fourth, and little fingers with which the caster gets a tight grip directly underneath the reel seat. The thumb and index finger are free to grasp the line out in front of the reel.

needs only two-thirds of that hand to hold his equipment, so he grips it well forward placing the reel-seat in the palm of his hand with the back of the reel resting against that fleshy pad at the base of his thumb. At the same time, he gets a tight grip directly underneath the reel-seat with the third, fourth, and little fingers.

Now he has the reel held secure in the left hand (if he is a right-handed caster) with the thumb and index finger free and extending well out in front of the reel. He then grasps the line just ahead of the reel with these two members, placing the thumb above and slightly to the left, and the index finger below slightly to the right. They are now in about the same position as the guide on a level-winding device, and all he has to do to lay that line on the spool is to match me-

chanical precision with human skill. This sounds difficult, but like all of the skilled arts, proficiency comes only with continual practice.

Holding the butt end of the rod against the body, about waist high, is an additional aid to holding the rod and reel steady. This should not be necessary beyond the beginner's stage, if the rod is of the lighter variety. Some rods, however, are so heavy that it is almost impossible, at any stage, to hold them steady without employing the body as described.

The salt water angler, with his heavier tackle and longer rod butt, either uses a leather butt rest or holds the extended portion of the butt under his arm.

You have just made a beautiful cast. Now to  
(Turn to Page 18)

Photos by Sam Weitz



This view, from above, shows how the line is guided back-and-forth on the spool of the reel. It also illustrates how the butt end of the rod may be held against the body as an aid to keeping it steady



# ONE FISHERMAN TO ANOTHER

By JACK ANDERSON

**EDITOR'S NOTE.** (In this article Mr. Anderson advances several ideas which should provide food for thought by fishermen everywhere. Any statement contained herein does not necessarily voice the ANGLER but is presented purely from the 'fishermen's' round-table angle. J. A. B.)

I AM not an authority on conservation, nor do I purport to be an expert on any subject such as fish propagation, stream management, or the like.

But I am a fisherman. On that point, none who know me will argue. I didn't say a good fisherman; just a fisherman. And how do I qualify this? . . . Well, give me the choice of turkey and trimmings, or a stream or lake just large enough to hide what's in it—and I'll take the stream, with dry bread and a dried beef sandwich as my bill of fare. I'll fish any time, any place, anywhere. I'll fish for fish or fish for fun. I'll lie to go fishing; I'll lay down my tools and sneak away; I'll risk the wrath of a female; I believe I'd go to jail.

Now obviously, an angling nut like myself will spend many fruitless days with rod and reel. As a matter of fact, I've fished an entire day without a nibble, on more than one occasion. When these trying days come (I say "trying" but I really dote on them) I get to thinking. I revolve in my mind ways that fishing might be improved. I get this idea, and that, and I think of this program and that program.

And then it occurred to me that if every fisherman like myself would voice these ideas, we might indeed gather the seeds of a good Fish Improvement Program. We'd get a lot of hare brained ideas, no doubt (observe herein) but we'd get interest aroused, we'd get that clash of opinion so necessary in any improvement program.

That's why I have prepared this article. It consists of ideas, told over a crackerbox as one fisherman to another. Maybe not one idea is good. They are, nevertheless, ideas hatched by stream side, and the smell of fishing clothes is with them.

Fishing in Pennsylvania, I'd say was good, all things considered. And that qualifying "all things considered" really means that the high population of the state and low number of natural lakes are two mighty tough obstacles for our fish commission and sportsmen's organizations. Our trout fishing is excellent; I've fished in a good many states for this species, and Pennsylvania will hold a candle with any. But the fishing for bass, pike, pickerel, yellow perch, and bluegills (to mention a few most desirable game and pan fish species) is spotty.

The easiest solution, I guess, is to move out some of the population. Ah! There is the idea. But the trouble is, nobody wants to leave the state. It's the kind of place you always come back to saying "By God! It's good to be home." It's not Utopia, maybe, but it sure will do until Utopia comes along. So, since nobody wants to leave, let's rush along.

. . . I think that the time has come when portions of streams and lakes must be closed each year to insure survival of sufficient adult fish for propagation. Thus, each year a stretch of our favorite trout stream (no doubt with our favor-



Mountain feeders stocked with fingerlings

ite holes, so we could kick up a storm) would be posted by the state. The following year, another section of stream would be closed.

Recently, I read an article by Walt Kittinger, noted Michigan fishing authority, in which he stated that in his opinion not more than half of the fish population of any lake can be caught by fishermen. I disagree with him. He might be talking about secluded inaccessible northern lakes. I can't see how a lake could be heavily fished, day in and day out, summer in and summer out, without sooner or later destroying practically all adult fish life.

As for headwaters of streams: in my opinion, they should be closed permanently and stocked with the young of the stream's principal game fish.

There can be little doubt about the good horse sense of stocking headwaters. Feeders to a trout stream would get trout fingerlings, bass stream would get bass, and so on. As the fish mature, they will move downstream. If they don't move themselves, high waters will move them. Pennsylvania has plenty of small mountain streams; thousands of them. Every one which feeds a good fishing river is a potential fish-raising pond.

The program of stocking headwaters must have an additional protection. . . . There is the minnow gatherer, of which I am a prize example. He puts his net across the stream and drives everything that doesn't swim around, over or under, into it, for his inspection and picking over.

Every stream must be eventually catalogued.

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"Lake Harmony" in the Poconos



# Wounded U. S. Veterans at Valley Forge Hospital Have Own Fishing Lake

## Governor Edward Martin and State Officials Dedicate Lake



Photos Courtesy Penna. Dept. of Commerce



Convalescent war veterans at Valley Forge General Hospital had their own official opening of the trout season Friday, April 20th, when two-acre Gotwals Lake, a mile and a half from the hospital, was dedicated by Governor Edward Martin, through whose efforts the lake was heavily stocked with trout from the State Fish Commission.

Made available to the veterans by Dr. J. Elmer Gotwals, Phoenixville physician, the lake was the scene of eager angling by the soldiers the moment the dedication ended—and, to the de-

light of the G. I.'s, the trout co-operated splendidly.

### To Be Restocked

Governor Martin, commenting that the present session of the State General Assembly has made it possible for men and women in uniform to procure free fishing licenses, promised further: "You can be sure when the trout season ends, the Fish Commission will restock the lake with warm-water species so you may have fishing throughout the year.

"Every generation has been forced to pay a price to retain our freedoms," he added. "This has been the most terrible war in history."

The Chief Executive said 14,500 Pennsylvanians have died in service; 57,200 have been wounded, 6,150 were war prisoners and 7,700 were missing in action.

"This nation has done much to make our armed forces the best-trained, the best-equipped and best-fed in the world . . . yet, because war is war, our forces have known hunger, cold, wounds, disease and a lack of spiritual aid.

"We must all unite to bring the war to a quick and victorious end and never allow ourselves to forget those who served."

At the end of the impressive ceremonies, 300 huge rainbow trout weighing from one to five pounds each, were lowered into the two-acre pond from a truck that had brought them in a tank from the State Fisheries. A dozen VFGH patients, who had been awaiting the signal with fishing rods in hand, strung out along the banks of the pond, and 11 minutes later, Lt. William LaForce had caught the first fish.

Also participating in the ceremonies were Colonel W. W. Vaughan, commanding officer of



the hospital; Lieutenant Colonel Seymour Fisher, executive officer; Captain Charles M. McAleer, public relations officer; Dr. Gotwals, and Major General Milton Baker, superintendent of Valley Forge Military Academy.

Other guests included C. A. French, Commissioner of Fisheries; George Bloom, secretary to Governor Martin; John Powell, of the State Workmen's Insurance Fund; State Senator James Searlett, Chester County, and Mark Abrahams, chairman of the Philadelphia Stage Door Canteen's athletic committee.



## WILLOW PLANTING ALONG STREAMS

The value of planting willows along the streams cannot be overestimated. The willow aids in soil conservation by sending out an interlacing network of roots that bind the soil. The roots absorb warm run-off water following a rain, releasing it gradually, cooled, without saturation of mud, and in that way prevent disastrous flood washouts.

The mature willow is a thing of beauty. Long, slender branches bend gracefully over the stream casting a soothing shade that offers a grateful retreat from the mid-summer sun. Insect life abounds in the dense foliage of the willow. The roots when they are exposed in the water along the bank harbor aquatic life that baby trout feast upon.

The willow has been selected by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission for planting because of its unusual sprouting ability. Live pieces of willow if planted under favorable conditions will sprout with amazing ability and grow to be large, thrifty trees. For best results fresh cuttings of branches one-fourth to one-half inch in diameter and twelve inches long should be made in the spring before the buds begin to swell. They can be kept by covering with a moist layer of sand until time for planting. Cuttings from the current year's growth and from the top branches of vigorous trees are best. Cuts are made with a sharp knife at an angle of forty-five degrees to avoid crushing the stem and loosening the bark. Buds must not be injured.

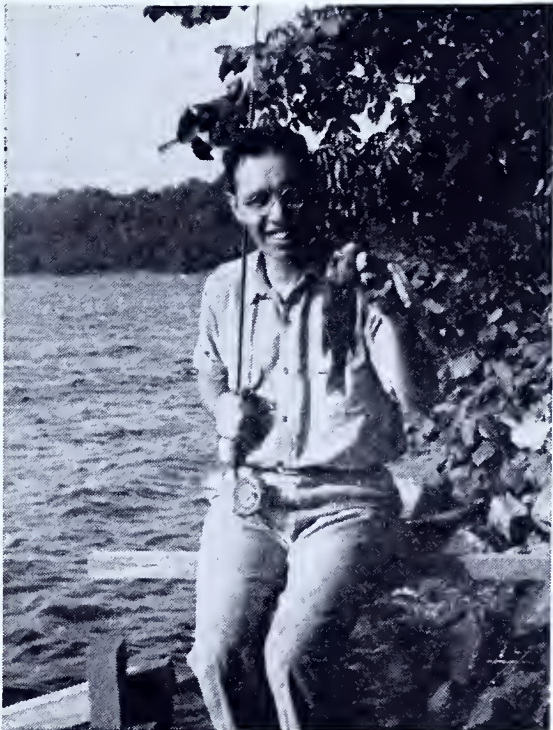
Willow cuttings will thrive when planted where the water table is near the surface. Sites with heavy sod, dense weeds and brush, and heavy shale should be avoided. To plant cuttings a pointed bar one half inch in diameter is used. The bar is forced into the ground at a slight angle. The cutting is inserted into the hole so that not less than two to four buds extend above the ground. Cuttings planted upside down usually die.

The planting of willow cuttings along the streams of Pennsylvania is one of the logical means of helping to prevent floods, the wrecking of streams by the erosion of the banks, increasing the amount of fish foods, and adding to their beauty.

—HARRY E. WEBER  
"The Sportscafter"



↑ Keith Pye, 13 years of age and fine catch of suckers.  
Keith lives in Emporium



← F. Fisher, of Paradise and smallmouth bass taken at Peach Bottom, Susquehanna River

### 'THAT OLD FEELING'

Why is it that just about this time each year  
Our thoughts turn from snow, sleet and ice  
To leaders and reels; to rods, flies and creels;  
To the big one we'd like to entice  
On the opening day which is not far away.  
(Gee, I sure hope the weather is nice).  
The feeling starts in with the first signs of spring  
And it's something that's hard to explain,  
It's shared by both grown-ups and youngsters  
alike  
(You've had it again and again).  
It makes us more cheerful; we take on new life,  
We're out of that long winter slump  
And anxious to try a "Lin Cummings" fly  
In the pool near the old willow stump.  
The fever will last 'till we make our first cast  
And then it will slowly go 'way.  
But early next year 'twill again reappear  
To claim us once more as its prey.

GOLD RIBBED HARE'S EAR

### WOUNDED SERVICEMEN TO HAVE CASCADE LAKE

Fishing in Cascade Park lake was closed indefinitely to all persons except servicemen at Deshon hospital annex, according to a resolution adopted by council, Thursday.

Council had been informed that the State Fish Commission proposed to stock pan fish bluegills, cat fish and "Pymatuning bass" (carp) in the lake, providing council closed the lake to all excepting veterans undergoing treatment.

Stocking will begin in early May.

If you think you can no longer enjoy circuses, just try seeing the next one through some penniless kid's eager eyes.



The Fisherman's Dream



# FISHING LORE AND LURE

By G. EARLE THOMPSON



Mr. Thompson

FOR many persons fishing is not only a hobby and a sport but an avocation. It is a subtle call of nature to her live and red-blooded children to put off cares and on old clothes and heed the advice of the renowned Izaak Walton, appearing at the end of his masterpiece "The Compleat Angler" and "be quiet and go an angling." Fatigue, ennui, discouragement, surfeit, all hastily depart at the very prospect of a trip to the shore or along a stream or lake for the purpose of a little piscatorial adventure. Fishing is an engrossing, serious business to the ardent angler and he can think of very little else while wading a cool, flowing stream in search of the elusive trout or bass. The best example ever witnessed of this fact was once when four of us ventured forth of a clear, warm Saturday for some nearby small-mouth bass fishing in the Perkiomen Creek of Montgomery County. All four were then banking men, and it was in the terrible days of the financial depression. Many overtime hours, cuts in pay and troubles had beset all of us, but out there by the rippling eddies of the stream, the faces of the men took on a new light, their laughter returned again and their voices became less strained. Their worries forgotten, they were disporting themselves like school boys, and best of all, the bass were striking too. It was indeed an outing long to be remembered and the value of it in recuperative influence beyond calculation.

My personal delight in fishing started on a large Westmoreland County farm near the Laurel Ridge many years ago. A young boy with a few worms and a home-made pole went out alone into a broad meadow to fish a tiny brook. Below a small waterfall in a dark, overgrown pool, the first cast hooked a baby chub. Another worm caught an oversize minnow and the thrill of it all can well be imagined. The third caught a smaller minnow, and it was left to swim about awhile below the falls. A long dark form shot out from under a rock, there was a swirl and the minnow was taken by a large water snake. The loss of the fish was as nothing to the thrill of this adventure, and back at the farm at lunch time I found very early that many true fish stories are judged incredible by the homefolks.

Fishing also multiplies friends, for each trip out usually has one or more newcomers along, and it only takes a few hours astream or afloat to judge the inner personality of a stranger. Either he is a good sportsman or he is not. That is discovered in short order. If he grins when he loses a large one, he is alright. If he releases with wet and tender hands an undersized fish, he is a true conservationist and good fishing will never suffer from the effects of his sport. What a shame that there are still those who keep immature

trout or bass and sneak them off home hidden under grass or watercress in the bottom of their creels. The worst instance of lawlessness was once noted when a foreigner seined my favorite bass stream, the Perkiomen, near Indian Head Dam, and kept all fish trapped regardless of size or species. Luckily a fish warden was on the job and did his legal duty.

Just recently a group of Fishing Club members of the Lower Merion Rod and Gun Club, stocked the beautiful and historic Mill Creek of that township with fine brown trout. A certain shortsighted citizen, so called, saw this stocking crew at work. The next day he dynamited the stream and killed or stunned a great number of choice trout. He was caught in the act by alarmed neighbors who heard the loud concussions and a police radio car was summoned which put an abrupt end to this inconceivable deed. This happened just recently, which fact makes it all the worse, with all our present publicity on the subject of good fishing, law obedience and good sportsmanship.

Not only the fishing itself, but the repeating of the tales of piscatorial adventure in the long, dark hours of the winter months, makes the sport live all through the year. Another thing that makes fishing so interesting is the membership in a Fish and Game Protective Association. Here we see the latest natural color movies of fishing, fresh water and salt, hear good speakers of authority on fishing and conservation and meet old friends of the rod and reel. I, for one will never forget, on one occasion, when an aged doctor of medicine rose to speak, and thumping his sound and expansive chest, and in a vigorous voice for one so far along in years, he stated that he had to thank outdoor fishing for his robust health and optimistic outlook on life. He was a perfect living example and true testimonial of why men like so to fish. There is something beyond the full creel that urges us on year after year. There is a certain feeling of satisfaction in outwitting the smart and wily denizens of the turbulent riffles or the briny rollers and white caps of the ocean, but there is really much more. There is present a certain indescribable inner feeling of peace and harmony with nature and all her living things. The wonder of their fresh, sparkling steelish beauty as a black bass is hauled to the hot deck of a deep sea vessel, or the bright red and green mottled tints on the sides of a struggling trout that has risen his last to your brown hackle or black gnat—all these make indestructible picture memories that live forever. The very battle to land a big fish has put renewed vigor in your very muscles and given you added incentive to tackle other more worldly problems with more alacrity on the morrow.

Many a time have I experienced the loss of a fine bass just because I was pondering the magnificent autumnal beauty of the yellow poplars, blending with the red sumacs and bronze hickories interspersed with the dark green of the hemlocks along the shore line, instead of attending to my business at hand. Or maybe that too was a part of my present business to complete the fishing scene. It all fits in like a beautiful painting or an exquisite poem. The joy of it all is long treasured and forever remembered. Not

even the cares of toil, or the cruel thought reactions when loved ones are away at war, can pit their strength against the lure of the flowing stream. The very sound of a liquid tinkling of clear running water over mossy rocks can do much for the jaded nerves and overworked brain of the most sophisticated. Fish, then, is not all of fishing. An empty creel bespeaks not lack of success. Many devotees of Walton's Wanderings have found out the secret for themselves. There is always a song in the heart of an angler back from the stream or the fisherman home from the sea.

## FROM A FRAYED CUFF!

MR. FISHERMAN—

Do You Know It Is Unlawful—

To fish without proper resident or non-resident license. This applies to both male and female and covers both public and private waters.

To interfere with stream improvement work. (Penalty ten dollars.)

To use any species of goldfish for bait.

To sell any species of trout or bass, except striped bass or rock-fish which may be sold if 18 inches or over in length.

To use explosives or poisons. (Penalty \$100.00)

To place obstruction in a stream preventing free migration of fish.

To construct or repair dams without proper permit from Water and Power Resources Board, Department of Forests and Waters.

To draw off of any dam or other body of water without permit from Board of Fish Commissioners, Department of Health and the Department of Forests and Waters. (Applications secured from Board of Fish Commissioners.)

To use any other devices except two rods and two lines and a band line.

To use lights in taking of frogs.

To shoot frogs on Sunday, as they do not come under the Sunday Fishing Laws.

To pollute any waters by refuse from automobiles or trailers.

TO MAKE, SELL OR POSSESS NETS LARGER THAN FOUR (4) FEET SQUARE OR FOUR (4) FEET IN DIAMETER WITHOUT A PERMIT ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF FISH COMMISSIONERS. PENALTY \$100 TO \$200 AND 30 DAYS IMPRISONMENT.

## THE SPORTSMAN'S PRAYER

(Knute Rockne's favorite poem)

Dear Lord, in the battle that goes on through life,  
I ask but a field that is fair,  
A chance that is equal with all in the strife,  
A courage to strive and to dare;  
And if I should win, let it be by the code,  
With my faith and my honor held high;  
And if I should lose, let me stand by the road  
And cheer as the winners go by.

"A man can fail many times, but he isn't a failure until he begins to blame somebody else."

—JOHN BURROUGHS



## Plug Caster's Dilemma

### "CREEL" NAACC

You've got one off going into the last station . . . two targets . . . and the pressure is terrific! You make the first ring by the thickness of the paint, but a Perfect, none the less.

Still one off, and now only one to go. If you make it, you've broken the World's Record . . . if you blotch it, you've lost the event.

The target shrinks to the size of a dime, and keeps getting farther away every second. One moment you are frozen stiff, and the next you're boiling over.

What makes your rod tip quiver so? What's that thumping in your chest? Why don't you cast?

All right, you will . . . but you don't! There is some loose line in your reel, and you might get a backlash. You might throw over, or under, or off to the side. Who's shoving that target around? What makes the platform shake? Since when are we trying to hit targets 500 feet away?

Your imagination is getting the best of you. Nothing in the world is as important right now as making that last target. You have made it a thousand times before, and you will make it a thousand times again . . . but will you make it this time, that's the question. Why not cast and find out?

You decide you are all set. But you're holding your rod in such a peculiar manner . . . must be somebody else's rod . . . it feels like a cluh!

One off, and one to go! Only 80 feet of water between you and the World's Record, but it's the longest 80 feet anybody ever laid out. Every movement of your wrist, arm and rod is magnified in your mind's eye a hundred times. Aim, dip, hackcast, forward cast . . . delivery!

You expected to throw the plug from the rod tip straight to the target, but instead, you achieve a high looping delivery that might land anywhere. You've got to guess the distance, estimate the speed of the plug, prevent a backlash, and stop the action at exactly the right instant, which ought to be . . . NOW!

You groan! What is the judge saying to the referee? Can't they see that it was only one off . . . or was it two? It was. So you swallow your Adam's Apple, shake your stomach back into position . . . and leave the World's Record for somebody else. There will be another National next year, and the year after that. Perhaps the "lump" won't be so high then!

## Littlestown Fish and Game Re-organizes

At the last meeting of the Littlestown Fish and Game Association the following officers were elected:

President, Bernard Dillman; 1st Vice-President, Edward Altoff; 2d Vice-President, Joseph Riden; Secretary, Richard Knipple; Treasurer, Theron Spangler; Trustee (5 yrs.), Richard Phreaner; Field Men, Richard Knipple, Melvin Wehler and Walter B. Crouse.

### Prizes awarded in Fishing Contest

|  |                |                |                  |
|--|----------------|----------------|------------------|
| <b>Brown Trout:</b>  |                |                |                  |
| Richard Fink   | 1 lb. 4½ ozs.  | 16½ inches     | Letort Springs   |
| Melvin Wehler  | 1 lb. 3¼ ozs.  | 15¼-8¼ inches  | Chambersburg Dam |
| <b>Brook Trout:</b>  |                |                |                  |
| Karl Bankert   | 5 ozs.         | 10¾-4½ inches  | Hunting Creek    |
| <b>Rainbow Trout:</b>  |                |                |                  |
| Karl Bankert   | 14 ozs.        | 13½-7 inches   | Hunting Creek    |
| <b>Susquehanna Salmon:</b>   |                |                |                  |
| Walter B. Crouse   | 5 lbs. 3½ ozs. | 26¾-12 inches  | Juniata River    |
| <b>Large-mouth Bass:</b>   |                |                |                  |
| Bernard Dillman  | 2 lbs. 2 ozs.  | 16½-10½ inches | Starners Dam     |
| <b>Small-mouth Bass:</b>   |                |                |                  |
| Charles J. Straley   | 7 lbs. 15 ozs. | 23¼-17¼ inches | Conowago         |
| N. C. Snyder   | 4 lbs. 11 ozs. | 19¾-14 inches  | Stillwater Lake  |
| <b>Suckers:</b>  |                |                |                  |
| Seldon Taylor  | 1 lb. 14 ozs.  | 17-9 inches    | Rock Creek       |
| <b>Catfish:</b>  |                |                |                  |
| Howard Trostle   | 3 lbs. 9 ozs.  | 21½-11½ inches | Monocacy River   |
| First and Second prizes, 1 year subscription to the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER. |                |                |                  |

When trout are tailing—that is, nosing the bottom and breaking the surface of the water with their tails—the wise angler begins using nymphs and wet flies. He knows that the fish are literally standing on their heads to feed on natural nymphs on the bottom of the stream or making their way to the surface of the water.

### LICENSE FOR TAKING FROGS

In reply to the many inquiries which annually arise at this time: "A hunting license is NOT necessary when taking frogs in Pennsylvania with firearms that are approved by the firearm act. It IS necessary that you DO have a FISHING LICENSE."

## Reel and Trigger

By MORT WHITE

If you have ever been to the races, you have seen the "rail-hirds" who stand shoulder to shoulder along the fence. Well, that's what we were reminded of on Sunday morning, April 15th, as we drove slowly along the Little Lehigh. It was one sweet day and everyone who could make it was out there. It is a mystery to us how anyone ever lands a fish in the hatchery stretch without getting hopelessly tangled in the other lines around him. There are enough lines in the water for a really active fish to crochet a good landing net in his struggle to get away. We spotted Paul Zimmerman at his favorite pool, from up on the highway. The first time we went by he had a creel and a hag or two around him. The next time we passed he had collected a dozen articles and the last time we drove by, it looked as though he was running a checkroom. You just hear the boys say, "Zimmie, will you watch this for me?" You could never get lonesome at the pool where Paul was sitting.

When we fish we like to have some room. You see, we have to throw things around. Never could drop a line in and let nature take its course. Don't have the patience. So we drove on up into the East Texas section and churned up some of that water. Had a couple of half-hearted strikes but up until noon—no fish. In demonstration of the difference in results between the cast-and-retrieve method and the bait-her-up-and-throw-her-in method, let us tell you what embarrassed us: We came along a quiet, deep stretch and found an old fellow sitting on a fallen tree with a couple of lines in the water. He still had an unused stock of the fattest and juiciest worms we ever saw. He had no hoots or waders, nor did he have a creel, fly boxes, clippers, nylon, line dressing or spinners. However, he did have fish! His stringer, lying in the water beside him, carried one very large sucker and four extremely passable trout. He grunted in answer to our greeting, so we amhed on. For him, there was nothing to discuss. As we left him, we wondered if by chance we could be wrong. You see, we never did learn how to fish a worm, and we have gone and bought all that stuff that is advertised as being essential to productive fishing. We had everything but the fish—and our friend had those.

Well, enough of that. In the afternoon we gathered our contingent together and beat it for one of the smaller streams that run into the big Lehigh up in Northampton County. Up there, some of the stuff we had bought and tied really worked. We began to collect a few brookies on the grey and peacock and black gnat. The lady we live with hocked and lost a dandy and called us over to help her suffer. The pool she was working didn't look to contain a fish but they were there. While she rested and mourned, we tossed in and got a rise but no strike. Just then, we happened to spot a very young toad on the bank. Yep! And did it work. Got two very nice brookies out of that hole. You see, we remembered the old boy we had met in the morning.

So—aside from a couple of cramps in the legs during the evening, we had a wonderful time. Al Butz managed to talk his colonel into a weekend furlough and he was with us. He and Luther Frick managed to get in their fishing despite the war. It was Al's first foray in three years.

Traveler: "What's the use of having a timetable if your trains don't run by it?"

Porter: "We couldn't tell dey was runnin' late if we didn't hab a time-table."



# "FISHERMEN'S PARADISE"



PANORAMIC VIEW OF PENNSYLVANIA'S POPULAR "DREAM PROJECT" ON SPRING CREEK

## RULES AND REGULATIONS—SPRING CREEK PROJECT—SEASON 1945

1. **OPEN SEASON**—May 25th to July 14th, both dates inclusive.
2. **OPEN**—from 9:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M. (Eastern War Time) or until klaxon is sounded.
3. **NO FISHING**—will be permitted on this project on Sunday.
4. **DAILY LIMIT**—10 may be caught, but only **TWO** may be killed. The angler must stop fishing after **TWO FISH** have been killed.
5. **ONLY ARTIFICIAL FLIES WITH BARBLESS HOOKS**—or regular hooks with the barbs removed may be used. No spinners.
6. Fishing with, or possession of, any live bait, angleworms, meat, liver, or any other bait, is a violation of the rules and regulations.
7. **SIZE LIMIT**—All fish from large stream under 10 inches in length and on ladies' stream under 7 inches in length must be carefully returned to the water.
8. All anglers holding a Pennsylvania Fishing License will be permitted to fish five days during the season.
9. The dressing or cleaning of fish on the property is prohibited as all fish must be weighed when checking out.
10. **POSITIVELY NO WADING**—in the stream for any purpose permitted.
11. **SINKERS OR WEIGHTS**—not exceeding 2 B. B. Shot are permitted.
12. Feeding fish during fishing hours prohibited.
13. Assistance in hooking or landing fish absolutely prohibited.
14. Boys under 10 years of age, if accompanied by a parent or guardian, may fish in the stream set aside for the ladies.
15. Violation of any of the above rules and regulations will be subject to a fine of Twenty Dollars (\$20.00), or confiscation of your fishing equipment, revocation of your fishing license, or all three if the Board deems it advisable.

## CLUB ACTIVITIES

### FRENCH ADDRESSES

#### 24th Annual Spring Booster Meeting of Lehigh County Fish and Game Association

Some 2,400 members of the Lehigh County Fish and Game Protective Ass'n heard Pennsylvania Commissioner of Fisheries, Hon. C. A. French, address their 24th annual Spring Booster meeting in Allentown last month. The Commissioner outlined the plans for the operation of the Trexler Hatchery at Allentown when it is finally taken over and said—"It will be developed into one of the largest fish farms in Pennsylvania. The

trout propagated there will be used to stock all of the streams of Eastern Pennsylvania, including the waterways of the Poconos. Bass also will be raised at this farm and will be used in stocking the Delaware river, Perkiomen Valley streams, and ponds and lakes in the Poconos."

Franklin Gergits, chairman of the 1945 membership drive, announced that the drive had gone over 300 members above its goal. *The organiza-*

*tion now has 2,723 members, the largest in its 24 years of activities.*

Lawrence W. Knoblauch and Paul P. Fink, in charge of the association's "Smokes for the Yanks" raised \$168 in a collection made at the meeting. This will supply over a thousand packs of cigarettes to servicemen. They will be distributed through the USO, as is the usual plan and will be sent to the YMCA USO, to Indian-town Gap hospital and to Valley Forge hospital.

The meeting was opened with the national anthem led by Robert E. Brader. Rev. Carl Neudoerfer gave the invocation.

Clair S. Mengle, president of the association, gave a short address of welcome outlining the work that is planned for the season.

Major James Hall, head of the Allentown Salvation Army, was guest chairman and introduced Rev. Neudoerfer who spoke on "Our Servicemen." State Commissioner French then discussed the problems of the fishermen throughout the state.

Fish awards were in charge of Charles W. Wolf, Jack Houser and Barton M. Snyder. Various other awards were made.

A fine selection of sound motion pictures of fish and game concluded the evening and were shown by Harold McCracken, director of *Field and Stream* picture service.

### FISHING AWARDS

#### Women's Fish Awards

First brown trout: Mrs. Ernest Benning, 609 S. Bishopthorpe St., Bethlehem; for the fish 24 inches in length taken from Lake Wallenpaupack, April 15, 1944, weighing four pounds and six ounces. Lure used: spinner and minnow.

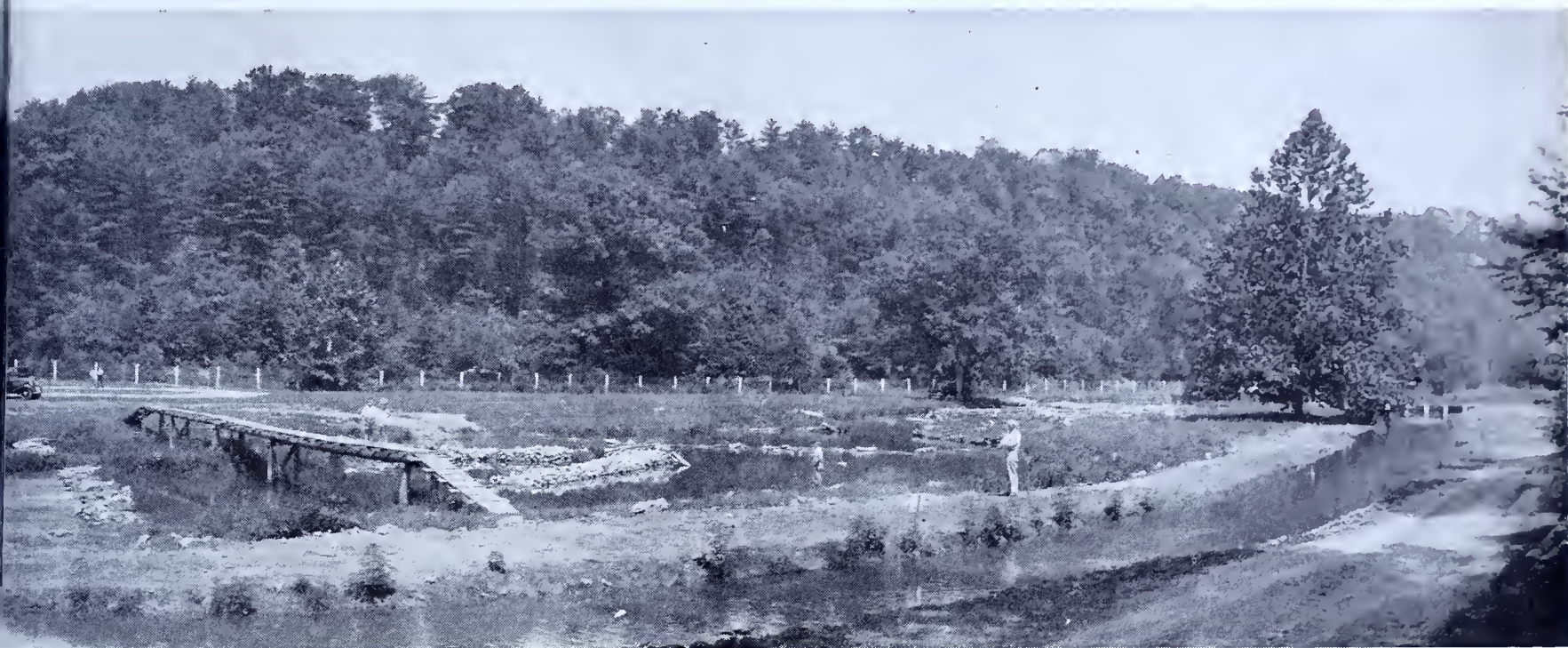
First wall-eyed pike: Mrs. Lawrence W. Knoblauch, 647 N. Irving St., Allentown; for a 20¾ inch fish taken at Lake Wallenpaupack, July 15, weighing two pounds and 15 ounces. Lure used: spinner and worm.

#### General Fish Awards

First brook trout: Paul E. Billiard, 22 E. North St., Bethlehem; fish of 13½ inches in length



# OPEN MAY 25-JULY 14 (Both Dates Inclusive)



OPPOSITE BELLEFONTE IN CENTRE COUNTY—ADMINISTRATION BUILDING IN CENTER!

taken from the Monocacy creek on July 26, weighing one pound and two ounces. Lure used: Hardy swimmer.

Second brook trout: Charles H. Nehf, 1038 N. 21st St., Allentown; trout caught on July 1, in the Indian Creek, Northampton County; length, 12½ inches; weight 12 ounces. Lure used: Fin fly (wet).

First brown trout: Maurice E. Thomas, 218 E. Fulton St., Allentown; for a fish of 24-inch length taken from the Little Lehigh on May 19, weighing five pounds and ½ ounce. Lure used: Water worm.

Second brown trout: Frank A. Savage, 1038 W. Emmaus Ave., Allentown; brownie of 23½ inches in length caught in Lake Wallenpaupack on April 30, weighing four pounds and one ounce. Lure used: Artificial plug.

First prize in the large-mouth black bass class: Rudolph E. Hassler, 939 Green St., Allentown; for a bronze back of 21¾ inches in length and weighing six pounds and four ounces, from Lake Nepahwin, Monroe County, on Sept. 16. Lure: Silver flash plug.

Second large-mouth black bass: Taylor G. Schuler, 414 Hanover Ave., Allentown; fish taken on Aug. 17, from Lake Hopatcong, N. J.; length 18 inches; weight, three pounds. Lure: red and white plug.

First in the small-mouth black bass group: Leroy R. Chapman, 947 Chew St., Allentown; for a fish of 18½ inches in length and weighing three pounds and 13 ounces, taken at Costello's lake, Monroe County, on July 1. Lure: shiner.

Second small-mouth black bass: Frederick Vogt, 317 S. 17th St., Allentown; fish taken at Lake Hopatcong, N. J., on Sept. 30, weighing three pounds and two ounces with a length of 18½ inches. Lure: minnow.

First wall-eyed pike: Albert D. Poe, 1252 N. Ulster St., Allentown; fish taken at Dimnick's Ferry on the Delaware river on Aug. 27, having a length of 27½ inches, and weighing seven pounds and nine ounces. Lure: silver flash plug.

Second wall-eyed pike: Ernest Laudenslager, 842 N. 9th St., Allentown; for a fish measuring 27 inches in length and weighing six

pounds taken at Lake Wallenpaupack on July 20. Lure: spinner and night crawler.

First pickerel: Sidney S. Hoffman, 1817 W. Greenleaf St.; fish taken on Jan. 15, 1944, while fishing through the ice at Lake Harmony, Carbon County. Length 27 inches; weight, five pounds. Lure: minnow.

Second pickerel: Leroy R. Chapman, 947 Chew St., Allentown; fish taken from the Delaware river on Sept. 11, having a length of 25½ inches and weighing four pounds and 12 ounces. Lure: Darc Devil spoon.

First yellow perch: Ira E. Bortz, R. 3, Allentown; fish of 15½ inches in length and weighing one pound and ten ounces, taken from Still Water lake, Monroe County, on Sept. 8. Lure: plug.

Second yellow perch: Robert G. Rimbey, 209 S. West St., Allentown; taken on Nov. 5, at Lake Hopatcong, N. J. Length, 14 and three eighths inches; weight, one pound and two ounces. Lure: fresh water herring minnow.

## TITUSVILLE SPORTSMEN IN BIG MEET

The meeting of the Titusville Sportsmen's Club held recently was devoted principally to fishing and 125 members turned out for the interesting session. President William Helfrich was in charge.

Fish Warden Carlisle Sheldon of Conneautville talked about the angling situation in this section.

Sheldon, who has charge of the stocking program, said that after the war Pymatuning Lake will have one of the largest warm water hatcheries in the United States.

Movies of fish stocking activities in this section were shown by Merle Clark and sandwiches and coffee were served by Chef Dave Cairns.

At the business meeting it was announced that 116 new members have been brought into the club this year and that 134 members now are in the armed services. With 263 old members, they make a total of 513.

## ARMSTRONG SPORTSMEN'S LEAGUE RE-ORGANIZES

Carl Benton, Worthington, was re-elected president of the Armstrong County Sportsmen's League as delegates from nine clubs of the county met recently in the courthouse, Kittanning.

Others elected to serve during the ensuing year were Leonard Fry, vice president; William Ash, counselor; Carl A. White, delegate to Pennsylvania Federation, and southwest division of Federation; James Brown, alternate delegate; Walter H. Miller, secretary-treasurer; R. H. McKissick, W. A. Ash, Walter H. Miller, Jack Brown and A. B. Eadie were named members of an organizing committee. H. S. Duffstadt was named legislative committee chairman.

The Freeport Sportsmen's Club is a member of the county group and several of the members are active workers in the league.

## LARGEST MEMBERSHIP IN ITS HISTORY REPORTED BY NESSMUK ROD AND GUN CLUB MEETING

The membership committee headed by Dr. Tom Bailey, Leon Dewey, Charles Moore and Dwane Escott reported a membership of 549, the largest the club has ever had.

The first prize was won by W. J. Whatton, who brought in 224 members. Burdette Olmstead won second prize with 202 members. The third prize was won by Leon Dewey with 76 members. Fourth and fifth prizes went to Dwane Escott and Earl Bliss, Jr., with 47 members.

The president, A. C. Walker, appointed Leon Dewey, Kenneth Evans and Burdette Olmstead a committee to make arrangements for an outing to be held sometime in July.

Charles Moore was elected 1st vice president to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dewight Patterson.

(Turn to Page 19)



# A SOLDIER'S THOUGHTS

By SGT. JAMES V. MEISEL, "Somewhere Over There"

YOU may wonder what boys overseas plan to do in their post-war dreams as far as outdoor life is concerned. We all realize that all our boys are handling guns, ammunition and also living under conditions which assimilate outdoor life. Many of the boys have never experienced this sort of recreation our sportsmen have enjoyed for centuries. It is much harder doing it the military way, than as we did in civilian life. Nevertheless, the boys, who never had the urge to hunt and fish, are learning to appreciate and to take proper care of their weapons the way all good sportsmen have done in the past. This is going to lead into a tremendous amount of post-war sportsmen. This figure will amount to several million according to statistics. Many of these men, who have never experienced the thrill of a tight line and a mountain trout breaking water, will want to venture into this league of Izaak Walton followers.

The proposed Omnibus Flood Control Bill, which is going to spend \$810,000,000 of our money, is wonderful. We all realize that the flood control project is a necessity, along with giving our Veterans jobs; but, why not make it also not a detriment to our fish propagation plan, but also a very beneficial project? We are not in a position to fight this bill, which has its good points, but we can, through our Senators and Representatives, try to also make it a benefit to our Servicemen and Sportsmen.

Congratulations to Senator Hon. C. Wallgreen, of the state of Washington, in pressing his wildlife-saving amendment on the floor of the Senate. That is the kind of man we all admire. We are not able to read and know the contents while at war, but we know that Pennsylvania will be included in this Bill, being as it is consistently annoyed by the accumulation of snow in our Mountains. This will be more dangerous this year than in previous years, according to our knowledge of past snow, if you do not get rain, in such a way as, to melt it gradually. We know from past experiences, that many of our fish are either killed, or washed into larger streams, which in turn run into our rivers and flow into other states. This proves that the Omnibus Flood Control Bill will be a benefit to our state; but, as I said before, it could also benefit our trout and game fish environment. We don't know all about this Omnibus Flood Control Bill and what its contents read, but we do know if we were home we would certainly investigate this proposed bill and use all our influence, if we had a voice in Congress, to utilize this money to more than one advantage.

Sportsmen, believe me when I say that the only time you miss something is when you can't have access to it. We all dream of those days we will again cast our lines on Penns Creek, or witness the anxious faces of our fellow friends on the opening day of Fishermen's Paradise. These are just minor ideas of a few things that we dream about. I have talked to quite a few anglers in and around the Army, and it takes but a few words to engage your buddies in a conversation about fishing that could dwindle into the wee hours of the morning. A person learns a lot about our Servicemen's thoughts while living with them. I only wish that a survey could be taken on this Bill and ask us what we think about the plan. I feel that this article will bring a lot of comments on to you; and I sincerely hope that the boys will cooperate and write to someone who can do something for them. This would be to our Repre-

sentatives in both the Senate and the House of Representatives, and tell them our dreams and ideas.

After the war is won, we will all be coming back wondering and planning our future. Looking at this bill as a measure in giving us jobs, it proves to be a very beneficial policy. "The Army Engineers", who are doing a tremendous job, will be enthused over this, especially the ones who are sportsmen. They will prove that their career in the Army was not wasted, and will do a lot in this big job that they will be asked to do. The boys, who will be most interested, are the fellows that live in and around the flood districts and know the destruction that these floods cause. The Sportsmen, however, while doing this work, will be wondering what happened while they were at war, if the Fish Commission had done all in their power to rehabilitate the streams in Pennsylvania, and wondering whether they have let us down. We will say, "What is going to happen to our plans that we made while at war?" We are hoping that the men who have a say in Congress are T-R-U-E Sportsmen and will do all in their power to make Fishing and Hunting an everlasting sport.

Nothing will develop latent wickedness in a man faster than being watched.

## PIONEER FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASS'N OF ALLENTOWN CELEBRATES 10TH ANNIVERSARY

In the form of an attractive and very interesting historical brochure, The Pioneer Fish & Game Protective Association of Allentown marks the tenth anniversary of its organization. Very diligently the pamphlet traces the progress of this outstanding organization from its very inception up to and including the "cutting of the 10th birthday cake."

Organized on January 22, 1935 the club sprung into existence from an idea conceived in the minds of three outstanding sportsmen of Allentown. From its humble beginning the club has forged ahead in leaps and bounds until today it stands out among the foremost organizations of its kind in Pennsylvania. Chartered in June 1935, the membership grew until its weight and power in sportsmen's circles commanded recognition and esteem. Its interest in children and the providing of free membership to boys until they attain 16 years of age has certainly been an example for many clubs to pattern. Not one branch or phase of the many conservation activities to be expected of such an organization has been overlooked and a glance under the covers of their historical sketch is indeed a heartwarming treat.

The officers who will serve for the year 1945 are: Harry J. Paff, Pres.; William E. Swope, V. Pres.; Fred J. Ebert, Rec. Sec.; Arthur R. Lutz, Fin. Sec.; and Leo R. Bateman, Treasurer.

## The Winners—Fish Contest

Conducted by Pioneer Fish & Game Protective Ass'n, Inc., Allentown, Pennsylvania

### FIRST PRIZE

|   |                   |                       |
|---|-------------------|-----------------------|
| <i>Brook Trout</i>                                |                   | Little Lehigh         |
| Frank E. Baron, 449 Turner St., Allentown, Pa.    | Length 16 in.     | Weight 1 3/4 lb.      |
| <i>Rainbow Trout</i>                              |                   | Little Lehigh         |
| Charles L. Keyser, Pennsburg, R.D.#1              | Length 19 in.     | Weight 2 lbs. 15 ozs. |
| <i>Brown Trout</i>                                |                   | Cedar Creek           |
| John B. Beitler, Wescoville, R.D.#1               | Length 26 in.     | Weight 7 lbs. 3 ozs.  |
| <i>Small-mouth Bass</i>                           |                   |                       |
| Frank Yarema, 395 Allen St., Allentown, Pa.       | Length 19 1/2 in. | Weight 3 lbs. 14 ozs. |
| <i>Large-mouth Bass</i>                           |                   | Lake Nepahwin         |
| Rudolph E. Hassler, 939 Green St., Allentown, Pa. | Length 21 3/4 in. | Weight 6 lbs. 4 ozs.  |
| <i>Pickereel</i>                                  |                   |                       |
| Leroy R. Chapman, 947 Chew St., Allentown, Pa.    | Length 25 1/2 in. | Weight 4 lbs. 12 ozs. |
| <i>Wall-eyed Pike</i>                             |                   | Delaware River        |
| Albert D. Poe, 1252 N. Ulster St., Allentown, Pa. | Length 27 1/2 in. | Weight 7 lbs. 9 ozs.  |

### JUST LONELY

Somebody's lonely  
and dreaming of you;  
Somebody wonders  
if you're lonely too.  
Someone is waiting  
and praying each day,  
for someone's returning  
to someone to stay.

ANONYMOUS

It is gravely to be doubted whether one should do so much for others as to leave himself undone.

It is a pretty safe rule to assume that the bigger bass and trout become the more they do most of their feeding at night. There are two reasons: First, the big fish are wary and shun exposure in daylight; secondly, night produces the biggest insects and finest minnows and other stream creatures, on the move under the protection of the inky darkness.

"Down in Florida a Scotchman brought suit against the N. Y. Yankees because he got hurt while watching a baseball game. He fell out of a tree."



## HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE FISHING FRONTS



Wayne V. Sines of Newcastle and 48½ in., 35 lb. muskie he caught in Conneaut Lake



Elwood Boone with 21-in. brownie taken in Horse Valley Run, Juniata Co.



42-lb. carp, caught at Holtwood, March 5, 1945



Bill and Al Duggan, 5 and 6 yrs. respectively, fishing at Bushkilldam, Bushkill, Pa.





# MEMORIAL FORESTS

By GEORGE A. DUTHIE

*United States Forest Service—Missouri Conservationist*

WHEN the boys and girls come home from the War there will be a celebration in the old home town. There will be great rejoicings over the return of those who have come back and also poignant reminders of those who went but did not return. The people will want to express their gratitude for the sacrifices and perpetuate the memory of their military heroes. Thus it has ever been at the end of every war since the beginning of history and this war will be no exception.

Within a year after Victory Day official memorial committees and official commissions by the scores and hundreds will be at work on arrangements for erecting memorials to commemorate the sacrifices and the deeds of valor of the war heroes. Veterans' groups, chambers of commerce, service clubs, civic governments or schools will launch memorial projects in practically every city and village of the nation.

Many of the people appointed to serve on these committees will be selected because of their patriotic zeal rather than for their artistry or aesthetic abilities. Memorials of the past have been good, bad and indifferent. Some of them have become local problems instead of historical assets. One writer, referring to the marble shafts and monuments of past wars, calls them "civic mutilations."

## Memorials that Live and Serve

It is in keeping with the spirit of the times that memorials shall be not only lasting in character, but also useful and attractive. They should be of a sort that will keep alive that tradition of service to humanity which has characterized the deeds of the men and women they honor. We want memorials which will contribute to the health, security and general well-being of the nation and which, by continuously serving humanity, will constantly remind people of the heroic services which prompted their establishment—living memorials that will keep alive the memories we want to cherish. Community forests meet these specifications.

Community forests are useful. They serve the population in a multitude of ways.

They are beautiful. Green forests are never civic mutilations, but on the other hand, they create scenery always beautiful and always appropriate. Having life, they grow. New growth adds to their beauty and value.

They are lasting in character, yielding their products and services for generations. Should accident befall them new growth soon heals the scars. Their strong appeal to people of all ages and all classes keeps them always attractive to the hearts of the people of the community and makes it a certainty that as memorials they will keep the memory of the war heroes fresh in the minds of the people.

## They Loved the Out-of-Doors

We may be sure that the men whom they commemorate would prefer to be remembered by such a memorial. Louis Bromfield recently expressed the sentiment of the majority of people when he wrote, "To me it seems that the new idea of a living memorial is one that should have the most serious consideration from every community, large and small. Most of the boys who lost their lives in this war as in all wars, loved the

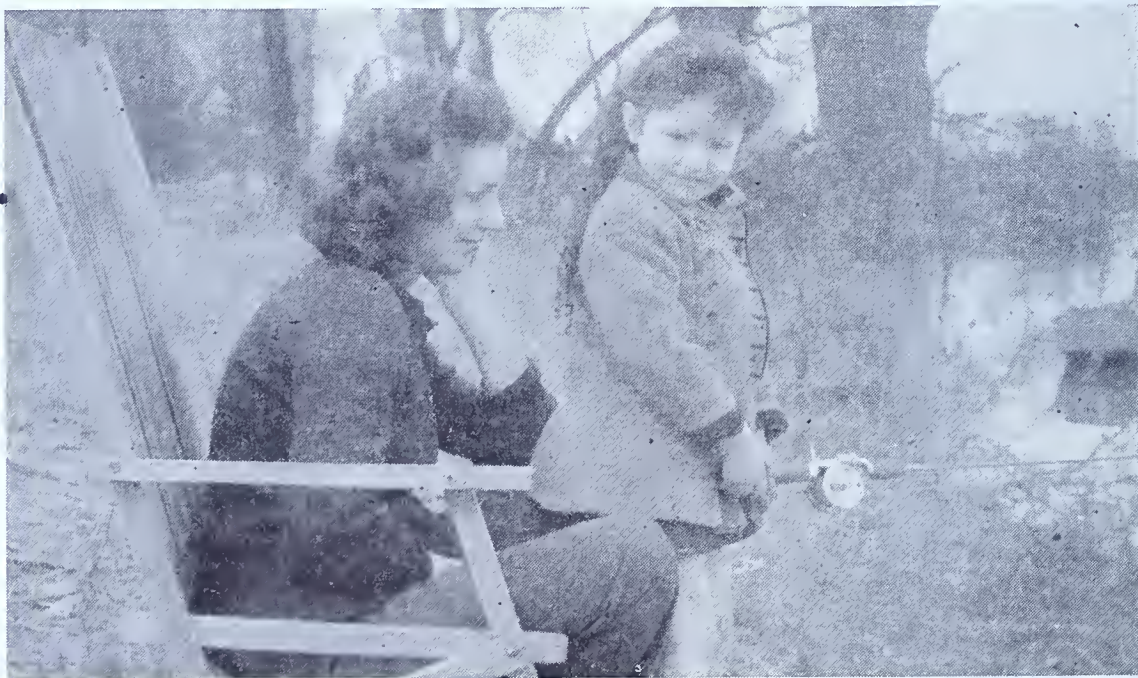
out-of-doors. They loved trees and swimming and fishing. They loved cooking a good steak over an open fire, they loved shooting ducks and pheasants and rabbits. Out of these things came the boys who made our best fliers, our best sailors, our best fighters. I think any or all of them would prefer to be remembered by a forest or game sanctuary or a lake, than by some useless and possibly ugly cast-iron statue or by piles of cannon balls hung around with chains."

The idea of living tree memorials is not new. After World War I many communities planted memorial lanes of trees along the highway. "Roads of Remembrance," they were called. In some instances each tree was designated as a memorial to an individual soldier. Many beautiful lanes of trees planted at the time bear witness to the fitness of living tree memorials. It is suggested, however, that single tree memorials do not meet the requirement of permanence. Many things can happen to an individual tree. Like an individual man, a tree is subject to ills and hazards of all living things. But a forest, like a

money should be included in the budget to create an endowment fund which the trustees shall have power to use for the protection and improvement of the forest from time to time. Into this fund should go the receipts from sale of forest products and special privileges. This endowment is especially important in cases where the forest is created by reforesting bare land, because of the term of years that must elapse before the forest beings to yield income.

Some will ask how large and what features should be included in a memorial forest. For a municipal forest at least 100 acres should be acquired. The larger it is, the better. It should be convenient to the city and easy of access by the public. It should have water, a stream or a lake. If a stream is present, a pool large enough for swimming and fishing can be created. A grove of old trees is desirable for the recreation center.

The recreational area should have outdoor fireplaces and barbecue pits, a playing field for sports, a community house of rustic style of stone or logs, and large enough to accommodate parties of from 100 to 500 people. Desirable features of the community house are a well-equipped kitchen for serving banquets, a large fireplace in the assembly hall with built-in heat-radiators in order that the place may be heated. It should have broad verandas, a dance floor and adequate toilet facilities. In this building there



race of people, reproduces itself and lives on indefinitely. They never wear out. In fact, with age they grow in beauty and attractiveness.

## Provide for Management

A desirable detail in creating a memorial forest has to do with insuring adequate continuous care and management of the property. After the first patriotic enthusiasm quiets down there will be many cases where neglect will result in deterioration of the memorial unless there is some public authority charged with official responsibility for its management. It is important that the ownership of the property shall be vested in a permanent authority such as the city, village or county government, and that a board of trustees or managers be set up which shall have a continuity of tenure of office. A forest business is a long-term business for which there must be uninterrupted policy of management.

Another need is adequate financial provision for permanent maintenance. At the time the memorial fund is raised to create the forest enough

should be wall space available for mounting conspicuously a bronze memorial tablet.

Another desirable feature near the community center is a sylvan theater where open-air concerts and theatricals may be held. Facilities for swimming, boating and winter sports should be considered.

## Let the Children Help

The tree planting should be done by the people of the community, as many participating as possible. It gives people a strong personal interest in the forest when they plant the trees with their own hands. It is a good thing to have the school children take part in these exercises because it is both educational and inspirational to them and because it is for the children and their children that the forest is established.

School forests have a recognized place in our educational system. A great many of the schools now include lessons on conservation of the natural resources in their teachings because of the broad educational and cultural value. More than 1,000 schools have acquired land on which they have



established school forests. These are used as laboratories in which the training and educational background of the children are enriched through practical associations with nature. Many of these forests were planted by boys who are now fighting overseas. Whether so dedicated or not these pines are today living reminders of the boys. The schools will honor themselves if they dedicate their forests as perpetual memorials to their soldier boy alumni. And what could be more appropriate than that 10,000 more schools throughout the land establish forests as memorials to the boys who have offered their lives to preserve our way of life.

## SPRINGS IN PENNSYLVANIA

By W. MONTGOMERY

Deputy Secretary Penna. Dept. Forests and Waters

A number of the larger non-mineral springs in the limestone regions in Pennsylvania were measured by current meter during the summer of 1944.

The two largest springs in the Commonwealth are Boiling Springs and Big Spring, both in Cumberland County. The flow from these two springs, practically unutilized at the present time, would be adequate for the water supply of a city of 300,000 to 400,000 population.

While there can be little doubt as to the two largest springs in the Commonwealth, there may be considerable argument as to the proper order of magnitude of several of the others, for the magnitude will depend on the accepted unit of comparison. For example, if Ruhl Spring and Seven Springs, issuing from many openings, were treated as one, these springs located three miles southeast of Lamar would be considered the third largest Pennsylvania spring. By the same token, the springs at the Fish Hatchery at Huntsdale would be fourth in magnitude.

Schantz Spring in Allentown, Lehigh County, has been used as a main source of water supply for that city since 1903 and is considered one of our larger springs. However, it was impossible to obtain an accurate measurement of its yield and, consequently, it is not listed in the tables. The City of Allentown has estimated its flow as about 10 million gallons per day.

For the most part, the flow of our limestone springs are subject to only slight seasonal variation. The temperatures of the waters range from 49 to 54 degrees Fahrenheit. The spring-water temperatures are invariably only slightly above the mean annual air temperature of the region in which the springs occur.

## "ALL IN PENNSYLVANIA"

If you're off to Pennsylvania this morning  
And wish to prove the truth of what I say,  
I pledge my word you'll find the pleasant land  
behind  
Unaltered since Red Jacket rode that way.

Still the pine woods scent the noon, still the cat-  
bird sings his tune,  
Still autumn sets the maple forest blazing.  
Still the grapevine through the dusk flings her  
soul-compelling musk,  
Still the fireflies in the corn make night amaz-  
ing.

They are there, there, there with earth immortal  
(Citizens, I give you friendly warning),  
The things that truly last when men and times  
have passed,  
They're all in Pennsylvania this morning!

—RUDYARD KIPLING

## WHEREIN WE ACCOMPANY CHARLES V. LONG, STATE FISH WARDEN, OF EAST WATERFORD ON A PATROL ALONG THE SWOLLEN JUNIATA RIVER DURING



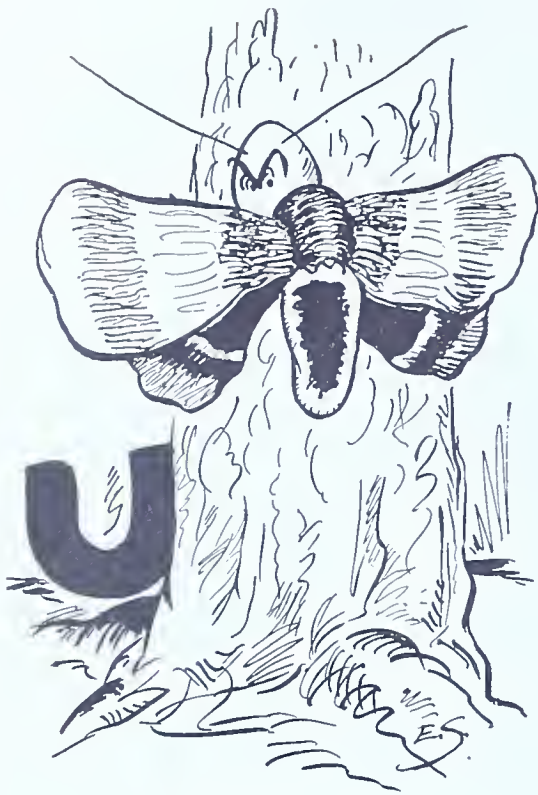
## THOSE EXTREMELY WARM DAYS IN MARCH, 1945



## DAYS THAT FISHERMEN JUST COULDN'T RESIST







### UNDERWING MOTH

Your first pair of wings are all I can see  
When you rest on the bark of a hickory tree;  
But they are so grey, with markings dark,  
I can hardly tell them from the bark.

But when I scare you into flight,  
The under wings show colors bright,  
In bands of yellow, red, or white.

CARSTEN AHRENS

## Sportsmen's Notebook

Did you leave your automatic reel in the box, unattended, all winter? If you did, you had better get it out and give it a cleaning. It probably is filled with dirt, and the lubrication has dried up. Besides—particularly if it happened to fall in the water one day last season—the big spring that powers it probably is rusty. A thorough cleaning and light application of oil will make it like new.

*Water that is constantly shaded is not the best water to fish. It takes sunlight to support stream vegetation and insect life which are extremely vital to all species of fish.*

Cereals are fine food for a dog, and the best of cereals may be obtained in prepared dog foods. Incidentally, if the pet is slow about consuming dehydrated foods, the addition of a little gravy or broth, or even of milk, will make them more attractive.

*Be conservative in taking minnows, crawfish, and other live baits from the streams in which you fish. Remember that every piece of bait you remove reduces the natural food of the fish.*

Printed instructions that accompany various items of fishing tackle—for instance, reels and plugs—are provided for a definite purpose. They tell you how properly to use the equipment. It pays to follow the instructions any time, but especially in these days when it is so difficult to replace fishing tackle and other paraphernalia.

## FAYETTE COUNTY SPORTSMEN HOLD JOINT MEETING

The Fairhope Rod and Gun Club was host recently to the officers and directors of the Fayette County Fish and Game Protective Association in the club rooms near Fayette City.

Approximately 100 interested sportsmen from Fayette and Westmoreland counties were present and took an active part in the discussions of legislation now before the Legislature.

It was announced that various streams in the county have received a larger stocking of legal sized trout this year than in any previous year.

From information furnished by State Fish Warden Jim Banning it was recommended Sandy at Elliottsville, Mill Run in Wharton township, Beaver and Dunbar as most promising streams in which to duck a garden heckle or cast Black Gnat or Royal Coachman in the near future.

John Craig, president of the county association, presided at the session. George Wynn, president of the Fairhope club, welcomed the visiting members.

At the conclusion of the business session a supper was served by the Ladies Auxiliary of the Fairhope club.

Next meeting of the County association will be held Tuesday evening, May 8, in the Fayette county courthouse. All sportsmen are cordially invited to attend.

## FERNDALE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB MAKES BIG STRIDES

The Greater Ferndale Sportsmen's Club of Johnstown is setting the pace in that Pennsylvania steel center. Organizing in May 1940, the club got off to a good start with some 127 members. Since that time, progress has been the slogan and many fine activities have been the program. Today the membership numbers some 800 and is bidding strong to pass the 1000 mark.

The club owns a large farm-tract within easy access of its members where all forms of outdoor sports events are projected throughout the year. Plans now in the making call for additional shooting grounds, picnic park, rifle range and an attractive new club house. No wonder the Cambria County sportsmen are welding into shape a most powerful and influential organization. An additional tract adjoining the present holdings is now under serious contemplation and the plan calls for memorializing it and dedicating it as a living war memorial to the members now in the armed forces of the country.

Edw. G. Schwing, president for the past three consecutive years, is the "Spark Plug" and he and the officers are enthused and confident of the many good things in store for the returning members of this club when the war ends.



### VELVET ANT

Crimson as fire,  
Black as a coal,  
Indian ornament  
Out for a stroll.

But I wouldn't wear you  
As pendent or ring,  
Under your beauty  
Malevolent sting.

Velvet you seem,  
Yet death is your ire,  
Black as a coal,  
Crimson as fire.

CARSTEN AHRENS

## From the Tall Story Bag Up McDonald Way

### FISHING NIGHT CRAWLERS

First gather night crawlers in regular way—now go to an orchard and collect old leaves and decayed apples, and put same on night crawlers. This is supposed to keep them indefinitely and gives them such strength that when you put them on the hook, rather than "fish finds crawler," the crawler finds the fish, and with use of its tail, he hooks into gill and brings the fish to shore.

These Midway fishermen are good sports, and can take it.

ALFRED SUPLIT



Time out!



## ONE FISHERMAN TO ANOTHER

(Continued from Page 5)

Minnow streams will have to be designated, separated from headwaters to be reserved for stocking.

I think systematic designation is necessary for two reasons. First, the minnow gatherer will kill many young game fish by allowing them to die on his net or carelessly losing them in high



Trout for dinner!

I have in mind a prize example of a stream of disappearing dams—the Perkiomen creek, in eastern Pennsylvania, once a favorite fishing spot of Philadelphians. Twenty years ago, the creek was blocked at Hereford, Palm, East Greenville, Pennsburg, and places enroute, with big dams, flooding hundreds of acres. Bass fishing was excellent. Since, floods have destroyed nearly all of these dams. Bass fishing on the Perkiomen today is poor. It isn't worth a try. A bass has gotten to be a rare bird.

What is the answer? Private enterprise will not rebuild these dams because there is no profit motive. And for the sake of good fishing (particularly in the case of bass, pickerel, yellow perch and sunfish) these dams are necessary. They are going to be for soil conservation, too, some day, but that is another story.

The answer is, obviously, that the state and the sportsmen's organizations are holding the well-known bag. Weeds will continue to flourish where water once stood until either or both of these organizations act.

Of course some dams are being built. These are the water reservoirs that Jack Richards

Nobody is to be blamed for this, I guess. Who doesn't like to belong to a good club, with some fine private fishing? I think that the worst part about this whole deal, is that most of these lakes aren't being fished at all. Some clubs do most of their fishing in some elaborate club house.

The state of Michigan has an interesting law. No natural lake can be closed to fishing. The owner can prohibit the use of boats. He cannot forbid fishing from the shore.

I think the release of privately owned lakes and streams to public fishing would be the biggest factor possible in bringing better fishing to Pennsylvania.

The second biggest improvement in Pennsylvania, to my mind, would be to clean our streams, once and for all. Many of our streams, particularly larger ones, are like sewers, and unfit for either fish or fishing.

Because of the large population of fishermen, there dare be no waste space. Yet because large manufacturing plants and city sewage disposal plants are dumping refuse into public waters, streams with the greatest potential fish life are barren.

Stocking of fish, stream improvement, dam construction, stocking of headwaters—all are useless, without strict laws, rigidly enforced, regarding pollution.

Maybe I'm going to seed, but I think that the carp, sucker, and eel are menaces to our streams and should be warred upon as weasels, foxes and goshawks. They are the predators of our streams. They rob us of more desirable species.

The carp in our trout and bass streams keep the water roiled from nosing the mud, and to boot the rascals must eat a lot of spawn. There is some argument as to their diet of spawn, and since I've never seen them engaged in this malpractice, I can't make direct accusation. I have my ideas. At any rate, if they don't eat the spawn, they must destroy much of it by "working" the bottoms.

And the same goes for the sucker, although perhaps to a lesser degree.

Eels are killers, like the dogfish and garpike, and are on a par with watersnakes as murderers of small fish. They can never be eliminated from our streams because of the fact that they "run" up the rivers from the sea; but they can be kept under control. Eastern Pennsylvania has eels galore; a few years back, huge fellows could be caught any night along the Tohickon creek in Bucks County, and in the spring a mess of these snake-like fish could be caught in a very short time at practically any spot on the creek.

I do not think there should be a "limit" on these fish. And I do not see any reason why spearing of them should not be legalized. Not enough are taken (particularly eels and carp) to reduce their numbers.

You read a lot about the ratio between foxes and rabbits. Let the foxes run, say the experts, and bye bye bunnies. I believe the same thing holds true in the fish world. Let the carp and eel flourish, and adios to the more desirable species. Carp, especially, get more plentiful each year.

And then, last but not least, in a program for better fishing, there is . . . you, and I.

Are we willing to throw in our time and our money for better fishing? Would we help to furnish free labor in dam construction? Would we help to finance a fight to open streams and lakes? Would we aid in stocking streams?

I'm afraid that a good many of us (including myself) think of fishing as our pleasure and somebody else's work. We sit by the fireside

(Turn to Page 18)



The opposite of pollution—stream improvement—Little Lehigh

grass while he examines his "take." Second, a good many fishermen (yes far more than some might allow) don't know a wall-eyed pike from a lowly, mud-burrowing carp. Some trout or bass might accidentally be used for bait.

To catalogue streams would mean a gigantic task. But it could be done. It might be done by close cooperation between fish protectors and sportsmen's organizations. They might do the field work together, and submit recommendations of their districts to the Fish Commission.

I think that sections of large dams and natural lakes must also be closed, to carry out the same principle as we find on our game refuges. This should eventually do away with the old argument, "fished out."

Dams along our streams capable of providing good fishing are about as scarce these days as liquor bootleggers. The old ice house and mill dams have "busted" or have been condemned and dynamited.

wrote about in November, 1944, PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER. Brother Richards, friends, is a prophet. If many more cities get this private water dam idea, we'll have no space to fish. Maybe I'm awful dumb, but I can't see the harm in fishing in a water reservoir. If the people of the city of Philadelphia can drink the water of the putrid Schuylkill or Delaware river, they can drink the water of a reservoir that is being fished.

Also as Jack Richards emphasized in his article, there are too many of our streams and lakes not open for public fishing. Most of these places are for use of "clubs." It doesn't take any expert analysis to figure out that this is a handicap for a better fishing program. Some of our biggest and best lakes are closed. Some of our best streams are posted.

There is no finer lake, for instance, than Porter's Lake, in Pike County. There is also Pocono Lake, in Carbon County. These are only two. There are hundreds.



## BLIND DATES

(Continued from Page 3)

"Hold him!" roared Bill as he dropped his outfit and rushed to the rescue.

"You keep away from me, you big moose," coldly pronounced the diminutive Burr. "If this fish is to be caught I'll do the catching."

Bill then appealed to me. "He's going to deliberately lose him," he wailed when no action from me was forthcoming.

"The line on any outfit is liable to break with a big fish on it," twitted Burr as his rod tip arched to the water.

"Give him more line—more line," Bill moaned in despair.

"I can't, you big oaf, he's got it all," giggled Burr.

When the unwilling victim was reeled into the shallows it was easy to see that the thing was not a redhorse. Indeed, it wasn't even a fish.

"That's the fightingest waterdog I've ever tied into," declared Burr as he dragged the truly monstrous amphibian up on to the bank.

Bill said nothing. He couldn't.

Two more of the pestiferous pups were caught before a fish took hold.

"The danged things have to be either caught or driven out of a hole before a decent fish will take the bait," Bill explained as he creeded or should I say bagged, the first redhorse.

It may prove interesting to add that many of the local live bait fishermen go so far as to believe that no fish will take a bait on a hook that has recently connected with a waterdog. Accordingly, after subjecting an unfortunate victim to a horrible death, the angler will religiously cut four or more feet from the end of the "contaminated" line and bury it together with the hook. Bill follows the time-honored ceremony, vehemently declaring that that much line is ruined for fishing by the creature.

That year the calendar feud broke even although Bill won one less toss than his rival.

Nothing worth recording took place until 1939. That year we spent a full week on our usual Canadian lakes under conditions that could not be worse. This according to Bill. The moon and what-not were way off.

At this point let me append that I more or less lean toward the dark of the moon theory. It may be because I was reared to believe that fish are more active during the dark of the moon.

So you see I too had good reasons to be somewhat disturbed when we arrived at Bear Lake. The weather had been dry and clear for weeks, and on the night of our arrival the full moon was flooding the countryside with an unnatural brilliancy.

"Isn't this awful," gloomed Bill as we gazed on the gorgeous scene.

"Awful, is it?" sniffed Burr. "Right now," he continued, "that orb is exerting a most powerful influence on our finny victims. We'll slay them in the morning."

"You don't say?" sarcastically growled Bill, except that it was not what he really said.

Our success was unbelievable. We broke all personal records. The bass and northern pike literally tumbled over one another to get at our lures. We encountered bass practically anywhere in the three lakes we fished. At one place we landed a total of 39 small-mouths in almost as many minutes. At another we boated and released 20 in exactly 30 minutes. This in spite of barbless hooks which accounted for the loss of some few fish after time was consumed playing them.

On our way out occurred an incident which I would be prone to doubt had I not seen it happen.

As we approached our outfitter's camp dock, we observed a camper kneeling at the end of the dock apparently cleansing his hands. Suddenly, all three of us were dumfounded to see a violent splash at the place where the camper had submerged his hands. Simultaneously the man uttered a low cry of pain and jerked both members from the water, one of them dripping with blood. A great northern had torn two of his fingers. The episode was a singular triumph for Burr and his piscatorial beliefs.

"Gad," he muttered in huge satisfaction.

1940 proved to be a bad year for both the prognosticators and my pals. We fished together a total of four times and caught one solitary fish, a slinky walleye taken from Conneaut Lake.

Strange too, that year marked the beginning of the dissolution of our long association. I have often wondered since if the calendar feud had anything to do with it.

In 1941 the three of us fished together but once. It was in Erie Bay. All morning long we took a severe beating from the choppy water to fish favorite spots. At noon we quit the bay proper with nary a fish.

"The calendars are sure doing their stuff," observed Burr.

"Yep," Bill cheerfully agreed, "they're both clicking and in the groove." You have doubtlessly guessed that both calendars indicated poor fishing.

"Then, what in the name of little fishes did you come up here for?" I exploded in sheer exasperation. "Doggone, if I don't think you'd both be disappointed if we did manage to catch a fish," I drove home.

After exchanging glances they looked at me askance. Maybe I had something there.

That afternoon we took to the protected waters of Misery Bay. Anchoring just off the old battlewagon *Wolverine* moored there we had a regular field day with crappies and rock bass.

"Perhaps your prognosticating friends should specify the kind of fish that are going to bite as well as indicate the time," I prodded again.

Late that summer I returned to familiar Canadian haunts with new companions. Signs of all kinds were utterly ignored (although they were bad), and we made unprecedented catches. Bill Williams who specialized in the catching of great northers and who, incidentally, professed a colossal contempt for signs, hooked and released 29 of the brutes ranging up to 15 pounds, in a total of less than five fishing hours.

My observations have long since caused me to conclude that there is more to fishing than the mere observance of so many signs, portents or what-have-you. Yet, there is no denying that they will exist and be observed as long as there are fishermen. Fishermen, as we all know, live in a state of perennial hope; the slightest manifestation bespeaking or even hinting of biting fish being eagerly embraced. And if the sport should prove above the average, the particular sign involved at the time of the catching will be forever cherished.

It may be that such beliefs may not survive the dawn of a day when science will completely stamp out superstitions. The tendency to cleave to those things which we do not completely understand is strangely persistent. Do you doubt it? Then, try to explain the millions of anglers who still believe in signs. And besides, what would be the fun in venturing forth knowing full well that a mess of fish was a certainty?

One day last spring I encountered Bill Williams. In the course of our conversation he suggested that we should set a date for breaking the season at Pine Lake, a private fishing concession just over the line in Ohio.

"How does the 2nd of next month strike you?" I suggested.

At that Bill hauled a billfold from a rear pocket, extracted a small card and perused it for a moment. "Sure, the 2nd is just right," he beamed. Then, grinning sheepishly, he added, "This is a fishing calendar."

I said nothing. It wasn't exactly necessary to tell him that my dates weren't so blind. I memorized them.

## ONE FISHERMAN TO ANOTHER

(Continued from Page 17)

during winter and talk about fishing while a good many of our fish are dying because of lack of oxygen. Holes cut in the ice might save a fish that otherwise would die.

Everybody is damned busy, these days. There is little time for anything not connected with the war effort. But after V-day, we've got to roll up our sleeves. At least, that's my opinion. And now I'll spit one last time into the crackerbox, and then give somebody else a chance to start beating his gums.

## WITHOUT MECHANICAL AID

(Continued from Page 4)

finish the job. The instant your plug hits the surface of the water, or the target, you transfer the rod from your casting hand to the other, gripping it as described above. Then you grasp the reel handle with your casting hand and start retrieving. At this point we'll accentuate the negative with a few "don'ts."

Don't allow the line to slip from between the two fingers that are guiding it.

Don't allow any slack line to be wound on the spool. Enough pull should be exerted to insure a tight winding.

Don't allow any line to overlap on the spool. Don't guide the line to the end of the spool and allow it to creep up on the flange. The instant it touches, start back.

Don't "bunch" the line on any part of the spool. Keep those guiding fingers moving back and forth at an even speed. Count the number of turns of the handle between each spool length traveled, keeping them the same.

Above all, *don't* get discouraged and go back to that level-winder without putting up a fight. You are learning something new, and you'll never acquire skill by reading a magazine article or even a book. These will teach you the fundamentals, and correct your faults, but the "pay-off" comes with practice, and plenty.

Get out on an open lot with a practice plug, or remove the hooks from one of your collection. Take an old bicycle tire, or a barrel hoop; stand about fifty feet away . . . and cast. Make up your mind that you are going to do this at least ten minutes each day. You will soon become so fascinated that the ten minutes will have stretched to an hour, and your wife will be sending junior out to tell you that dinner is getting cold. Trouble? Yes, but when you've learned to spool your line on the reel without any mechanical aid, you've mastered one of the fundamentals of angling that is well worth all of the time it took you to learn.

While fishing South Fork above Moore's Run in Potter County, William W. Hillgartner, 1808 Brownsville Rd., Pittsburgh (10) Pa. lost his "Crawford" water-proof, shock-proof watch. Mr. Hillgartner's name is inscribed on the back and a substantial reward awaits the finder for its return.



## CLUB ACTIVITIES

(Continued from Page 11)

Game Protector Leslie Wood reported on the stocking of ringnecks in Tioga County, 135 having been stocked this Spring. The Nessmuk Rod and Gun Club expects to obtain 100 six-weeks-old ringnecks from the game farm which they will place in their game pen at the Charleston High School to be raised until large enough to be released.

Fish Warden Leland Cloos gave a report on fish stocking from November 2, 1944 to April 12, 1945. Up to and including that date 17,900 legal size trout have been stocked in streams of Tioga County. On Friday, April 13, the State truck accompanied by volunteers stocked the West branch of Mill Creek, Sand Run, Bailey Creek, Kettle Creek and Four Mile Run.

Special attention of sportsmen is being called to the fact that it is illegal to fish on any stream stocked with trout, between the hours of 5 P.M. and 5 A.M. on the night before the opening of trout season on Sunday, April 15.

The next meeting of the Nessmuk Rod and Gun Club will be held May 24, at the Firemen's Rooms in the Borough Building.

## COUNTY FISH WARDEN TALKS AT EPHRATA

EPHRATA—Robert Greener, Lancaster County fish warden, was the guest speaker at a recent meeting of the Northern Lancaster County Fish and Game Association, at the American Legion home. Warden Greener announced that there are 23 trout streams in the Lancaster County area stocked by the State Fish Commission. He also displayed a medal which will be awarded to the boy or girl under 19 years of age who kills 10 watersnakes. Tails only of the reptiles should be brought to Paul Good, 128 Park Ave., Ephrata, for confirmation of the kills.

Harry Fastnacht, president, was in charge of the meeting, and announced that 143 rabbits were trapped during the winter season in the Ephrata borough limits. The rabbits have been released in hunting areas, Fastnacht said, and called for the return of rabbit traps from those residents who used them. The traps should be returned to Oram Hurst, Lincoln.

The Association purchased three \$100 War Bonds during the meeting. Paul Good, chairman of the fish committee, reported that Sunday's initial trout fishing was "spotty," despite the fact that local streams had been stocked with more than 2,000 fish.

It was announced that the Association had decided to continue its offer of a \$2 prize to children under six years of age who catch the largest fish, of any species, during the current season. Catch reports should be made to I. L. Sprecher, Ephrata.

## WEST SHORE SPORTSMEN GATHER

The regular quarterly meeting of the West Shore Sportsmen's Association was held April 10, 1945 at the Citizens' Hose Co., New Cumberland. The meeting was well attended due to the opening of the trout fishing season on April 15th.

The Membership Committee, Herbert Steigerwalt, Chairman, reports 250 new and renewed members on the roll.

One hundred and fifty rabbits have been trapped and released through the game protector in Cumberland County.

Seed has been purchased for food plots to be sown on the Association's game refuge on Ray Steward's Farm along the Conodoguinet Creek to provide food for small game next winter.

Arrangements are being made to raise additional money for the purchase of more ringnecks. The Club has already purchased more than 100 birds this year at a cost of \$200.00.

The Big Fish Contest was launched at this meeting. Charles F. Peters is Chairman and the contest is open to all members of this Association. A first prize is offered for the largest fish legally caught in Pennsylvania in each of these species: brook, brown, rainbow trout, large and small-mouth bass, pickerel, walleyed pike, rock bass, crappie bass, sun fish, suckers, cat fish, fall fish and carp. Official measuring stations are Lower's Restaurant, New Cumberland and Sheaffer's Hardware Store in Lemoyne.

The members were requested by the President, Mr. J. W. Martin, to lend their support to the clothing drive now being conducted.

Two reels of movies on Fresh Water Fishing and Oddities in Fish Culture were shown.

## BIG SPRING REORGANIZES

At the annual Spring meeting of THE BIG SPRING FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION, held recently in Newville and at which time a bumper gathering of the membership were hosts to the Junior Sports Club, the following officers were elected to serve the current year:

Doyle K. Reid, President; Dean Baker, Vice-Pres.; Clinton F. Beckner, Sec'y; George Stouffer, Assist. Sec'y; Kenneth Bowman, Treas.; James Boyles, Assist. Treas.; Trustees: Kenneth Bowman, Guy Hoover and C. F. Walker.

Following a program of moving pictures provided by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, refreshments were served.

## SPORTS SHOW AT KENNETT BIG SUCCESS

Casting Contests and Archery Tourney  
Feature Final Day of Exhibit

The Sportsmen's and Wildlife Show, which was sponsored by the Kennett Square Junior Chamber of Commerce, in the Squaretown, proved a success financially and from an educational standpoint.

Already, plans are being formulated for a similar show, which, according to the committee in charge, should be a bigger and better affair.

The "field" events during the duration of the show included plug casting, fly casting and archery. The final results of these contests follow:

Plug Casting (Accuracy)—Earle Senseman, 78; Roland Grubb, 77; Vance Johnson, 75; G. Gibbs Kane, Jr., 74; Horace A. Pyle, 71; "Sharp" Holden, 69; Peter Filkosky, 63, and M. Driefus, 59.

Fly Casting (Accuracy)—"Sharp" Holden, 90; Earle Senseman, 84; W. E. Dill, Jr., 84; Gilbert Senseman, 77; Don Ferguson, 66.

Archery—William Trumbour, Jr., 123; "Sharp" Holden, 122; Erwin Drexel, 112; Gilbert Senseman, 108. Others participating were: Lloyd Branning, Karl Snell, Edna Simmers, John Foster, William Dill, Jr., Herb Kreider, Bob Amway, Curtis Dowlin and Earle Moyer.

## SPORTSMEN HOLD ANNUAL BANQUET

The Littlestown Fish and Game Association held its annual banquet recently in the social hall of St. John's Lutheran Church. One hundred and fifty-four sportsmen were in attendance. The banquet was served by the Tuck-a-Bache Sunday School class of the church. Bernard Dillman, president of the organization, was the toastmaster. The group sang "America," followed by the invocation by the Rev. Kenneth D. James, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church. Music was furnished by the Note Busters. A short business session was held following the dinner. The president spoke briefly after which he introduced the guests who included Sgt. Warren Wistozkey, Memphis, Tenn.; Lt. Maurice S. Brown, U.S.N.R.; Cpl. Paul E. Hilterbrick, of the U. S. Marine Corps; Judge W. C. Sheely and Attorney Richard A. Brown, Gettysburg; the Rev. Kenneth D. James, Leo Bushman, Adams County game protector; John Sedam, game land technician for the Pennsylvania Game Commission, and Randolph Thompson, lecturer for Pennsylvania Game Commission. Mr. Thompson was the guest speaker. He gave an interesting talk and showed pictures on fishing and hunting in Pennsylvania. Prizes were awarded to Clair Bowers, Charles W. Weikert, Jr., Randolph Thompson, Richard A. Little, Walter Crouse, Harry B. Long, Samuel E. Renner and Louis Clingan. A prize presented by Karl Bankert was awarded to Paul Bowman.

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**BOARD OF FISH COMMISSIONERS  
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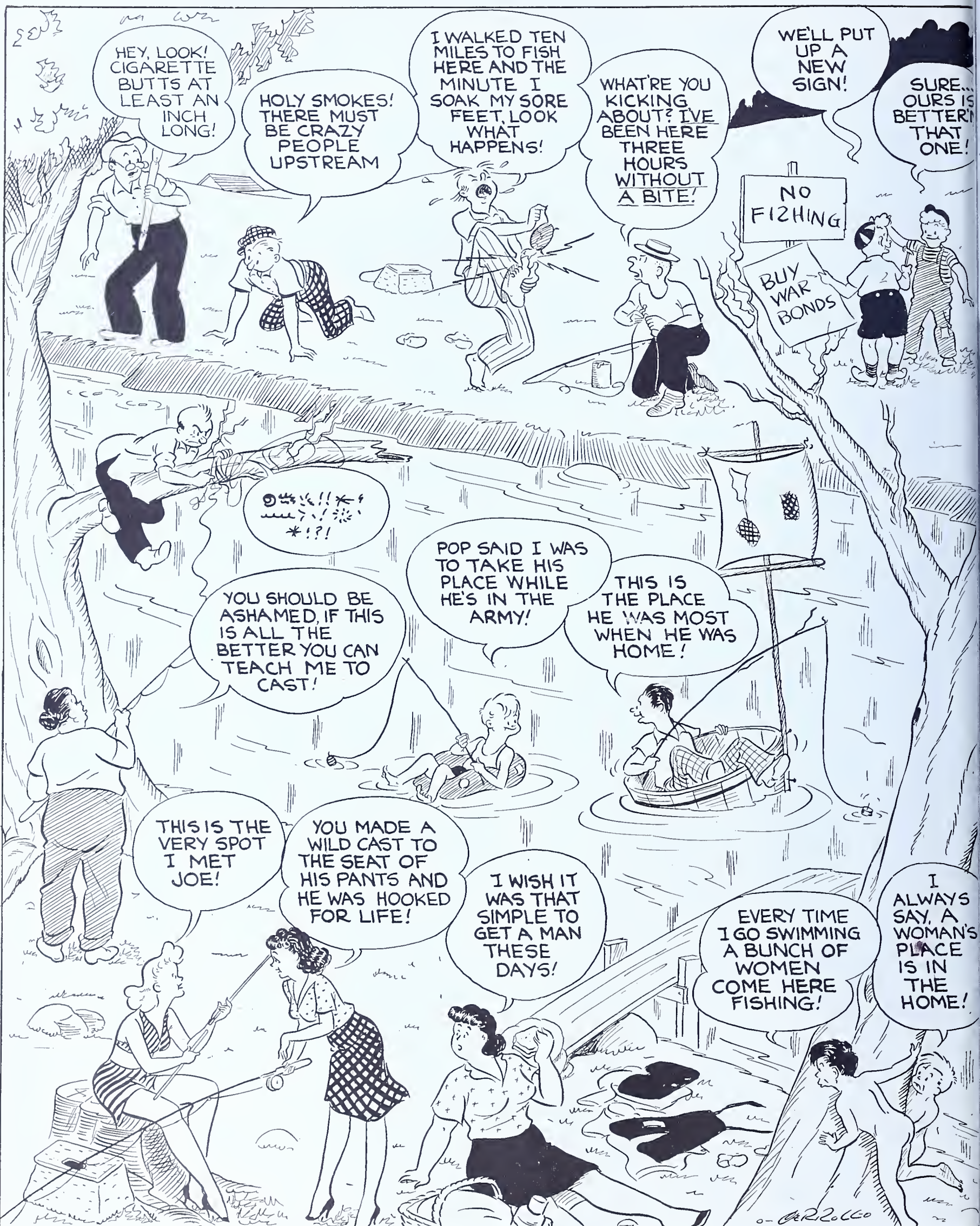
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# PENNSYLVANIA Angler



June 1945

P38 87



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# PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



VOL. XIV — No. 6

JUNE, 1945

## — COVER —

A VETERAN TALKS  
WITH THE BOYS

PHOTO—COURTESY "CALL-CHRONICLE"  
ALLENTOWN, PENNA.

## *In This Issue:*

POP AND TWITCH FOR BASS

By DICK FORTNEY

ANGLING FOR A NEW THRILL

By WILLIAM F. BLADES

RICKETTS GLEN

By R. C. WIBLE

LET'S GO OUTDOORS

By RALPH SIDES

8TH ANNUAL M.A.A.C.C.  
TOURNAMENT

By ELLEN A. DIETRICH

LITTLE JOURNEYS INTO  
YESTERYEAR

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By R. E. ANGST

FISH COMMISSION  
HONOR ROLL



## EDITORIAL

### *Keep Them Coming!*

Those short, short stories and PHOTOS. To you folks who have responded, to you who have contributed stories of your fish'n experiences and to you who have contributed photos—the reaction has been fine.

Refreshing letters complimenting the publication of these stories and photos has been most gratifying.

If at all possible, typewrite your articles and have your photos printed on sharp glossy paper.

Good photos will always receive serious consideration for front cover possibilities. Who knows? You may be next!

Help make your Pennsylvania ANGLER a bigger and better magazine! Help keep it breezy and informative!

Write your stories, be ever on the alert for good snaps—and  
**KEEP THEM COMING!**

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



# POP AND TWITCH FOR BASS

Two Exciting Methods of Angling Developed to Take Advantage of the Fighting Spirit and the Curiosity of the Small-mouth

By DICK FORTNEY

THERE are two characteristics of the small-mouth black bass which endear it to the angler who disdains bait, yet who prefers the fly rod and who enjoys his fishing action in full view.

The bass is a belligerent fish, afraid of nothing that swims in the stream in which it makes its home.

And the bass is a curious fish, in the habit of making furious attacks upon anything that attracts its attention by disturbing the water, especially on or near the surface.

To take full advantage of these peculiarities of the small-mouth, anglers have developed the tactics of popping and twitching the surface lures which have been developed for their pleasure.

There is a distinct difference between popping and twitching. Popping is a technique designed to arouse the fighting instincts of the bass, while twitching is an effort to arouse its curiosity. The bass angler must know both methods, for there are times when a bass appears to be motivated entirely by an ugly temper, and other times when its disposition is placid and it is dominated by an overwhelming urge to poke its ugly face into something else's business.

It is worth noting, also, that distinct types of lures have been developed for popping and twitching, and no bass angler has a complete kit until he has an assortment of both.

Lures of both these types are rather limited in design, and they are even more effective if in addition to producing the desired action on the surface they also imitate some natural prey of the bass, such as a small frog or a huge insect.

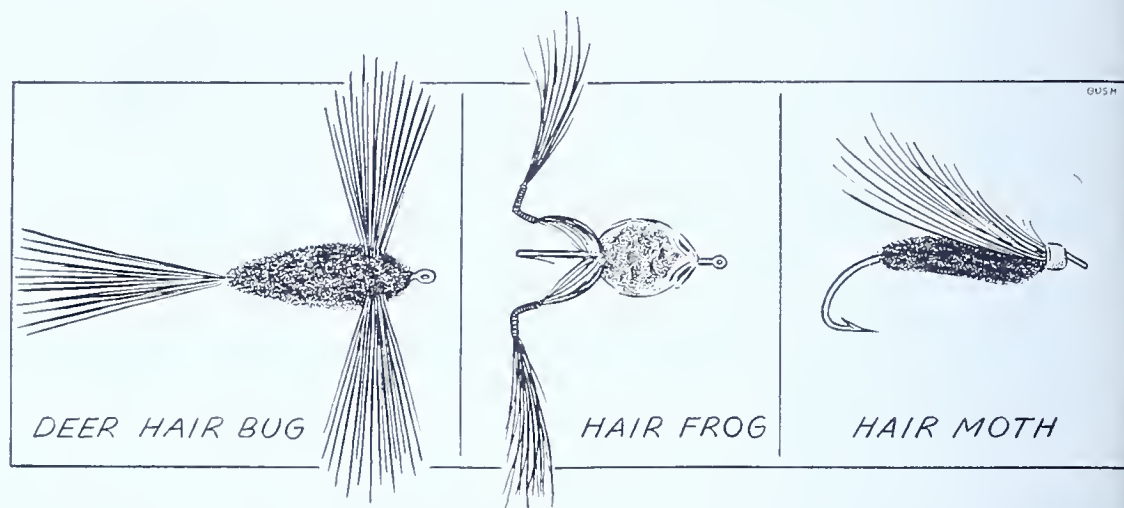
This imitation, however, is by no means necessary. My fishing companion of many years, Jean Huling, has made some of his finest catches of bass on a floating lure that certainly resembles no living creature of any form. It consists, rather, of a common small bottle cork, mounted on a hook and painted white, with a pair of red quill wings lying closely along its sides.

Jean bought the original pattern of this lure in a dime store, and he caught bass with it until the wings dropped off and it became loose on the hook. And some of the fish he netted were really line specimens.

The cork lure, incidentally, is a line illustration of the popping lure. Its flat face, when pulled against the surface of the water, sent up a wave of spray with a resounding "pop."

"The darned bug looks as if it was trying to spit in the eye of a bass, and it sounds as if it pulled the cork out of a bottle of home-made rootbeer," Jean used to say.

Violence was the rule in fishing this lure. And obviously a heavy and strong rod was necessary for its manipulation. The technique was to cast it far out on the surface of a pool, allow it to lie quietly for a few seconds, and then to jerk it violently, causing it to go into its explosive



routine. Then it was allowed to float quietly, and the action repeated. This was done until the lure had been retrieved.

The bass usually sailed into the bug at about the second or third pop.

Another excellent type of popping lure has a hollowed-out or concave face. When it is jerked suddenly as it floats on the surface, it also makes a considerable disturbance, and if properly constructed it will shoot a little stream of water almost straight up into the air, looking like a miniature whale spouting.

Still other popping lures have beveled faces. That is, the face tapers backward from the top toward the bottom. With proper use this lure also creates quite a disturbance, and its chief advantage is that it offers comparatively little resistance to the water when being retrieved or picked up off the surface with the rod.

All of the popping lures thus far described are made of cork, balsa wood, or some other hard substance. I recall using only one popping lure made of deer hair. It was constructed with a scoop-like arrangement at the bottom in front, but because of the nature of its construction it could not endure very much hard usage.

The popping type of bass lure was designed originally for use principally in southern waters, where the large-mouth bass lives. This member of the bass family is even more pugnacious than his small-mouthed cousin, and the lure has proved deadly.

On the creeks and smaller bodies of water in the North, however, the twitching types of bass lures have proved far more effective, and for that reason they deserve closer attention.

Any bass lure designed for the tactic of twitching must be a good floater, and personally I much prefer those constructed of deer hair to lures built of cork or balsa.

The technique is this: The lure is cast and allowed to float quietly on the surface for eight or ten seconds, and then by careful handling of his fly rod the angler causes the lure to make a very slight disturbance or a gentle hop, then lie quietly again.

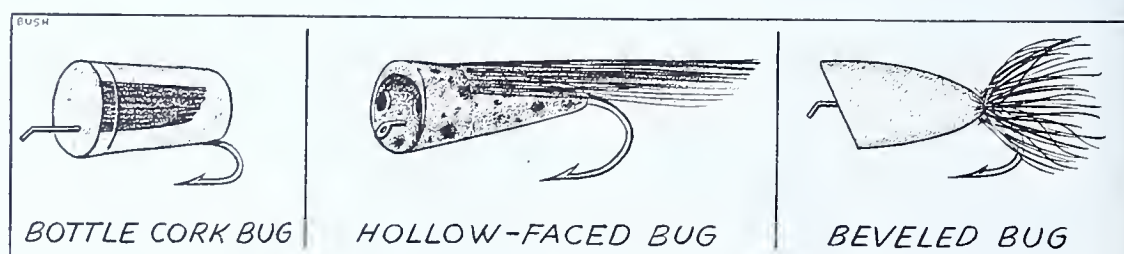
The twitching lure is intended to represent a small mouse or frog that has fallen into the water and is attempting to swim to shore or to look like a huge insect of some kind which is struggling with its wings and legs to arise into the safety of the air.

If you ever have observed a frog in the water, you will have noticed that it swims with virtually no splashing and fussing, and if you have been observant you will know that even the largest insect makes little more than a ripple in the water in its most frantic struggles.

The angler who catches his bass by twitching must strive for imitations of those movements. It's almost impossible for him to be too gentle in the manipulation of the lure; on the other hand, it is quite easy to create entirely too much of a disturbance, with the result that the bass will be frightened rather than attracted.

This warning may be underlined by the fact that the angler using the twitching lure often discovers that he gets the most action by simply casting the lure and allowing it to float undisturbed with the current, exactly as a dry fly would be fished for trout.

And the angler must develop for himself the





ability to impact the very slightest motion to the lure. Perhaps the easiest is to tighten the line carefully as the lure floats, then simply to shake the rod with one hand. The vibration of the rod will be transmitted through the taut line and leader to the lure, with the result that it will appear to quiver slightly, making just the faintest disturbance.

Above all, the angler must fish quietly and with utmost care. For it is a fact that the bass may have the lure under observation for a considerable time before striking it.

I recall one brilliant moonlight night when deer hair bugs were being used as bass lures. In very shallow water, with a black bug that could be easily spotted, and with the moonlight so brilliant that stones on the bed of the creek could be distinctly seen, it was this writer's experience to see just such a maneuver.

The black bug alighted on the water with a dull splat, and immediately a shadowy form appeared in the water close to it. There was a slight current, and the bug began floating slowly downstream, with the shadow closely following it. The bug was gently twitched, and this time the

likely to be caught, and about eight feet in length. Six feet of leader usually is sufficient, but the additional foot or two make it possible to change lures a number of times without making the leader too short.

In connection with the twitching type of bass lures it should be borne in mind that the technique of dry fly fishing for trout often can be successfully used in angling for bass.

Extra large floating flies are effective, and at times even ordinary trout flies will catch bass.

I have caught plenty of large bass with a floating fly known as the snowball or powder puff. It is made by wrapping half a dozen large white hackles around a long-shanked hook, Size 4 or 6, giving the effect of a miniature ball of white fluff.

The fly is cast and allowed to drift with the current. Occasionally it can be lightly twitched, and when in the course of fishing it becomes water-logged, it can be allowed to sink and then be retrieved with short jerks. Using the snowball as a wet fly, I had the fine sport of hooking three nice bass in a period of ten minutes one night.

The snowball, incidentally, is distinctly a night fly. It is too big and bold for daylight use—

And then the small-mouths go into action. The bass will continue feeding all through the night. Three or four of us for years have made a ritual of an all-night fishing party on the eve of Independence Day. Usually we have found the bass working well from dusk until around midnight. Then there has been a lull of a couple of hours, with the bass going back into action in the hour or so just before dawn.

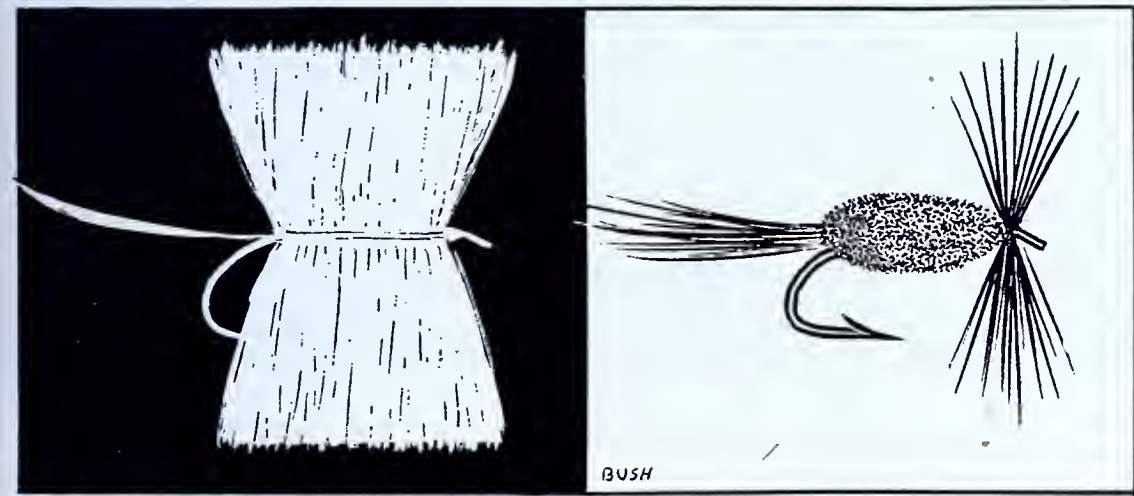
During the night the angler must be constantly observant.

For instance, he may be quite successful for the first hour by keeping his lure in motion quite consistently. Then the bass may cease showing any interest in his lures. Just to make sure, the angler changes his tactics and now allows the lure to float without interference. And probably the bass will begin striking again.

It's my opinion that the pop-and-twitch bass angler must master every trick in the books—and any new ones he can invent for himself—for variety certainly is the spice of life in this phase of the great sport of small-mouth angling.

Anything will work so long as it appeals to those two outstanding characteristics of the small-mouth:

Fighting spirit and his curiosity!



THE SNOWBALL | BASS DRY FLY

bass held itself motionless for a few seconds, then resumed pursuit of the lure. Twice this maneuver was repeated. On the fourth twitch of the bug the bass came slowly and deliberately to the surface, sucked in the lure, and was securely hooked.

A false move on my part, or a too vigorous movement of the lure, certainly would have caused that cautious fish to disappear.

There is a wide variety of twitching lures—all of them designed to float well.

There are deer hair bugs of various sizes and colors, and these probably are the favorites. But also popular are deer hair frogs and moths, samples of which are pictured with this article.

The angler has his choice of these, and it really does not make much difference which type he chooses, so long as he sticks to two fundamental rules:

1. In our heavily fished Pennsylvania waters the smaller sizes of twitching lures are certainly tops.

2. Dark-colored bugs are the best, in nine cases out of ten, with black a great favorite.

With the use of twitching lures, considerably lighter tackle may be employed, for these put no great strain on the bamboo.

In both twitching and popping, incidentally, a heavy line is essential, with many anglers preferring the torpedo-head type or at least a quick tapered line. The ideal leader is of nylon, six or eight pounds test, depending on the size of bass

except for hungry white chubs.

There remains the point of the proper time to use popping and twitching lures.

There are some anglers, especially those who prefer their bass fishing in the larger rivers, who have developed the skill to catch bass with popping and twitching lures in broad daylight. But the vast majority of fishermen (including a guy named Dick Fortney) rely on the protective covering of darkness for this type of angling.

The bats and whip-poor-wills are my timetable, for instance. At that period of the day when the sun has set and the first soft shadows of evening appear—and when the bats emerge in their search for insects and the sweet song of the whip-poor-will is heard—the bass surface lures are put into action.

There's a realistic reason for the choice, by the way. For it is at this same period of the day when the largest types of insects take to the air and are likely to be observed on the surface of the water. It is then, also, when streams come to life, and when the bass emerge from their daytime hiding places and begin feeding.

Usually, the rock-bass will appear first, sailing with vast enthusiasm into the angler's lures, and then the observant fisherman knows he is in for some real sport later in the night.

The "rockies" work for an hour or so, and then there often is a period of quiet when nothing rises to the lures.

WATER SNAKE EXTERMINATION CAMPAIGN

The Fulton County Sportsmen's League at a recent meeting held in the Fire Hall at McConnellsburg instituted a contest directed at removing water snakes in that area during the 1945 season. Boys under sixteen years of age will be enrolled and will be paid ten cents for each tail of a watersnake submitted to the committee. The League will also finance a Grand and Final Prize at the close of the contest. To the boy who will destroy the largest number of snakes, the sportsmen will award a fine and well worth-while prize. Much interest is already taking form and the campaign bids well to be one of the outstanding conservation measures projected in Fulton county this year.

In addition to the compensation and prize furnished by the League, the Pennsylvania Fish Commission will also award each contestant having killed ten or more snakes with a beautiful bronze medal.

Paul Knepper is president of the League while Fulton County's Superintendent of Public Schools, Harold Welsh is the Secretary.

TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP

There's little satisfaction to be gained By violating laws.

It demonstrates One's character and brings Out hidden flaws.

There's none of us so undefiled that we are Simons Pure,

Man was not intended so and brother that's For sure.

But if you'd have it said of you, "A Grand Old Sport Was He."

Then, Brother, take your torch in hand and Prove yourself to be.

W. W. BRITTON

Before Christmas Santa Claus is generally pictured carrying a large bag. After Christmas, dad is left holding it.

History keeps right on repeating itself, while stupid statesmen act as though they expected it to do something different.



# "ANGLING" FOR A NEW THRILL

By WILLIAM F. BLADES

## A Big Step in the Right Direction

FOR years I have fished and have had many thrills. I've also tied my own artificial flies, which greatly added to my fishing thrills.

But just recently I started doing something that has given me the greatest amount of satisfaction.

About four months ago I started, as a volunteer worker, to teach wounded soldiers at Vaughan General Hospital, Hines, Illinois, how to tie their own flies, and believe me, my efforts have been greatly rewarded.

Thanks to Vaughan General Hospital we have a comfortable, well-lighted room in which to work. We have the necessary modern equipment and materials. In addition, one of the enlisted men on duty in the Occupational Therapy Department designed, and had constructed, a material container that is really tops. It is made of Plexiglas and holds a quantity of all the materials we need to tie good flies. It revolves so that a patient need never get out of his chair to get anything he wants. You can well imagine how nicely that works for a "GI" who has a bad leg wound, but still can use his hands to tie flies.

Personally, I think I've been very fortunate to be part of this program. These boys are mighty interested in this fascinating hobby and I am sure that many of them will carry it on in later years. It is surprising how adept they become in a relatively short time, and you get a big kick out of seeing how they forget their injuries while they are making flies—(including wet flies, dry flies, hair flies, cork bugs, grasshopper streamers, etc.).

I can safely say I notice a decided difference in the boys after they have started fly-tying. They start to talk about opening day and their troubles seem to disappear.

If there are any fly-tyers who can spare the time, I can assure you the effort will be well spent.

If, through my humble efforts, some of these men develop into good sportsmen I will have been more than repaid. These "G.I.'s" have been out fighting for this blessed country of ours, and I do hope that through fishing they will avail themselves of the opportunity to relax and enjoy our country's beautiful lakes and streams for which they have given so much.

All right-thinking sportsmen will be glad to know that steps are being taken to guarantee that fish and game will receive some consideration in postwar construction of flood control or power dams. At the present time no law exists which requires consultation with the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service prior to federal construction—or private construction under federal license—having to do with the impoundment of water.

It is vitally important that such a law be enacted and recently Field & Stream Magazine sent the Editor, David Newell, to Washington to confer with conservationists in the Congress. The result is a bill which has just been introduced by Senator Guy Cordon of Oregon, designated as S.924. This bill requires consultation with the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service prior to the building of any dams, and requires that the recommendations of the Fish and Wildlife Ser-

vice be incorporated in all reports submitted to Congress on such federal construction. It means that there will be no more blind destruction of fish and game such as has disgraced our history. It means that consideration will be given our wildlife before, while there is yet time, instead of after when it is too late.

(Turn to Page 5)



Soldiers at Vaughan General Hospital learn about fly-tying from Bill Blades



Explaining various patterns of flies to hospitalized veterans returned from the battlefronts



(Continued from Page 4)

It behooves every right-thinking citizen to support Field & Stream and Senator Cordon in his fight. The recreational value alone of our wildlife is a tremendous economic asset which should not be wasted—particularly in view of the millions of young Americans who are living for the day when they can come back to the woods and waters they love. If you never wrote to a Senator or Congressman before, now is a good time to start. There is no reason why S.924 should not be enacted into law if all sportsmen and sportsmen's organizations will make their wishes known in Washington.

## IN THE WORDS OF AN ANGLER

To the EDITOR of PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER:

My story opens on the first day of trout season, April 15, 1944. Three of the members of this Club went to Stony Creek, Carbon County. There was snow and ice on the ground and the rocks were slippery. Our favorite fishing spot was at the fall and we parked our car at the bridge as close as we could to the pool, because it was cold. We got out of the car, fixed our poles and baited our hooks. We were using size 10 hooks and worms for bait. We walked down to the pool and threw our lines in. There were 3 or 4 other fishermen there and they were standing beside a fire which they had previously made.

We left our poles beside the water and joined our fellow fishermen at the fire. Fred Hooper, the youngest of the trio, found pay dirt and landed a nice 10 inch brownie. From there on we had excellent fishing until 9:00 A.M. The fish stopped biting and we returned home with 20 fish between us. Hooper had 4, Richard Branch 8, and I had 8. We really would have loved to get the limit the first day, but these were what we caught. The only mishap we had was me falling in the falls. The worms were soaked and that is why the fish stopped biting. The other fishermen were stationed along the creek and we didn't want to bother them when they were enjoying the nation's No. 1 sport.

We help stock Pennsylvania streams annually with the aid of Deputy Fish Warden, Robert Stevenson of Nesquehoning. Some of the streams we helped stock are Jaynes Run, Stony Creek, Mauch Chunk Creek and Bear Creek. We also stock fingerlings every year in streams of our vicinity. When we can't get gas, we walk, so that our fighting forces may use the gasoline.

I am sorry we have no pictures of our experiences at Stony Creek, but the sun wasn't out and it was a dreary day.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY C. ZAENGLE

## ARGUMENT FOR INSURANCE

"Hurrah! Five dollars for my latest story."

"Congratulations, young man. From whom did you get the money?"

"From the express company. They lost it."  
*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

Voice over the telephone to schoolmaster—Please, Alfred Jones will not be at school today, because he is in bed sick.

Schoolmaster—Very good, but who is speaking?

Voice—My father.

*Montreal Star*

# Ricketts Glen in Sullivan Highlands

By R. C. WIBLE,

District Forester, Penna. Dept. Forests and Waters

THE general mountainous area stretching north and beyond the North Mountains in Sullivan, Luzerne, and Wyoming Counties lends itself well to recreational use and development. Hotels, boarding houses and cottages dot the numerous lakes where camping and vacationing are annually enjoyed by thousands seeking rest, health, and enjoyment of nature. This area is unsurpassed for natural beauty while hunting and fishing opportunities are favorably reported by sportsmen.

Within the past ten years in Sullivan County, the Department of Forests and Waters has made available for public use the World's End State Forest Park. Here may be enjoyed various facilities, including a large swimming pool, picnic areas, nature study, fishing. The topography of this immediate area is broken by abrupt and rigid mountains and knolls. Outstanding in this respect is the far famed High Knob Overlook where, on a clear day, 30 or 40 ranges of mountains are visible. Loyalsock Canyon Vista offers a splendid bird's-eye view of World's End Park and the surrounding mountainous area.

But a few miles away lies the recently acquired Ricketts Glen Property. Overshadowed by war incidents and problems, the purchase of this recreational area by the Commonwealth has received but little publicity. Those who are intimate with the values and possibilities of this area from a recreational standpoint are sure to point out its inestimable value to the citizens. Ricketts Glen has everything in which the naturalist and recreationalist is interested. It has unique beauties unspoiled—protected and coveted by the former owner. It is doubtful that anywhere in Pennsylvania exists a combination of natural and topographic scenery such as that found in Ricketts Glen.

Spectacular lakes of glacial origin crown the center of this 10,000-acre tract. The water retains a surprising clearness, revealing the white sandy bottom of the lakes. The outlets of these lakes form two main gorges which unite at "waters meet" to form the main body of Kitchen Creek which flows south two miles through this property. The waters of the lakes enter Glen Leigh and Ganoga Glen at an altitude of approximately 2,200 feet above sea level. As these streams find their way through the gorges, tumbling and cascading over rocks and thundering over numerous falls varying in height from ten to 100 feet, they actually complete a total drop of 1,000 feet from the top to the bottom of the tract.

This area is complete in variety of natural beauties, yet simple in its arrangement. The gorgeous display of plant life from the lowly lichen to the majestic hemlock is simply unmatched. In many sheltered and isolated places repose rare species of ferns, shrubs, and wild flowers. It is interesting to note that wild cranberries thrive around one of the lakes. The berries are very tasty and form an important part of the wild life diet in the fall of the year. One cannot visit this Glen without a feeling of appreciation for this splendid example of nature's work.

The tree life in this area is most interesting. To foresters, this general vicinity is known as the meeting grounds of the Appalachian hardwoods and the northern hardwood type. Thus the beech, birch, and sugar maple of the northern hardwoods converge with the red oak, white oak, rock oak, and other species representing the Appalachian hardwoods. Other species of economic im-

portance comprise red maple, basswood, tulip poplar, white pine, cherry, walnut, and gum, distributed throughout the area in various quantities. Species which attain no great size but which contribute much to the general picture are flowering dogwood, viburnums, witch hazel, white birch, mountain holly, laurel, rhododendron, and ground hemlock. In the Glen proper exists a large stand of virgin hemlock. Many trees have a diameter up to 4 feet and tower to a height of 125 feet. Many of these giants have attained a surprisingly old age. The writer has personally counted rings on hemlock showing trees to be more than 400 years of age. A number of years ago, Professor D. S. Hartline of the Bloomsburg Teachers College counted more than 900 years on a fallen veteran hemlock in this area.

Improvement and maintenance work at the Glen has consisted of several features. In many places the trail has been materially improved to make walking much easier. Many new and more substantial hewn log bridges with hand rails were constructed. Along the trail in several locations rough hewn log benches were placed. Because the waters of Kitchen Creek threatened the undermining of some veteran hemlocks, the main channel was improved and deepened to provide an easy and adequate flow of the stream in the southern portion of the Glen. A new and more extensive parking area was constructed to take care of the increased demand. At this parking area and in clear view of the State highway, a rustic sign was placed, identifying the spot as Ricketts Glen State Park. Numerous other improvements included landscaping the Park entrance, improving the stone steps on the Glen trail, erecting a tool house, removing overhanging rocks on the trails, constructing a low water dam and other repairs and maintenance jobs.

Since the opening of the Park many thousands of people have walked the trails and climbed the steps to view and enjoy the many falls and cascades found in the Glen. One who walks the trails from the foot of Kitchen Creek Falls north to the source finds that a complete circuit takes about two to three hours and covers from seven to nine miles. This walk, although lengthy, has a great appeal, since we find many visitors making repeated trips through the Glen. Many, instead of making the long trip through the Glen, are satisfied to enjoy the beautiful falls at the roadway on Route 115, where Kitchen Creek makes its last majestic cataract.

It takes but little imagination to envision the great possibilities that lie locked in this area of multiple beauty. The more familiar one becomes with the lakes, the streams, mountains, and lookout points, the more one realizes that something exists here which cannot be duplicated or compared in all of Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania is indeed fortunate to boast of an area such as Ricketts Glen. Great and grave responsibilities lie with the Department in planning and developing this area to utilize to the greatest and best advantage all of the natural facilities which nature has placed here. It is the sincere desire of the Department to allow the area in the immediate locality of the Glen to be untouched by the hand of man. The arcas north of the Glen and in the region of the lakes will, no doubt, be developed as camp sites, picnic areas, cabin areas, and other recreational use areas. Certainly, with thoughtful planning, Ricketts Glen State Park will fast become a paradise of recreational arcas.



# FROM DOWN LANCASTER WAY LET'S GO OUTDOORS

With Slim  
By RALPH SIDES



Mr. Sides

A WAR is being waged against water snakes which kill fish . . . boys and girls under 19 years of age are called upon to join the "REPTILE REGIMENT."

Snakes kill a surprising amount of fish and by a county wide campaign to reduce their number, it will help greatly to maintain better fishing.

Each "Junior Commando" of this regiment will be awarded a bronze medal of conservation by the state if he kills ten or more water snakes in Lancaster county this year.

Robert Greener, 445 E. Strawberry St., Lancaster State Fish Warden is asking the cooperation of all sportsmen's clubs in the county to aid in the campaign by keeping records.

This could be done by registering names, addresses and ages of youngsters who bring snake heads to designated officials of their organizations. When there are a number of them listed having killed ten or more water snakes, then these records could be forwarded to Greener, who in turn will

arrange for a ceremonious presentation of the medals at meetings of the clubs.

## CAUTION

Be careful of poisonous copperhead snakes which often lie along the water's edge and have a very close resemblance to water snakes. Learn first-aid treatment of snake bite. (Water snakes are harmless.)

## PARENTS

Do not permit your child to carry a gun unless accompanied by an adult over 21 years of age and thoroughly instructed in the use of the gun and safety rules.

## YOUNGSTERS

Observe safety rules with a gun—one mistake may be fatal . . . to err is criminal.

Be very careful where you shoot . . . don't shoot through bushes when there is a chance of hitting someone on the other side. Bullets glance (ricochet) and may cause injury, too.

Never shoot across an open stretch of water as a .22 bullet will carry for a mile. Don't shoot fish.

Never fool with a gun . . . or point it at anyone, even if it's empty.

## GUN PERMIT

A small arm (revolver or pistol) may be carried only by persons 18 years or over while fishing or hunting with a special permit (which costs 15 cents.)

## AMMUNITION

.22 bullets are procurable (if stores have them in stock) for killing vermin or predators and snakes come under this category.

## FISHIN'

When I'm out a fishin'  
I find myself a wishin'  
That old pole would start a swishin'  
Then I know I'd have a bite.  
But such luck doesn't come to me  
Sittin' there beneath the tree  
'Cause I fall asleep you see  
Now that isn't right.

When I wake with scary look  
There's not a ripple in the brook  
And not a bait on any hook  
What a blasted shame;  
'Cause when I go home to sup  
My old woman blasts me up  
And I'm in the doghouse with the pup  
When I'm not to blame.

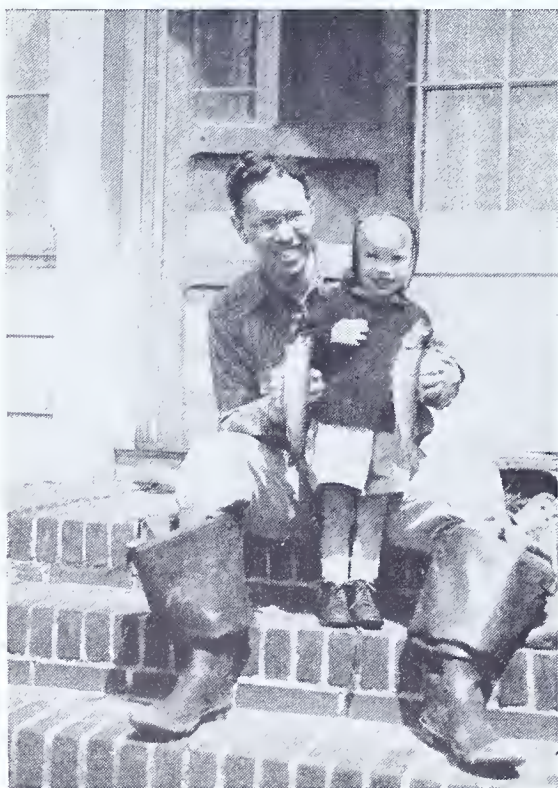
MORAL is to keep awake  
Every opportunity to take  
Then you're eatin' pie and cake  
All the whole day long.

W. H. SHIRLEY

# ON THE FISHING FRONT



Mrs. Elizabeth Brown of Emporium and 16" Brown Trout she caught in Spring Creek using Black Gnat—size 12 hook.



F. W. Fisher and son of Paradise, Pa. and 12" Brownie taken from the Pequae Creek, Lancaster Co.



18 1/4" Brown Trout caught by Richard Benton. Weight—2 lbs., 3 ozs.

(Turn to Page 14)



# Eighth Annual M.A.A.C.C. Tournament

By ELLEN A. DIETRICH

WILLOW Grove Park, Willow Grove, Pa., will be the place and Sunday, June 17, 1945 (rain or shine), the date when the MIDDLE ATLANTIC ASSOCIATION OF CASTING CLUBS will hold its EIGHTH ANNUAL TOURNAMENT, in which at least ten of fourteen member organizations expect to compete for accuracy and distance honors in fly, plug and surf casting.

In order to enable ALL FISHERMEN to enjoy tournament casting, instead of limiting the sport to the few who can procure unusual or expensive rods, lines, reels, etc., the Middle Atlantic Association of Casting Clubs, since it organized, has sponsored events requiring the use of equipment of standard manufacture; and scores made in the main events of the M.A.A.C.C. Tournament are NATIONAL SCORES with EVERYDAY FISHING TACKLE.

Many M.A.A.C.C. casters have been in the service of their country for the past two years; but entries in most of the events of the 1944 Tournament piled up almost like they did in some of the good old pre-war days—almost like they did in 1941 and 1942, in fact, when they surpassed even the fondest hopes of that group of casters that had started and kept together this growing organization. Few had had practice in advance of the tournament day last year—too busy, of course. But everyone joined in the general fun while they RELAXED FOR VICTORY at Willow Grove Park. . . . And the Park Management invites the sportsmen to SPEND ANOTHER FATHER'S DAY, June 17th—with their families and friends, if they can—at Willow Grove.

M.A.A.C.C. officers and committee chairmen who have been busily cooperating in preparation for the 1945 contest are as follows: *President*—Joseph Hirsch of Philadelphia; *Vice-President*—

Floyd G. Minor, Philadelphia; *Treasurer*—Howell I. Dietrich, Upper Darby; *Secretary*—Ellen A. Dietrich, Upper Darby; *Tournaments*—Bertram Bennett, Oak Lane; *Prizes*—William J. Stoneback, Lansdale; *Membership*—Howard B. DuBois, Norwood; *Rules*—George M. Gaul,



Arthur Clark of Fox Chase. All-round fresh and salt water caster

Philadelphia; *Interclub Competition*—Ernest H. Jenkins, Narberth; *Publicity*—Ellen A. Dietrich.

Individual and club prizes of War Bonds and Stamps will be awarded this year, as last. As in previous years, too, each contestant will cast for his local club; and, in each event, the top scorers will receive three points, the one who places second will receive two points and the person who places third, one point. In recapitulation at the end of the tournament day, following the awarding of prizes to individual winners of the various events, points will be added to determine who are the highest individual scorers in all fresh water events, who are the highest individual scorers in all salt water events, what teams total the highest number of points in all the main events and what teams place highest in Plug Accuracy, the event which each year has been by far the most popular of the entire tournament day.

As in all of life's endeavors, to become proficient in any of the various types of casting requires *time* and *practice*. It has been one of the chief objectives of the M.A.A.C.C. to reward not only its most skillful casters, but also to encourage *beginners* and those who do not have the necessary time or opportunity to practice in order to place themselves among the "top-notchers" in the sport. For, who knows? Some day they may have that opportunity and this Association feels that if and when the opportunity does present itself, they'll be far more apt to take advantage of it if they've been encouraged along the way. At the M.A.A.C.C. tournament each year, therefore, numerous prizes (equal in value to those won by the top casters of the Tournament day) are also awarded in most of the events to folks whose scores fall into so-called "B" and "C" classifications. By rewarding and aiding the novice, the M.A.A.C.C. has helped a goodly number of fishermen to become interested in

casting—especially fresh water casting, which, prior to the birth of the M.A.A.C.C., was comparatively unknown in this part of the country.

Payment of \$5.00 per year DUES by a CLUB permits any caster or casters from that club to participate in the M.A.A.C.C. Tournament. In pre-war days, when folks could "get around," this fee also entitled members of member clubs to participate in interclub competition sometimes weekly, sometimes semi-monthly and sometimes monthly, which, under the chairmanship of Ernie Jenkins, provided much fun and a real opportunity for the sportsmen of the various clubs to become acquainted with each other while practicing for perfection in their favorite sport. The casters look forward to more such competition "When the Boys Come Marching Home."

Entries in all events are open from 10 A.M. until 3 P.M., in order that contestants may attend church, travel appreciable distances and take care of other duties on the tournament day.

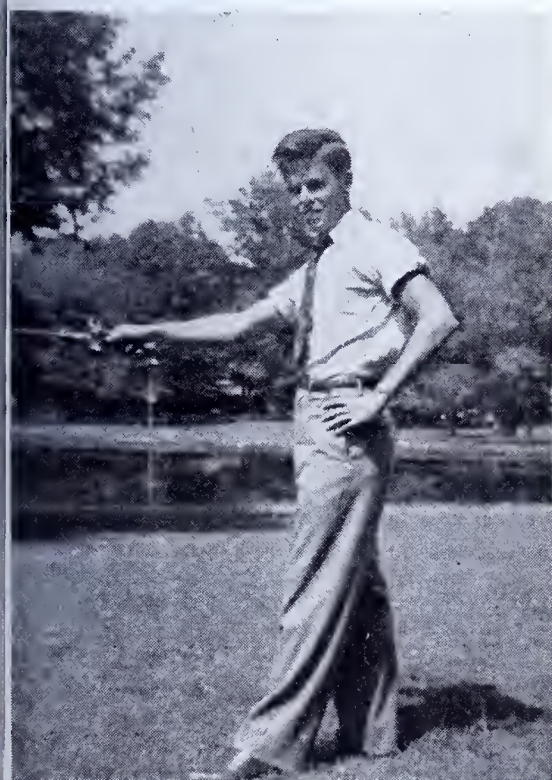
Rules, the Association decided at a recent meeting, will be the same as last year in all events, including the newly introduced  $\frac{3}{8}$  oz. Accuracy. And while on the subject of rules . . .

## A Dissertation on Rules

In competitive endeavors in general, in order not to give one contestant unfair advantage over another, of course, there are rules pertaining to procedure, equipment, etc., for each kind of competition. And in casting, as in other forms of competition, there are folks who have various and varying ideas as to how the rules should read.

(Turn to Page 15)

William H. Everman and son of Drexel Hill—some last minute instructions in the  $\frac{3}{8}$  oz. accuracy



Skeets Anderson of Gladwyne. An excellent plug and surf caster





# STREAM IMPROVEMENT



Musser Dam—constructed by North Eastern Lancaster County Rod and Gun Club near White Oak School—Upper Muddy Creek



"Loaves of Bread" Rocks along the Delaware near Bushkill—An ideal spot for Walleyes and Black Bass

## OPENING DAY

By GORDON CAHILL

On opening day, when hopes are high,  
The first quick cast of kinky line,  
And downstream dance of floating fly,  
Fulfill a winter's dream of mine.

The pliant spring of upswept rod,  
The pause, then power of the cast  
To dimpling pool where shadows nod,  
May fill the hopes of seasons past.

The fly is cocked, and near the place  
You know the big one used to be;  
Now going on, and down the race  
Of current, toward the willow tree.

A moment's drag, then free again,  
A rise! A quick lift of the wrist,  
He's on—leaps arching clear, and then  
Bores down to roll and turn and twist.

Three times he's almost in the net,  
The reel clicks out the final run,  
You lead him in, sides glistening wet,  
The prize is yours, the battle won.

Time out for thoughtful smoke or two  
To rest the pool, and so to wish  
Contentment such as mine for you,  
Tight lines, good luck, and many fish.



# THE SPORTSMEN'S CORNER

**It Pays to Think Like a Fish, for That Is the Way to Decide Where a Trout or Bass May Lurk—Notes on Hiding Places and Feeding Stations**

By DICK FORTNEY

**D**ID you ever try to think like a fish thinks? Ever imagine yourself a big trout or bass living in your favorite stream? And then try to figure just where in the creek you would spend the most of your time?

These questions are not as silly as they may appear on first reading. They are, as a matter of fact, very practical, and in them lies a clew to successful fishing trips.

All of our fishing lore is based on facts that are known about the habits of fish. And while they apply in a general sense to any stream in which we may fish, at the same time we have to do some reasoning of our own to solve the problem of particular fishing spots and the particular fish which we seek to catch.

## Fish Have Two Motives

Two motives are characteristic of every fish:

1. A desire for food.
2. A desire for safety.

In other words, everything a fish does is born out of its appetite or its instinctive fear of its natural enemies, including men.

And nature has given to a fish the ability to discover the best feeding stations and the best hiding places in the stream in which it lives. Otherwise, there would be precious few fish to catch.

Here is where the matter of an angler thinking like a fish enters the picture. It is the angler's task to be able to recognize and to fish the places in the stream where fish are either feeding or hiding.

## Fish Sense Explained

It is said of many anglers that they have a fish sense—indicated by their habit of moving from pool to pool, fishing only certain sections of the water as they go along, and usually returning home from the stream with good catches of trout or bass.

Fish sense, as a matter of fact, is nothing more than the ability of a man to pick out at a glance the feeding stations and the hiding places of fish in any stream.

It is not something that is born in a man or that is acquired only by experts. It can be cultivated by any angler who will take the time to study streams and fish. And not much time is required, either, for within the confines of a trout or bass creek the feeding stations and hiding places are well defined.

## Some Common Examples

Take hiding places for example.

These include deep pockets in the vicinity of logs, boulders, or other submerged obstructions; the recesses of cut-back creek banks, rocky ledges, and even the thick tufts of grass and other vegetation hanging from the shore out over the water; rocks and rocky formations in a creek pool; deep eddies; deep holes in small streams.

Then feeding stations:

In the first place, large fish do not move about any more than is necessary in the water, so the angler can be sure that when fish begin feeding

they will explore, first of all, the water in the immediate vicinity of their hiding places.

Eddies in fast water, where minnows gather; the shore lines, where insects are likely to fall from vegetation into the water, and shallow riffles, which usually have some deep pocket, are favorite fish feeding stations. The shade of a bridge spanning a stream; the shallow, swift tail of a pool are others.

## One Problem Solved

Of course, the lore of where fish hide and feed in a stream is only one part of the problem of

getting them into the creel. The fisherman must know how to approach such spots to fish them properly; a man devoted to artificial lures must solve the problem of just what fly to employ. Even getting bait to the hiding place or feeding station often calls for all the skill an angler possesses.

Yet the fundamental key to angling success is knowledge of exactly where in a stream to fish.

And once that knowledge is acquired the angler may fish with complete confidence in any stream he visits, no matter if he never had seen its waters before.

Yes, it pays to think like a fish.

Should a husband tell his wife all his thoughts and actions? Absurd! She already knows what he thinks, and her friends tell her what he does.

Bassbugs seldom are successful lures unless the water is calm. Choppy water makes it hard for the bass to see surface lures and also prevents the surface rings and water rippling that make the fish think the bugs are alive and struggling.

## TROUT STREAMS IN CAMERON COUNTY



East Cowley Run



West Cowley Run



# LITTLE JOURNEYS INTO YESTERYEAR

By J. ALLEN BARRETT

## "The Old Orchard" and "Beaver Camp"

THOSE were happy days, those days of the "Old Orchard" on the "West Branch." Remember!—And many of you who read this can remember the "Old Orchard"—with its gnarled apple trees and the old chestnut. The chestnut which my grandfather, the late S. H. Barrett grafted from the big species those long years ago. Remember! When we struck out from home long before daylight to get there in time for the Fall harvest. To beat "Harry (Cooney) Troxel" and "Bob Schreffler" and "Bob Minnich" before they "skutched" the tree?

Well sir, the "Old Orehard" stood in the middle of some of the finest native brook trout fishing waters in those parts and many were the joyful and pleasant expeditions (on foot) into the valley. "Davey Matter's Road" just a mountain path led the way across "Berry's Mt." with one swell spring on the North side and then down into the Valley and the old "Tram Road" opposite "Hawk's Nest." From here the trek was easy over rolling hilly country on out past the "Mud Run" and then the very headwaters of the old "West Branch" at "Minniek's Hit" where the waters literally bubbled from the breast of mother nature. Yes—as boys we used to like to play hidden treasure and many little trinkets of cheap jewelry such as signet rings and tie pins, etc., perhaps still lie buried beneath some of the big flat stones along the way.

Here at "Minnick's Hit" amid a setting of stalwart white oaks and hemmed in by some of the knottiest scrub-oaks that ever grew, we pitched camp. Flies and artificials were just then beginning to make their debut and except for a few Royal coachmen, black gnats and white millers, our offering was live crickets, grass hoppers, hairless caterpillars and of course a good supply of tough black worms dug out of the white clay of a nearby swamp. The stream was heavily overhung with brush and there was little chance then or now for any so-called faney fly-fishing. Some of us did it when possible, but for the greater part the red and black worm held sway.

Brook Trout of the first rate. Those gamest, fightingest salmon-bellied fellows that matured at ten or eleven inches and really and truly provided a bundle of real dynamite on the end of light tackle in a "drift-pile" infested body of water.

The pool that formed just where the "Mud Run" empties in was a spot where some big fellows always lurked and here too lurked some other fellows all summer long, "Charlie Reese" and "Chubby Minnich" never passed this pool up whenever they were in the valley. On down farther such place names as the "Wolf Trap"—"Shadle's Run"—The "Hawk Nest"—The "Hawk's Sawmill"—"Dry Run"—The "White Oak Run"—"Bear Puddle"—"Doc Smiths"—"Nigger Cabin"—"Trough Run"—"Barretts Run" and then the big swing into the stretch which led into "Road Makers Cabin"—shall, I fear remain indelibly impressed upon the memory of every last mother's son who ever enjoyed the sport and recreation fishing the "West Branch."

Eastward and on the opposite side of "Powells Valley Road" out across "Shiley's Flat" we approached the headwater of the "East Branch"

and many were the trips into "Stoney Cabin" and "Greenland." The West and East Branches drain one of the finest mountain countries in all this great state of Pennsylvania only to join up and head off into "Rattling Creek."

Aside from the "Dave Matter" road other entrances to the valley were provided by "Grosser's Road" and "Douden's Road" and "The White, Oak Trail," the latter three now pretty well impassable with brush.

Yes, close and nearby the "Old Orchard" and on a slight knoll overlooking "Red Hill" and from which vantage point the lights of "West-Brookside" could be clearly seen at night, we selected a site for a permanent camp. A camp for both fishing and hunting. Here close to the old "Pitch-Pot" where pitch was recovered for its commercial value in the days long since gone by; here close to the babbling stream of clean pure water rushing along on its immaculate bed of white sand, we erected "Beaver Camp" and the occasion of the camp's dedication will long remain in my treasure chest of pleasant memories. "Bill Baylor" presided in the kitchen and boy what a cook. Closing my eyes I can once more see them there on the big porch, seated there discussing plans for a veritable playhouse. "Charley Shadle," "George Kosier" and his Senora talking machines. "Mike Stroup," "Doc Bressler," "Hal Bowman," "Jack Quigley," "Brook Bressler," "Andy Bright," "Bunt Williams," "Al Row," and of course my dad, "V. William Barrett" and brother "Roy" and "Lew." From across the hill and not far away came "Bretzy" on "Piekador" his horse, (J. Ammon Bretz) keeper of the state game refuge to spend a few hours of friendly visit. "Bud Baylor" came in from Sunbury a little late but in plenty of time for the sumptuous dinner. It was in this setting that "BEAVER CAMP" first became the mecca and haven of a grateful membership.

During the twenty-four years since that great day the camp has been diligently looked after. New faces came into its fold and it was improved until today it is twice its original size. Nestled there among the pines and balsams "Beaver Camp" continues to invite and provide a stimulating measure of peaceful relaxation and rest and I'm a-planning some day soon when this weather really warms up, I'm planning to invite one of the oldtimers to accompany me and if it is in the sticks, we will have an old-fashioned trout-fry in BEAVER CAMP.

Yes, I'm going back amid the scenes of yester-years, years crammed with abundant plesantries. We will throw off the worries and muck and mire of a world gone mad and if only for a few hours, we'll sit among the things we love and rest a-while.

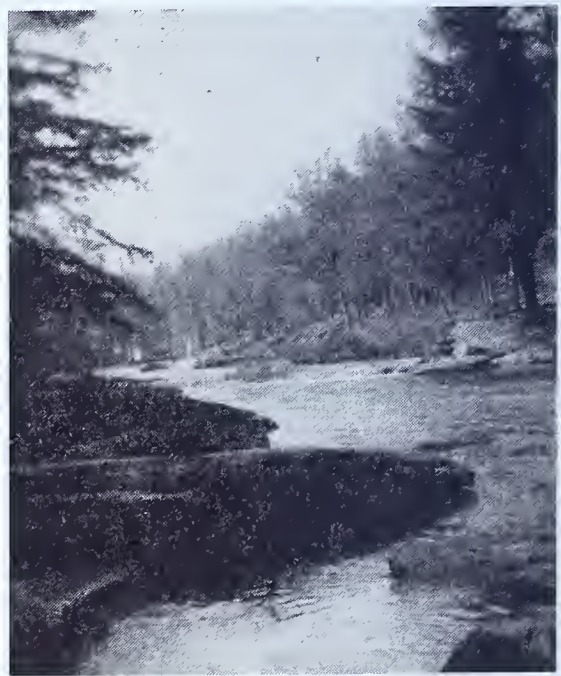
## BOMBI!

## THE BUMS—

## WITH BONDS!



Trout water on the Saucon Creek, near Hellertown



Buffalo Creek—West Franklin Twp., Armstrong County

A trout that is just nipped by the hook is likely to go into hiding for a long time, but such is not always the case with a bass. If missed on the first strike, a bass often will take the bait or lure soon again, and if it is a really good fish and refuses to return at once, the angler may rest the spot for a couple of hours and then try again.

The three stages of Dictatorship: Hero! Nero! Zero!



## ROD AND GUN

Rod and Gun, ah, how magic each word,  
How restful, and promising, to each G.I. Joe;  
Who followed the lure of Nature's own call,  
Back then—'fore the World received its foul blow.  
The yearning that rises as memory flees back  
Leaves a void, quite empty, like the call to attack.  
A vision of Trout streams, over which May flies flicker,  
A lake in the twilight, with Bass on the prow;  
A stroll in the Autumn, in search of wood's denizen,  
Then happily homeward to the call of an owl.  
'Tis true the word Gun now holds a vile meaning;  
Still this cannot lessen our ardor for same,  
As we think of a gun-rack; neath dust in a corner,  
Long since inactive—no trips now for game.  
Our Rods, too, lie dormant—no trips to the stream;  
No conquest for Brooks, Rainbows, and Browns;  
No time for resting, while white water swirls,  
Far from the hustle and bustle of towns.  
All these left their mark, an unquenchable longing,  
A need for nature in the scheme of man's living;  
A desire to convince the World of its error—  
Too much of taking, too little of giving.  
With these reflections we make firm our purpose,  
Nothing can shake it, nor cause it to stall,  
As onward we plunge to the Heathen's own lair;  
With Justice our by-word, each Tyrant shall fall.

—SGT. RALPH N. STEWART, JR.



Peaceful relaxation fishermen learn to enjoy

*I envy him and him  
only—who catches more  
fish than I*

—IZAACK WALTON



Ken Reid—Executive Director—Izaak Walton League of America—at Fisherman's Paradise

## BROCKWAY SPORTSMEN STOCK STREAMS

At a recent meeting of the Brockway Sportsmen's Association a complete and detailed report of the Fish Committee was read before an assemblage of hopeful trout fishermen. The committee headed by Joe Pisoni, with assistants, B. J. Morrison and Emil Hrinya, has labored long and hard for several pre-season weeks in an effort to stock all nearby streams with exceptionally nice trout, in readiness for the opening day, April 15.

Following the opening of the season, a period of inclement weather swooped down from somewhere and the early line heavers found themselves engulfed in weather more suitable for hunting, making catches since the first Sunday extremely light.

Joe states that local anglers have a wide choice in selecting their streams this year since all varieties of trout have been stocked. Brook trout, the original natives of the east, have been placed in three streams; the transplanted square-tail of the west, the rainbow, was planted in two favorite haunts; while the once doubtful European, the brown, went into four nearby runs.

The brown trout has become a real citizen since introduced years ago.

The Manner run dam, known as Marshall's dam, has been the sportsman's coddled "baby" because of its nearness to Brockway, making it a favored spot for sparetime sport. With gasoline a critical shortage, the dam is one place available to fishermen with one eye on a fly book and the other on the last "A" coupon.



## REMINISCENCE

By FLOYD JONES

CHAS. WETZEL'S first instalment on "25 Years of Trout Fishing" brings back cherished memories. I fished the same waters over the same period. In fact I started trout fishing about 1916. I was just a boy of 12 then and was thrilled beyond words with my first catch. What a difference over the sunfish fishing I had been doing.

In the next four years I visited every trout stream I could walk to in Cambria County. When I was 15 I went alone. It was seven miles to Rogue Harbor. I walked this distance, fished up stream two miles, back down and then hoofed it back home all in one day. Rock Run was 5 miles away and Driscoll Hollow three miles. It was on this last stream where I had my best luck. I seldom returned without my limit of 25 trout—all brookies, up to 15 inches.

In 1920 I went on my first fishing vacation with Dad. We spent a week on Big Trout Run in Clearfield County and it was here where I first used dry flies. I had fished all morning behind Dad and in front of him—he made me stick close by because of the many rattlers—and with only two trout to show for my efforts. He was dry flying and had caught thirty some. He just couldn't stop after getting his limit but kept right on catching and releasing them. He noticed my disgust and tied a six-foot leader on my line, attaching three flies. Then he showed me how to cast. I had a hard time catching on and couldn't hook the fish when they did strike. He told me not to get excited and jerk when I saw a trout strike but just to tighten up on my line. I finally caught one and then gradually got on to it. When we returned to camp that evening I, too, had my limit and our two buddies, who had gone the opposite direction, had a total of eight between them. They were using worms. This experience made an indelible impression on my mind and there have been few times since when my fishing companion caught more than me.

Wetzel writes about catching two and three on one cast. I did many times and I still do when I go to Michigan and Canada.

In 1922 I spent a couple weeks on Big Pine, Kettle, Young Woman's Creek and numerous smaller streams in that area. We had a Chevrolet then and could get around. And every stream was black with brook trout. Each was a fisherman's paradise.

It is strange to me to read about most trout fishermen graduating from worms to wet fly to dry fly. I don't believe my Dad ever used a wet fly and I never did until 1936. I realize they have a place in early spring fishing and high water and today my paraphernalia consists of nymphs, wet flies, dry flies, streamers, metal lures and plugs and I have caught trout on them all. One of the biggest trout I ever caught—a 17 inch rainbow—was taken on a small flatfish. It, without doubt, is my favorite all around plug for all kinds of fish.

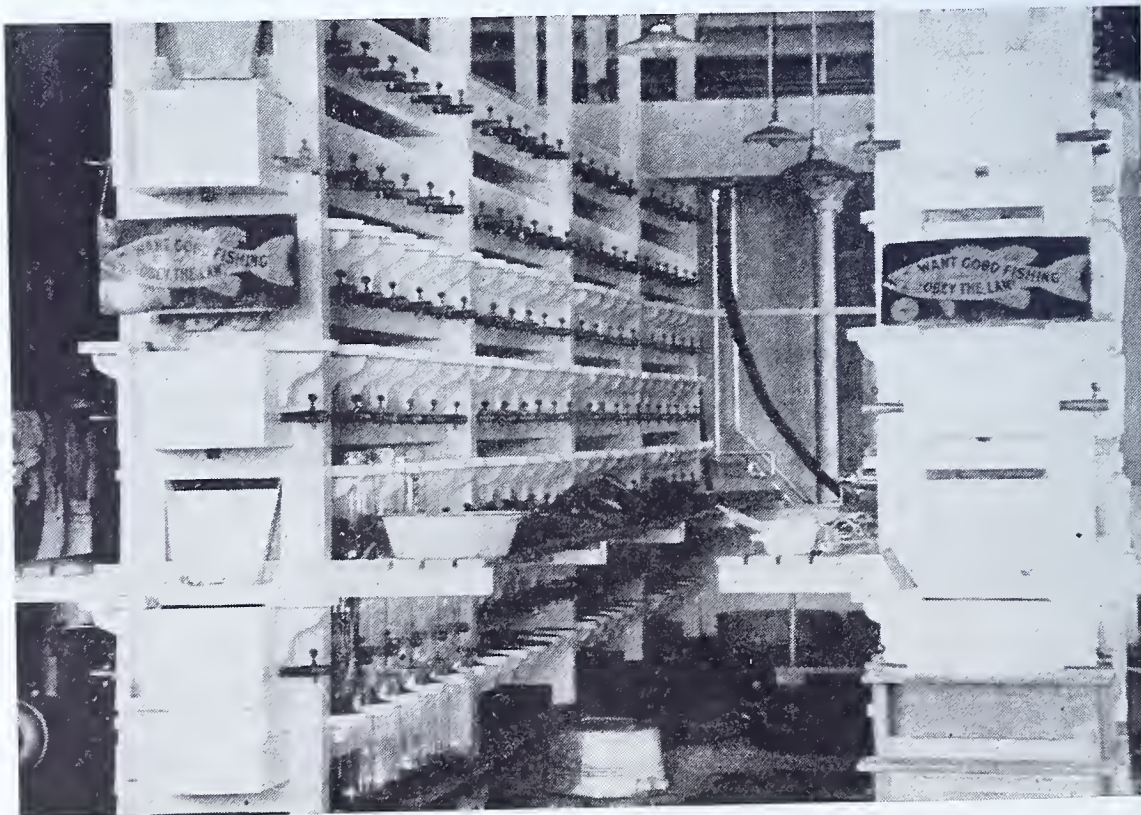
I would like once again to see the Pennsylvania streams like they once were—teeming with brookies—but realize a lot of changes would have to take place. Pollution would have to be cleaned up. Reforestation to lower water temperature and control level would be a MUST.

## FISH CULTURE AT THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH FARMS

### Monthly Glimpses into Our Mammoth Fish Culture Program



Farm at Corry showing Administration Building



View of section of the interior of Hatch House at the Erie Fish Farm



# FISH'N IN THE HOME STATE

By EARLE S. KEYSER



Mr. Keyser

The invitation to do this piece came almost simultaneously with reports of some nice catches of fish in Lancaster county and elsewhere in Pennsylvania. One of these was a 28½-inch catfish, weighing 10¼ pounds, taken from the Cone-stoga creek in Lancaster county. Another was a 19-inch small-mouth bass, weighing 3¼ pounds, taken from the Susquehanna river in the vicinity of Steelton and the third was a 37-inch walleye, weighing 14¾ pounds, taken from Lake Wallenpaupak.

Any one of these catches would make any fisherman leap for joy. I know it would me.

I am convinced that there are plenty of fish in Pennsylvania's streams and lakes and that they are not all small fry. To prove it I spend all of my fishing time right here in Pennsylvania, mostly in Lancaster county.

The saying that "the pastures look greener across the road," or something like that, is true, very true, and I have often succumbed to its fallacy, except in the case of fishing. For right here at home I've shared in fishing trips that, shorn of the adjectives of the professional story writer, have equalled any I have come across in the thousands of fishing stories it has been my pleasure to read.

There was the night I chalked up a double of walleyes in the tail race of the then new Safe Harbor dam. That night's catch included, among others, a 24-incher that still stands as my record. My companions fared as well as I did and the scales in the country store where we weighed in surely took a beating.

There was the morning of the opening day of the trout season when I had the limit of brookies from a stream in the foothills of the South Mountains before the sun was very high in the sky.

There was the Autumn day I spent in a rowboat, anchored on the wing of an old fish basket in the Susquehanna river, catching the nicest bass it was ever any angler's pleasure to string up.

There were days upon end (and I hope there will be more of them) when I had the last word in sport on the streams of Lancaster county.

Certainly I have been "skunked." Often, very often. But I'm not complaining for most of the times I have been "skunked" I have only myself to blame. I can remember but few times when I went astream without getting a strike.

I can remember but few instances, too, when, introducing my sons to the sport, we did not return home with fish for the pan.

Like other anglers, I have always wanted to get a big fellow. And the only reason that I cannot record such a catch is because of "buck fever" or whatever it is that strikes down a fisherman when the "big moment" comes.

Fishing in the Susquehanna river with an old-timer, who remembered when every bass taken from that stream was "as big as a shad," I lost a bass that, he admitted, was the largest he had ever seen.

It was a hot, mid-summer day and, except for "fliers," there had been no activity. The day was well spent and, drifting downstream from pool to pool amid the grass beds, I was trying as hard as I knew now to get a "taker." I had fished the hellgrammite on my hook the best part of the afternoon and because the boat was now caught in the swirl of the pool, I decided to retrieve my line before it got tangled. Standing up (the old-timer was at the oars) I brought in the line and as the leader neared the boat, the water being clear I could plainly see the bait coming through the water.

It was then that the big boy made his smash for the bait. And smash it he did. Coming out from a grass bed he struck the bait with every-

my knee against the side of the boat, twitch. Dropping the oars I grabbed my rod and sure enough there was the tell-tale tug. It was a wall-eye—a 22-incher—that put up the usual battle when he got near the boat. Well, we were off to a good start and I had visions of having a nice string of walleyes when we would return to the boat landing.

But right then and there I forgot what I had been taught years before by veteran walleye fishermen. I failed to line up the spot where I had had my first strike and when I thought about it, it was too late. Despite this I was optimistic and we went merrily on our way. But there wasn't any more strikes. We fished and fished and fished. We rowed and rowed and rowed. Finally we spotted a rock far out in the river and decided to pull up there and spend a while still fishing. Still nothing happened.

The sun was going down now and we decided to start for the boat landing, nearly two miles



thing he had—and he had plenty, too. He had much, much too much, for me. Dumbfounded I stood there as the line I had dropped in the bottom of the boat whizzed through the guides of my fly rod. Finally I heard the oldtimer yelling at the top of his voice: "Strike him! Strike him!"

I did, but it was a case of too little and too late. There was a slight tug and the line went slack. I sat down, perspiring as I never before perspired. The day was done. It had been a glorious day and although I would have been proud to take that fellow home and show it "to the boys," nevertheless I felt that I had had a worthwhile fishing trip and that I had been far from "skunked."

Years later I meet that fellow's brother, or some relative, with similar "success" farther down the river in the deep water of a power plant lake on a cool, Autumn afternoon. With a companion, who had fished in nearly every state of the union, we had gone to the river to troll for walleyes.

Within minutes after we had dropped our June-bug spinners, loaded with nightcrawlers, overboard and I had started rowing slowly up the river I noticed my rod, which I had braced with

away. It was my partner's turn to row so I again assembled my trolling rig and dropped it overboard as we pulled away from the rock. I was still paying out line when the strike came. And what a strike. Again, although I had not seen him, I knew I was fast to a big one. And again the old "buck-fever" struck. As I frantically tried to take in the slack in my line a bass, fully as large as the one mentioned earlier, leaped from the water and threw the bait and hook out of his mouth.

When I recovered I turned to look at my partner. His eyes were wide-open and it was nearly as difficult for him to speak as it was for me. He agreed that in all the fishing he had done, he had not seen a larger bass and he had seen and caught some really big ones.

I've missed others, not as large as the two mentioned here, but I am certain they would have filled the description of "beauties."

Other Lancaster county fishermen have been more fortunate than I in landing really big fish. But I'm not complaining. Matter of fact, I'm bragging.

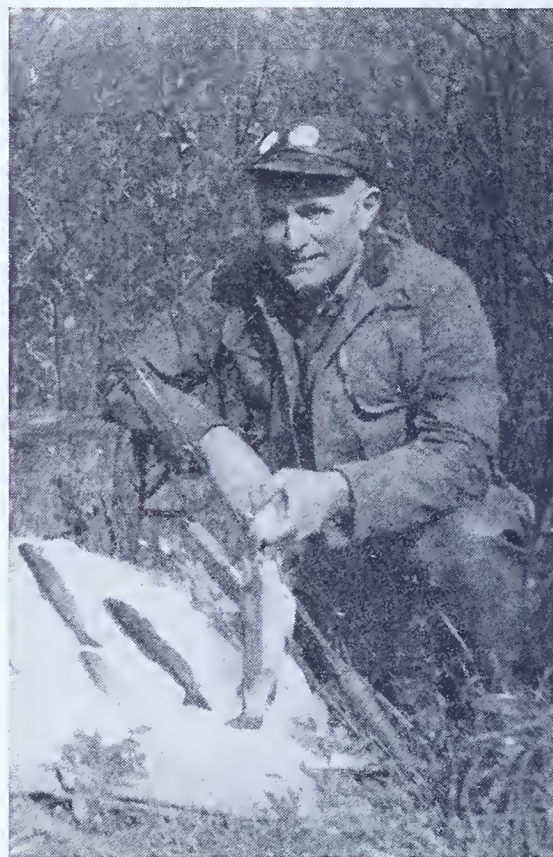
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Mrs. Max Monbeck of Mifflintown—fishing for trout on Liberty Valley Run

(Continued from Page 6)



Fred K. Hahn of Pittsburgh and a nice catch from W. Hickory Creek

## HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE FISHING FRONT IN PENNSYLVANIA

A loop spliced in the end of the fly line is handy, but it will bear watching. Even though wound with silk thread and lacquered, the loop is likely to absorb moisture that will rot and weaken it. The strength of the loop should be tested frequently especially during the fishing season.

Landing a nice one



Mr. Ehinger of Pittsburgh and his catch of trout from the West Hickory Creek

### HAPPY DAY

Left to right—Max Benedict 11, William Oller 11, Jack Funk 13, and Wayne Benedict 9  
All of Chambersburg





## M.A.A.C.C.

(Continued from Page 7)

The art of casting was derived, as many of us know, from its parent sport, the art of fishing. Since the origin of the M.A.A.C.C., one of the ideals which this Association has upheld has been that improvement in an individual's casting ability should go hand in hand with improvement in his ability as a fisherman; and, toward that ideal, this Association has encouraged fishermen to practice casting, not simply to enable them to make accuracy and distance records that will look well only on *paper*, but in order that they may also become *better able to throw their bait where they want to throw it while actually engaging in their favorite sport of angling* on streams and lakes and at the surf. There is no argument against the well-known fact that if an individual does not use the same equipment when practicing casting, he certainly cannot derive from his casting the maximum of benefit toward his skill as a fisherman that he would derive if he used his good old fishing tackle for *both* casting and fishing.

Further, it is in keeping with the ideals of true competition—in order that no contestant will be afforded an unfair "edge" over other contestants—that the Middle Atlantic Association of Casting Clubs, in seven main events of its tournament, permits only everyday fishing tackle, that is, tackle of standard manufacture which is used by the majority of sportsmen as they fish on streams and lakes and at the surf. By maintaining rules which are fair to *all* of its contestants, this Association best serves the purpose for which it is formed—i.e., to encourage, test and reward *casting ability* and *progress* in casting of members of its member clubs, *not* to test or reward an individual simply because he can afford or devise, or because someone else can devise for him some expensive, especially made-up or otherwise difficult to procure "gadget," rod, line or reel that is not available to others against

whom he competes and who, in the M.A.A.C.C., are fishermen, as well as casters.

Despite the fact that thinking people, even folks who neither fish nor cast, can readily understand the foregoing, there have been several occasions upon which a few have attempted to "scrap" the ideals of the M.A.A.C.C. and to substitute in their stead a new rule—new, at least, to this Association. The proposed rule would read: "All's fair in love, war—and *casting*," believe it or not, folks!



Johnny Ruth of Kulpsville demonstrates "latest wrinkle" in post-war plug casting

One individual, for example, has advocated that some contestants should be permitted to stand at the casting position and have other individuals help them by actually carrying their plugs or flies or leads right out to the targets, in accuracy casting, and placing them neatly at the centers—and right out to whatever points on the horizon they believe their competitors cannot reach, in distance casting. The one "hitch" in this bloomin' proposal, we understand, is that its proponents haven't yet been able to determine just what percentage of the contestants should be granted this privilege, and what percentage should be compelled to stick to the good old way of casting as they cast when they fish. (Possible solution:—Since casting helps one's fishin' and fishin' helps one's casting, and a large percentage of casters prefer to cast as they cast when they fish . . . Well, so it goes!)

We must agree, however, that external aid (i.e., someone else to carry one's bait "special delivery" right out to the target) would greatly increase one's accuracy and would certainly make for outstanding records in distance. Who knows but that, in years to come, an entire match may be cast in just this ultra-modern fashion. Indeed, the only real objection to this type of casting that the writer can visualize would be that when the tournament day had ended, the poor judges mightn't be able to decide who were the best casters, after all. And we thought it was competition in *casting skill*, not in Marathon running or Chinese checkers, with which we were to have been occupied. Or was it?

Then, too, there are folks who, although they would not permit a caster to call upon another *individual* to carry his plug or fly or lead out to

wherever he might want to land it, still neither would they limit a caster to the use of standard *equipment* such as the other casters use. Of course not! Let him have the advantage of any "mechanical improvement" or special "gadget" that he or others might make up for him, they argue. An electric eye, for example, or a magnetized target would give the best possible assurance of great distance records and 100% accuracy scores, all made with ease. And those scores and distances would look just great in the *newspapers*, they argue. So, why not encourage them?

Following a meeting at which the most recent attempt was made to sabotage the "Everyday Fishing Tackle" ideal of the Middle Atlantic Association of Casting Clubs, one member, a person who has for years been an ardent fisherman and who has also become an enthusiastic M.A.A.C.C. caster, was heard to remark: "Well, in 1985, someone may tell us that it would greatly aid distance casting records if a contestant was permitted to pack his plug or lead or fly in an airplane and send it on a round-the-world flight. Wouldn't that make excellent newspaper stuff? Just think of it—'Fisherman (pardon) Caster sends his bait around the world!' Phew! But I'm afraid," the speaker ruefully concluded, "that wouldn't quite measure the ability of the caster in fair competition with the others."

Well, folks, on the several occasions when the foregoing changes in M.A.A.C.C. rules have been proposed at meetings of this Association, members present have devoted valuable time to giving these proposals *grave* consideration (Yes, to date they've actually had to hurry them more than once). And on each such occasion, despite quite "warm" pressure, the Association has voted, almost unanimously, that it wants its rules to *remain fair* to all of its members, who are FISHermen as well as CASTERS.

(Here endeth a Dissertation on Rules.)

(Turn to Page 16)

William Durr of Bristol—Counted on to place high in the 5/8oz. accuracy



Raymond Neirle will represent the Penna. State Fish and Game Association





# TYING THE INVISIBLE

By RAYMOND E. REYNOLDS

EVERY now and then there appears in books on angling and articles in magazines a description of how to tie the invisible knot used to finish off the head of either a wet or dry fly in the approved professional manner.

I think that in the last 35 years I have read more plain and unadulterated "hoey" on this one item than anything else I can recall at the moment.

There was published in England in 1924 a book called "Sunshine and the Dry Fly" by J. W. Dunne. In the latter part of this book, Mr. Dunne describes how to tie the various types of flies described and with it a cut and description of the invisible knot. I have endeavored to copy this picture and am passing it along with his description. It is as follows:

"Keep the silk drawn tight with the forefinger and thumb of the right hand; lay the third finger of the same hand across the silk at the far side. Reach round the back of the vice with the left hand; grip the hanging end of the silk and bring it up, round the right third finger, in front of the eye of the hook, and, finally, into the angle between the taut thread and the neck. The position will then be as in Fig. 1." (See enlarged sketch, "Fig. 2," which shows position of thread at this point.)

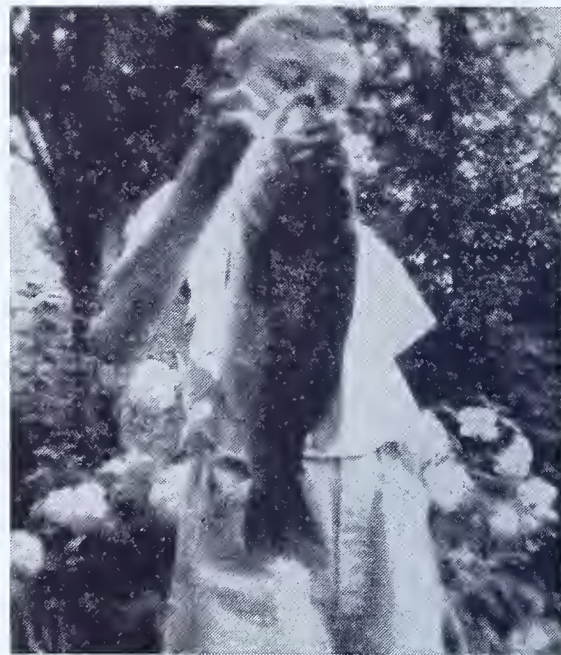
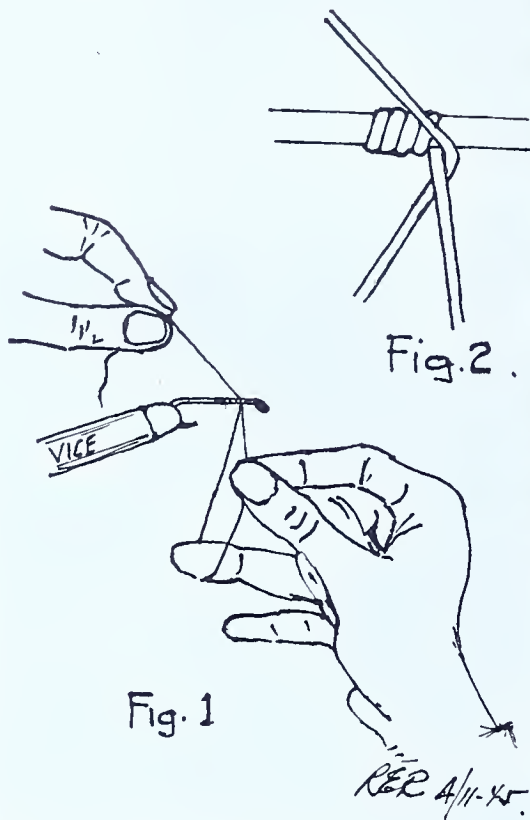
If you will get a good sized hook, say #1 or #2 or what have you, and a piece of plain white wrapping twine, wax same lightly and make the ordinary jamb knot on the shank of the hook and then follow the above instructions verbatim, I will guarantee you will never have any occasion in the future to use the half hitch for finishing off a fly.

In using the string you can see just what happens when you follow instructions and see that

you have actually produced the right tie.

I have taught this knot in the manner described to a number of my fly-tying friends and five minutes did it. A little practice was then all that was required. Take your time and study the description, and act it out exactly in every respect and you will be successful.

"Sunshine and the Dry Fly" by J. W. Dunne—1924 Publishers: A. & C. Black, Ltd., London, England. The Macmillan Company, New York, Agents.



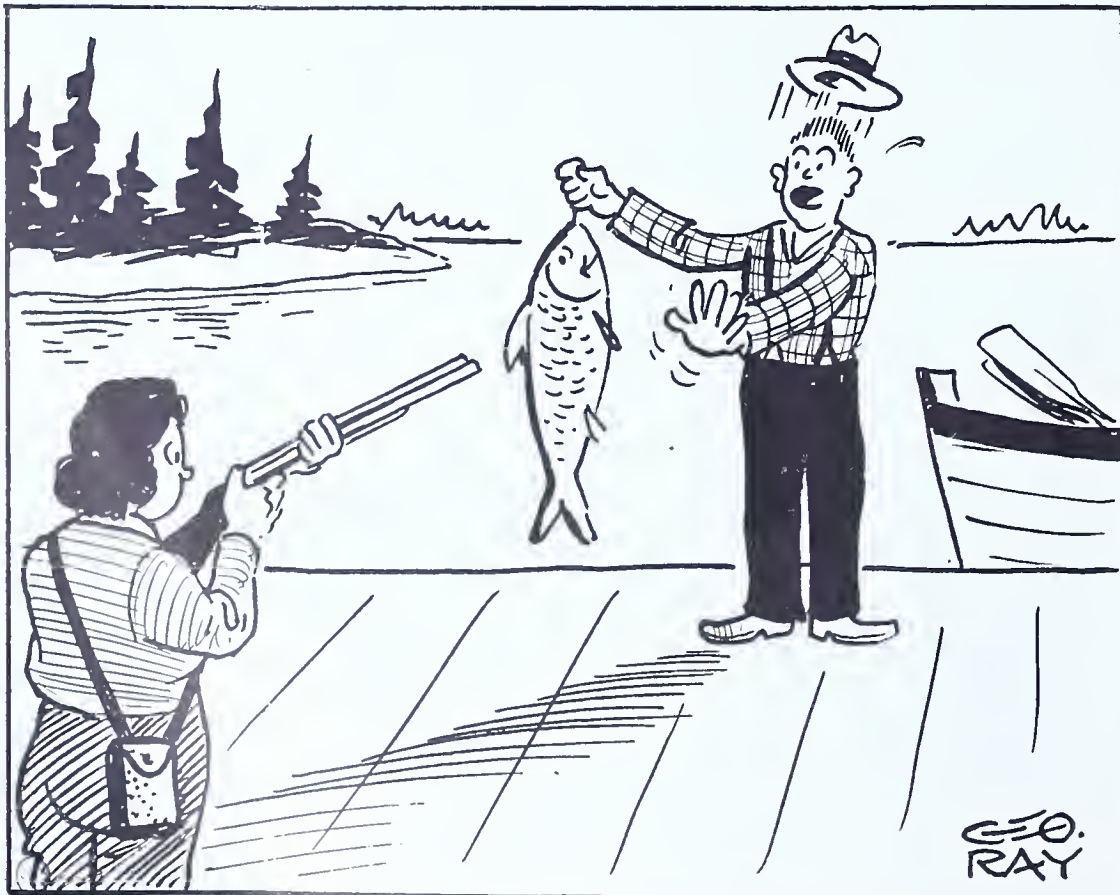
## M.A.A.C.C.

(Continued from Page 15)

Officers, committee chairmen and member clubs of the Middle Atlantic Association of Casting Clubs join the Management of Willow Grove Park in a cordial invitation to all plug, fly and surf FISHERMEN to participate in the coming EIGHTH ANNUAL M.A.A.C.C. TOURNAMENT.

And to our Fishermen-Casters: Keep up the good work for our Boys who have been away—for those who are to come back. Help to preserve that "Something for them to come Home to." For, indeed it has been with unmistakable nostalgia in every line that many of them have written, since receiving announcement of the Tournament date, to say that nothing in this world would please them more than to be able to spend June 17th with their families and you, their "Fishermen-Buddies," at Willow Grove Park.

The most important part of every business is to know what ought to be done.



Not Not Me—The Other One



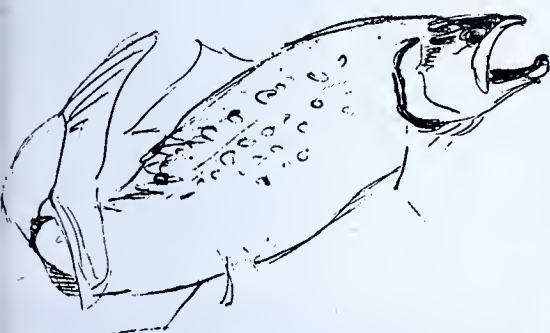
Joseph Ulmer of Norristown, a skilful plug caster



# PLANTING TROUT IN PENNSYLVANIA STREAMS!



Son of John Steffy of Lititz  
lends a hand



**BUY WAR BONDS  
AND  
KEEP THEM!**

**IT'S REAL SPORT  
ASSISTING IN  
STOCKING THE  
TROUT STREAMS  
OF  
PENNSYLVANIA!**



John Fasnacht of Ephrata, Lancaster County  
assists in stocking trout—Mar. 8, 1945



Lititz and Ephrata sportsmen help to  
stock trout streams in Lancaster County

## FISH'N IN THE HOME STATE

(Continued from Page 13)

For eight years (from 1934 to 1941) the *Sunday News* conducted an annual big-fish contest, and the results of these contests, which I fortunately saved, go a long way toward proving that Lancaster county has its share of big fish.

My figures show that the small-mouths entered in these contests measured a total of 706 inches and that they ranged in length from 13 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches to 22 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches. I wish now that I had recorded their weight but inasmuch as we had heard of how fishermen, out gunning for a prize, were known to fill the big fellows' stomachs with sinkers, we decided to award the prizes on length only and the weight was unfortunately ignored.

The large-mouths, which measured from 15 to 23 inches, measured a total of 523 inches.

The walleye catches totaled 1,384 inches and ranged in length from 21 to 29 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

It must be remembered, too, that these were not the only big ones taken in that period. I distinctly remember that although we tried to keep the length of the entries a secret until the contest closed each year, the news somehow got around, perhaps by way of the "fishermen's grapevine," and the result was that not all of the big ones were entered. Then, too, fellows shooting for the prizes were taking lots of big ones but if their previous entries were larger they didn't bother to enter them.

All of which seems to prove that there are, as I said before, plenty of fish and big ones, too, in the streams of Pennsylvania.

It is my belief that the reason we have this kind of sport is because of the great efforts of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission and the organized sportsmen of Pennsylvania, and I should here like to salute all of them for the fine job they have done and the fine job they are doing right now despite the war.

We are approaching the post-war years, when our streams undoubtedly will be fished as they were never fished before, and I have only one suggestion to make. That is, that the good work should be carried on.

**BOARD OF FISH COMMISSIONERS  
HARRISBURG, PA.**

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### W FOR WHIRLIGIG BEETLES

Handful of button-brothers,  
Shining and black,  
Trailing each other's  
Elusive track.

Around and about,  
You circle and play;  
In and out,  
Everyday.

Whirligigs whirling,  
Skimming and twirling,  
Make short-lived lace  
On the old pond's face.

Then each stops!  
The surface blue  
Becomes a cloth of polka dots . . .  
Black dots made of you.

—CARSTEN AHRENS

**THE MIGHTY 7th!**  
**LET'S GET THIS THING**  
**OVER WITH AND START**  
**THE BOYSHOME AGAIN**  
**BUY BONDS!**

Judge O'Flaherty: "Haven't you been up here before?"

Casey: "No, y'r honor. Oi niver saw but one face that looked loike yours an' that was a picture of an Irish King."

Judge: "Discharged. Call th' nixt case."

## Field and Stream

By R. E. ANGST

When anglers assist in trout stocking they seem to let their eyes deceive them. Somehow a trout in a can doesn't look as large as it does later on the end of a line. Small, thin, scrap fish was the description given to most of the trout stocked this season on the day they were put into the streams. Now those same trout are turning up as fat, fighting nine inchers. On Wednesday evening a Tamaqua angler took three like that in a local stream, and that's a fair evening's fishing considering the weather we had on Wednesday evening.

Incidentally, the trout were taken on the flies mentioned in these columns; two on the gray hackle, peacock body and one on the coachman.

Sinker molds are hard to get and the sinkers practically off the market. A. E. Scienel and N. A. Miller have advanced the suggestion that a very satisfactory sinker may be molded in an old teaspoon. The teaspoon will turn out a stream-lined sinker which will not easily snag itself on rocks or rough bottom. The handles should be wrapped as they have a tendency to get very hot. If no old spoons are about, don't let the Mrs. catch you stealing hers.

Believe it or not, the pectoral fin of a trout, especially a brook trout, when used on a small bare hook will take many a trout. No doubt the trout take it to be a minnow. Hook the fin lightly at the butt. The Parmachenee Belle fly was constructed to imitate this fin.

When the weather really warms up, after five o'clock in the evening and from then on into the night some of the day's best fly fishing is to be had. During these hours the really large trout, that have been lying deep in the pools during the day, come into the shallow water and the riffles to feed. The dry fly is best used in the evening and accounts for some splendid catches.

Some time ago a friend of ours asked for an explanation of how it sometimes rains frogs, fish or other forms of aquatic life. The answer is that freak tornadoes strike an inland pond and practically suck up everything in the pond. Wind may carry this pond water for miles before it is dropped and rains fish or frogs. Smaller species of salt water fish have been sucked up in the same manner and carried far inland.

How far the season is advanced was clearly demonstrated to a number of anglers who came across watersnakes on the opening day. The Fish Commission has claimed that each angler who kills two watersnakes in a season has just about evened up his fishing account with the streams. It should be the ambition of every angler to square that debt. While the snakes are fairly sluggish, as they are in the early part of the season, is the best time to kill them. Give them no quarter now and make every effort to kill off the breeders. Remember, snakes fish every day and they can catch trout. If ever God put something useless into this world it was watersnakes in trout streams.

"You look pretty sad."

"I am. My wife was away for six weeks and I kept writing her that I was spending every evening at home."

"Well?"

"The light bill came in just after she arrived home—and it's for only 50 cents."



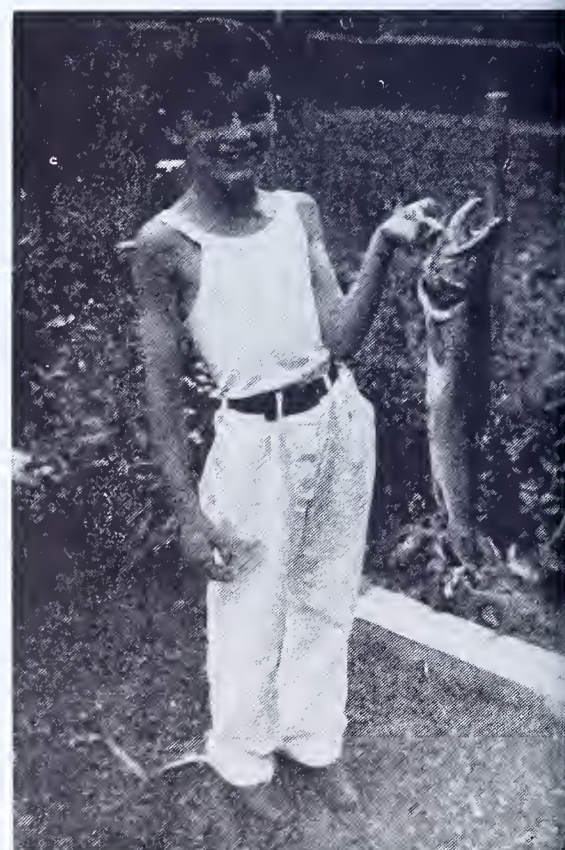
### X FOR XESTOBIUM

(The death-watch beetle)

Midnight . . . sick bed . . . labored breath,  
Watchers waiting, fearing death;  
Out of space, beyond the sick,  
Comes a solemn . . . TICK . . . TICK . . . TICK!

Superstitious watchers fear,  
Chilling Death is drawing near.  
Little they know in walls or floors,  
A beetle is bumping his head as he bores.

—CARSTEN AHRENS







Bernard Snyder, President of the Kane Fish and Game Club for the past several years—Opens trout season on the Kinzua



WHAT  
HAPPENED?  
AUTO  
ACCIDENT  
?

NO, HE SPRAINED  
HIS WRIST  
TELLING  
ABOUT THE  
ONE THAT  
GOT AWAY!

FISH, FISH! THAT'S  
ALL HECTOR THINKS  
OF! SOMETIMES I  
EVEN WISH HE'D  
GET INTERESTED  
IN ANOTHER  
WOMAN!

THAT WOULD BE  
SIMPLER, WOULDN'T  
IT? A PRETTY FACE  
AND FIGURE CAN'T  
COMPETE WITH A  
FISH, CAN  
IT?

GEE, YOU'RE  
BEAUTIFUL, IDA!  
WISH I HAD YOU  
STUFFED AND  
HANGING IN MY  
TROPHY ROOM

YOU  
SAY THE  
CUTEST  
THINGS  
EDGAR.

I MADE THE  
LOVLIEST FLY...  
BEIGE WITH  
DUBONNET  
STRIPES!

IT WOULD  
JUST MATCH  
MY NEW  
FISHING  
OUTFIT

GRACIOUS! DID  
YOU BUY  
ANOTHER NEW  
ROD?

SURE! SPARE  
THE ROD AND  
SPOIL THE  
CHILD APPLIES  
TO MEN  
TOO!

I SPENT WEEKS  
TYING FLIES  
AND SHE SEWS  
'EM ALL ON  
HER NEW HAT!

I THINK IT'S  
PRETTY!

WONDER IF I  
COULD CATCH A  
MERMAID WITH  
A PAIR OF  
NYLONS?

THIS FLY'D  
HAVE COST ME  
\$250 IN THE  
STORES!

MEN HAVE NO  
TASTE FOR THE  
FINER THINGS  
OF LIFE,  
AGNES!

AND IT  
ONLY COST YOU  
\$325 TO MAKE  
IT YOURSELF!

DON'T BE SILLY! THEY  
DON'T HAVE LEGS,  
BUT I HAVE!

BUY  
WAR  
BON

—CARROLL



# PENNSYLVANIA Angler

A black and white photograph of a river scene. On the left bank, a large, leafy tree stands prominently. In the background, a bridge spans the river. The water reflects the surrounding trees and sky. The overall scene is peaceful and scenic.

P38.31  
1.6

July 1945



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★

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Governor

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# PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



VOL. XIV — No. 7

JULY, 1945

## — COVER —

### "WANGUM LAKE"

In the Poconos Along  
MIDDLE CREEK-WAYNE COUNTY

PHOTO—By E. B. CALLOWAY  
HONESDALE, PENNA.

## *In This Issue:*

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### FLY-TYING AID FOR THE BEGINNER

By WILLIAM F. BLADES

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By SIG OLSON

### POVERTY OR CONSERVATION

By "DING" DARLING

### TWO BIRDS AND A FISH

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By JACK ANDERSON

### FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA FISHING FRONT

### SAFE DRINKING WATER

By DICK

### SPORTS COLUMNS

### FISH COMMISSION HONOR ROLL



## EDITORIAL

JULY, and with it the opening of the Black Bass season in Pennsylvania. Reports from over the state indicate goodly numbers of fine Small-Mouth and Large-Mouth Black Bass and if the weather behaves the prospects for a successful season is really and truly at hand.

A late Spring and a very abnormal fall of rain has served to keep the streams well filled, thus providing proper temperatures and a balanced supply of food. Then, too, Pickerel and Muskellonge will likewise be the quarry of many fishermen comes the dawn of July FIRST.

The ANGLER is anxious to hear from you, so keep us in mind, won't you, and if possible get some good photos.

Remember the returned veteran. The fellow who has been hurt defending our way of life. Find room for him too and see that he gets out among the things that are big and fine and noble. Help him to forget the nightmare he has just come through. Make him feel right at home again!

GOOD LUCK!

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



# FROG BAIT

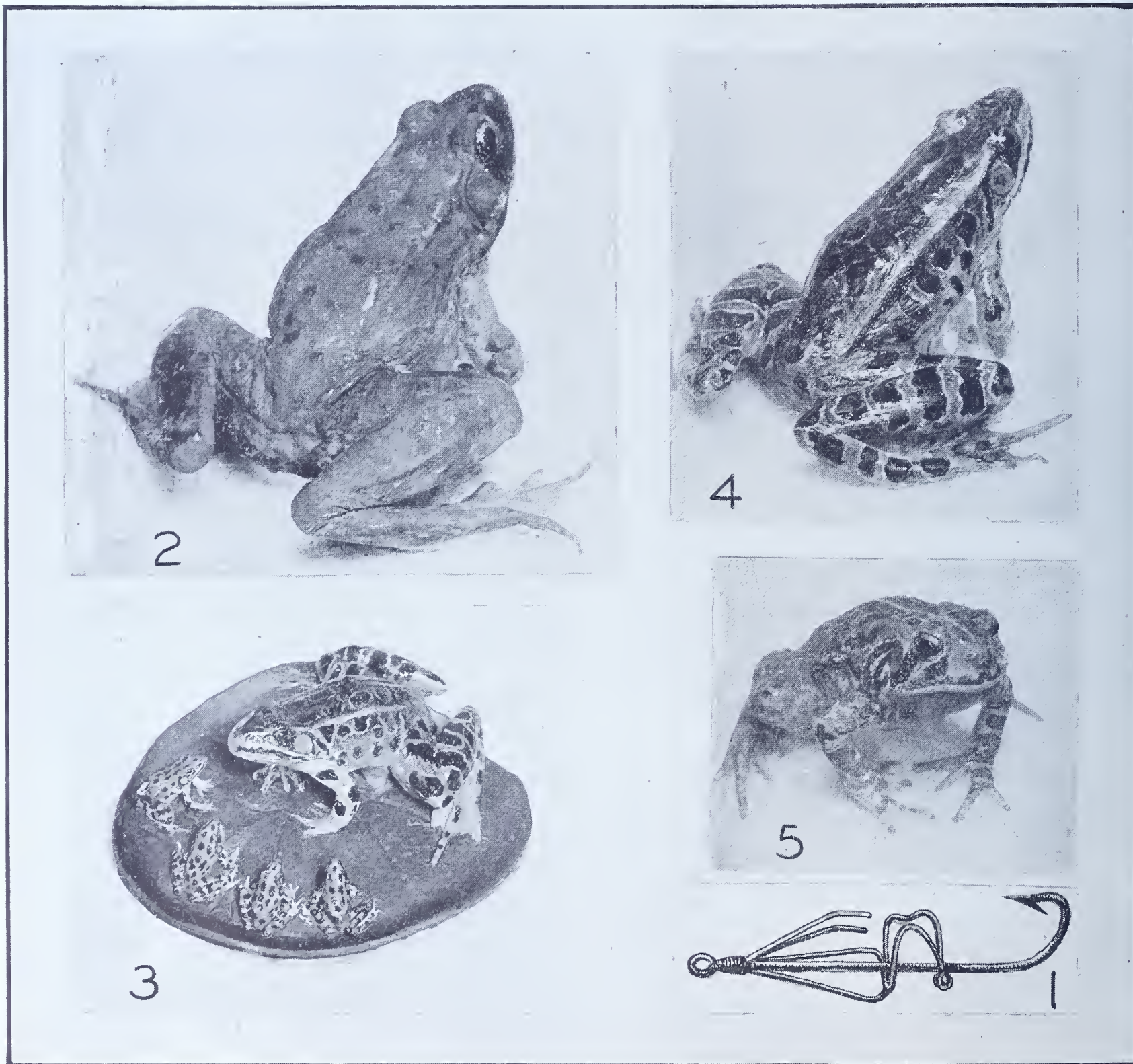
By W. R. WALTON

MANY bass fans and pickrel fishermen, especially those devoted to pond and lake fishing, consider the frog as the *ne plus ultra* in baits for these fishes. That they are indeed most

from the hook that I no longer have the heart so to use them.

Although frog harnesses, such as that illustrated in figure 1, are available and these do

Batrachians, are moisture-loving creatures which live in or near the water at least a large portion of their lives. As doubtless you know, they all without exception, enter the water during spring



effective in such waters is freely admitted but, personally speaking their use is distasteful and has been suspended these many years. In adolescence, when, like most boys, I was but partially civilized, piercing a frog with the hook gave me no pause. But there is something so distressingly human about the manner in which a frog uses its hand-like front feet in striving to free its lips

avoid mutilating the creature, their use is not fully practical. This, because it necessitates securing frogs of a size to fit the harness, something that is by no means readily accomplished. However, since many anglers insist on using frogs for bait, it would seem that the following facts and fancies may prove of interest.

The frogs and toads, known scientifically as the

or early summer, to mate and lay their eggs. These hatch quickly producing tadpoles or pollywogs which, in variable periods of time become fully developed frogs or toads. Generally speaking, the smaller the kind of frog the more rapid is its development although some exceptions to this rule are noted.

The "breathing" of frogs is accomplished in



two very different ways, for instance, when above the surface of the water they continually swallow small quantities of air. On observing their throats one might conclude that they were breathing in the manner of a warm-blooded animal. However such a conclusion would be erroneous as they have no ribs and thus are forced to fill their lungs by swallowing air. When beneath the surface of the water, the frog respire through its skin which then acts much like the gills of a fish. Hence the frogs can, at will, remain indefinitely under water. Most, but not all, of our common frogs pass the winter under water in a condition resembling true hibernation at the bottoms of ponds or springs. The common green frog however, has been observed even to feed during mild spells in winter. The bullfrog enters hibernation in the early fall and does not emerge until late May or early June. The wood-frog, a species not often used for bait, never hibernates in the water but crawls into hollow logs, stumps, or burrows under stones for the winter sleep.

Both frogs and toads, after becoming adult, shed their skins several times annually and when this occurs on land, they immediately devour these skins.

For many people, any sizeable frog is a "bullfrog" but this is inaccurate as the true bullfrog is the big fellow who, with a voice like a bull, utters the "jug-r-o-o-m—jug-a-rum—more-rum," often heard at the waterside on warm nights in late June. Even in extreme youth, this frog is much too large for use as bait as even then he is about 4 inches in length, measured from tip of nose to the place where his tail used to start. When full grown, he may measure 8 inches or more, has prime market value, and is known to naturalists as *Rana catesbeiana*. This frog is by no means as plentiful or as easily captured as his smaller brethren and it spends most of its life in, or very near the water, usually among the water plants. In the Northern States, it may require three years and always at least two, for the tadpoles of the bullfrog to mature to the frog stage, and then another year or two to achieve full market size. This fact is studiously ignored by promoters of the alleged frog-farming industry, much to the disgust of those who may embark on this project without becoming informed of the facts.

The smaller and much more abundant green or pond frog, *Rana clamitans*, figure 2, has a similar life history, its tadpoles always passing at least 2 winters before becoming frogs. This species is called the green frog because of the bright green color of its upper head and back, but it has the power of changing its general color to harmonize with its general surroundings and may be brownish, olive or even gray when advantageous for its camouflage. The young of this frog are often used for bait as they are then of suitable size, and like the bullfrog are hunted for market purposes. In fact their flesh is sweeter and more tender than that of the larger species even though its legs are comparatively small.

Although one occasionally reads stories of success in fishing with the big tadpoles of the bullfrog, my own experience in this respect has invariably been disappointing. Just why this is so seems inexplicable because to human eyes they appear most enticing when placed on the hook.

The common spotted or leopard frog, *Rana pipiens*, is represented in figure 3, which is photographed from a group of these frogs prepared by the author many years ago. I dubbed it, "the music lesson" and it still remains an amusing member of my cabinet of curios. The leopard

frog reproduces and grows very rapidly and is plentiful in most waters of Pennsylvania. This frog requires only 60 to 80 days from the deposition of the egg until the tadpole becomes a frog. As these young are then only  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches long, they are seasonably available for fish bait and are widely used for this purpose. The leopard frog is quite a roamer, often being found at considerable distances from bodies of water, in meadows and swampy places hunting insect food.

By all odds the most abundant of the frogs used for bait is the one commonly called the pickerel frog. This is represented in figure 4 and although its markings resemble those of the leopard frog, its general coloring is quite different and distinct. Its upper parts are a metallic golden brown almost resembling burnished copper in places. Moreover, its chocolate brown spots tend to become more square in shape than those of the leopard frog. Its posterior belly, the crotch and under parts of the thighs are bright orange yellow, and when the frog is handled it emits a pungent odor that is distinctly disagreeable. For this reason it is never used as human food but this does not injure its palatability to the fishes. In fact this frog is the one most generally used for bait purposes as it is commonly available at the proper time of year. The pickerel frog called by naturalists, *Rana palustris*, is said to spend more time out of the water than in it, at any rate it may be found far from the water both day and night.

To some extent, the young of the common eastern toad, *Bufo americanus*, are used as fish bait, and exciting stories are current regarding big bass taken with it. If true, and courtesy demands that we believe most if not all fish stories, this may be due to the different behavior of the toad when cast on the surface of the water. Under these conditions, the toad remains on the surface valiantly kicking away towards shore until its objective is reached or some fish takes him. The frog on the contrary may make a few strokes and then lie quietly on the surface almost indefinitely. When this occurs, it is a good plan to attach sinker enough to carry the frog under the surface if not completely to the bottom.

As there is a ready and profitable market for frog legs, most states have found it necessary for purposes of conservation to enact laws limiting the season on frogs quite closely. Most states too, forbid their capture at night by shining them with a flash-light or other light. Most country-bred boys know the trick of catching frogs on the hook with a bit of red cloth as bait. In this type of angling a long cane or other pole is used, with 8 or 10 feet of stout line attached to it. At its end a 1/0 eyed hook is attached and this is baited with a bit of red flannel or other cloth. The operator walks along the bank far enough back to avoid alarming the frogs basking on the bank or in the immediate shallows. When one is seen, the bait is dangled under his nose until he snaps at it thereby becoming automatically hooked. As frogs are averse to windy conditions on account of its depriving them of moisture, this kind of sport should be attempted only during calm days.

The tail-bearing cousins of the frogs, the salamanders, often mistakenly called "lizards," are sometimes effective as bait. A very common and abundant one, the dusky salamander, some 3 or 4 inches long, may be found in almost any stony spring brook in Pennsylvania. They live in abandoned crawfish burrows or under the stones and are easily captured.

The largest of the salamanders commonly called the water-dog is regarded with the greatest of superstitious dread by many fishermen. The truth is that this creature is completely harmless and subsists mainly on crawfish or freshwater crabs. The spade shaped head of the water-dog is admirably adapted to prying up the stones under which the crawfish may be hiding. This salamander attains a length of at least 18 inches, and unlike its relatives, makes a nest on the bottom in which its eggs are deposited. To be sure, the water-dog is an unprepossessing creature though not more so perhaps than a naked, raw oyster. But the fact is that, properly prepared, it is excellent food as I can personally attest. The muscular tail is the portion most profitable for use in this way and should be skinned and parboiled for about 10 minutes,

(Turn to Page 19)



Patience!—Hope! Kenny Marletter (Left) and Jimmy Lowrie of Llanerch—  
Along Mill Creek, Montgomery County



# HOW'S THE WIND?

## Fishing and the Weather

By EDWIN BROOME

WHEN the wind is from the North,  
The skilful fisher goes not forth.  
When the wind is from the East  
'Tis neither fit for man nor beast.  
When the wind is from the South,  
It blows the bait into the fish's mouth.  
When the wind is from the West,  
Then the fishing is the best."

I don't know how old this ditty is, or who first wrote or recited it, or whether my quotation of it is word-perfect. Many superstitions have grown up with the gentle and venerable art of angling—not merely superstitions—like spitting on the hook for good luck, but more or less settled beliefs that have been held by large numbers of anglers for many years, but have never been scientifically established.

In addition to those beliefs expressed in the above ditty on the effect of the wind on fisherman's luck, there are many other traditional convictions about fishing, for example: Fish bite better in the rain; they don't bite so well when it is raining; they don't bite during a thunderstorm; a cloudy day is best for fishing; one has better luck on a dark moon; don't fish on a falling barometer; the best hours for fishing are the early morning, and the evening hours; so reel in during the middle of the day, and rest; the fish are to be found only in certain spots, fishing holes, and it's no use fishing anywhere else.

There is also the never-ending controversy over trout flies: wet *vs.* dry, opaque *vs.* bi-visibles, dull *vs.* bright-colored, Palmer-tied *vs.* some other tie, winged *vs.* hackled, large *vs.* small,

insect-imitations or otherwise, and the perennial and silly bickerings over slight-variations in color, as though a hungry trout would pause to see whether the fly that is being fed to him has an orange body, or one slightly off the orange, or is red or pink-tipped. We haven't time or space at our command to go into the subject of trout flies. That is too extensive, and it has been pretty thoroughly exploited. I have seen trout fishers stand above a pool for an hour, where they know a good trout is lurking, change flies eight or ten times, until they hit on one that brings a rise and the fish. Then they declare with satisfaction: "That's the fly they're taking today," when the probability is that the poor fish was not interested in insects at all, or was not looking in the fatal direction, or was not looking at all, or was distracted by a pretty girl-trout across the pool when the preceding flies were presented, and that the last fly was the first one that he had a good look at. Or, perhaps he got so impatient at seeing the water lashed by fly after fly that, like Salar, the Salmon,\* he at last dashed at one of the flies to get rid of the nuisance and discovered his mistake too late to correct it.

But let's get back to fishing and the weather. The controversy has been a long one as to what, if any effect wind, its direction, and strength, temperatures, rain, snow, or sunshine, the barometer, or thunderstorms, or the moon have on the biting propensities of fish. Probably the various weather conditions do not in themselves

\*An intelligent and clever old fish, a character of an interesting story, Salar the Salmon, by Henry Williamson.



Lake Harmony in the Poconos

directly influence the decision of fish to take the hook. I say this, of course tentatively, and subject to contradiction, after many years of purposeful study and recorded observations. I make an exception of such unusual and cataclysmic performances as eyelones and tornadoes which may actually take a stream bodily away from its bed and deposit it a mile away, or of great floods that scour the beds of streams and sweep away to Heaven knows where both the fish and the food they live upon. Such a flood scoured the valley of the Connecticut River a few years ago. Previous to that time the upper Connecticut was a fine and productive trout stream. The flood ruined the trout-fishing for many years. Fortunately for that beautiful stream and the glorious country through which it flows, by reason of judicious and generous restocking, good fishing is returning in the upper reaches of the river and its tributaries. And, thank God, those native Yankees are not filling the stream with brown trout. But that is something else; for a later article, perhaps.

In this article I shall deal only with the ordinary weather conditions that occur in the course of an ordinary fishing season, say from April to October. For several seasons I kept a fishing diary in which I made an entry each day I went out, of the character of the weather, direction and intensity of the wind, temperature of air and water, and the results of my piscatorial efforts. During the seasons when I kept my diary I was fishing mostly for small-mouthed bass in Western Maine, and in four or five ponds and lakes which I learned to know very well, so that I could eliminate other conditions than the weather. Probably the conclusions that my experience with bass taught me would apply equally well to trout fishing, excepting that there are some possible variations in their application to fishing in trout streams. These will be noted later.

I shall proceed by giving several records from my diary, each one of which seems to upset some common belief about the effect of the weather on fish-biting. ENTRY 1. July 3, 1925. Out from ten to five-thirty. Weather, sunny all day, warm wind southwest, moderate. Took grasshoppers. Eleven good bass, largest four pounds. Took well all day.

Nothing unusual about this day, except that it was hot and sunny, and the fish took hold as well during the middle of the day as they did earlier or later. In fact, we seldom went on the lake before nine or ten A.M., and always returned



Hold everything! Kenny Marletter of Upper Darby (Left) removes trout hook from sweater of Jimmy Moerman, of the same place



## TACKLE AND EQUIPMENT FOR THE BOYS OVERSEAS!



Photo Courtesy "The Evening Bulletin"

Judge Grover C. Ladner of Philadelphia (center) presenting fishing tackle to William J. Stoneback of Lansdale, president of the Montgomery County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs, to be sent to American boys overseas. Since almost the beginning of World War No. 2, thousands of American soldiers, sailors and Marines, finding themselves in foreign countries where they could fish, have requested tackle; and sportsmen's organizations in all parts of the

United States have responded, in cooperation with Harlan Major of New York—fishing authority and veteran of World War No. 1—by collecting spare fresh and salt water equipment which has actually been placed in the hands of American servicemen in all parts of the world, including the North Pole, Southern Mexico, England, China, Italy, the Southwest Pacific, the Mediterranean, New Guinea, etc. (Latest calculations indicate that Southeastern Penn-

sylvania heads the list of all areas, on the basis of quantity of equipment contributed to this effort, said Harlan Major, in a recent communication to I. E. Kauffmann of Philadelphia, Chairman of the Pennsylvania "Harlan Major Committee." Bertram Bennett of Oak Lane is First Vice-Chairman, William J. Stoneback, Second Vice-President, and Mrs. Ellen A. Dietrich of Upper Darby, Secretary.)

### HOW'S THE WIND? (Cont.)

least an hour before dark. I might add, however, that I know a certain trout stream, also a pond, in Maine where trout cannot be induced to take the fly after sunrise or before sunset. I cannot explain this condition unless it is because the stream runs almost entirely through an open, exposed, and sunny meadow, and the fish keep themselves concealed under the banks and in deep holes during the day. The pond is very shallow, with a muddy bottom, and the trout seem to nestle in the mud during the heat of the day, and are available for business only in the early morning or the evening. The only condition

on this day, July 3, which was traditionally favorable was the southwest wind. But let us look at the next entry.

ENTRY 2. July 8. Miserable day. Wind East, drizzly. Cold. I didn't want to go, but LeRoy insisted. Waited until about eleven. They bit well along east shore. Took grasshoppers. Got nine good fish. L. got four, I five.

Here is a record that violates two traditions. It proves that an east wind, and cold weather are not fatal to good fishing, also that on such a day the fish were taking a surface bait. One would usually guess that minnows or hellgrammites would be needed in such weather. I might add also that I took eight nice trout on the afternoon

of a day when it had rained all day, and on a cold east wind. I made a bet with my pal that I would fill the frying pan for supper, and I did. One reason why few fish are taken on an east wind is that, because of the long and deep-seated prejudice against the east wind, most fishermen don't go out; or, if they do go out, they haven't much faith or courage on such a day, so they fish indifferently, and quit early. I have taken trout on a fly in Massachusetts when the snow was falling.

ENTRY 3. July 13. Cool, clear, strong northwest wind, following a two days' storm. Out all day, ten to six. Could hold the boat only a few (Turn to Page 12)



# Fly-Tying Aid for the Beginner

By WILLIAM F. BLADES

**T**YING and fishing with the artificial fly has brought me many happy hours. It has taken me south to Key West, Florida, and north to Ontario, Canada, and many places in Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

My small article is written to try to help my fellow angling friends who are about to take up the art of fly-tying, to achieve their objective in a much easier way than I did some twelve years ago.

There are many good books on the market that explain about everything a person has to know. My advice is to buy a good instruction book and if possible take some instructions from one who can tie good flies; also purchase a few good flies and copy them. Don't try to make your own design at first, and take your time on your first flies, making them in a way that they will stand up under the rough treatment they get on almost every stream.

Fly tying is a most fascinating art for there is always something new to learn, especially for the one who strives for perfection. Some fly tyers say their flies are "just made to fish with and not for inspection." I feel that if a fly is well tied and a careful study of color is achieved, and above all the proper materials used to create action in the water, the angler will have more confidence, which brings more success to his fishing.

Don't tie on cheap hooks; the fly will never look right. Select a light tapered eyed hook for dry flies, meaning, they are fished floating on the surface of the water, and as you can easily see, the light hook helps to float the fly. Regular weight hooks are best for wet flies, which are fished below the surface.

Use a good fly-tying silk as thin as you can get along with at first, say 3-0, and as you progress you can use 4-0 or 5-0; fine silk makes a better looking fly and will assist the beginner to cut down the bulk that seems to pile up with the heavy silk.

A few things to remember, when tying a fly, are to tie on the tail straight, tie the wings on securely and in line with the hook, taper the body near the eye. This cuts down the bulk and makes a neat eye the size suitable for the fly you are tying.

Most beginners make the mistake of not leaving enough room at the front of the fly to put on the wing and hackle and still have enough space to put on a nice head. At first keep back a little too far with the body rather than too near to the eye. Hackles are a very important thing in tying a fly; purchase game cock neck hackles, either loose or on the neck, for small dry flies. Wet fly hackles are much softer and can be selected from local roosters. Hen hackles are very good on some flies. Bird hackles are used on wet flies, taken from the wings and body of the partridge, pheasant, grouse, starling, guinea hen, etc.

Buy a good vise; I prefer the lever type; a cheap one will not stand up for long and you will finally have to buy a good one. Purchase a small pair of scissors, hackle pliers, hat pin, thread holder, and razor blade.

Now place a No. 10 hook in the vise and I will explain how I tie a squirrel tail Professor, which caught many trout for me in the Canadian streams last year; and after tying this fly you



can change the pattern to many hair wing flies; such as the Royal Coachman, McGinty, Saw Tooth, Grizzly King, Black Prince, Yellow Sally, etc.

I cover the hook shank with liquid cement, then start my tying silk one-eighth of an inch from the eye and wrap the hook down to where the tail is to be tied on. I feel that this makes a good foundation for my fly. Secure the tying silk in the thread holder and take a few red hackle fibres in between your thumb and first finger of the left hand. Place them on the top of the hook projecting about one and one-half times the gap of the hook; open the thumb and finger a little at the tip only and pass the thread around fibres and hook lightly the first time, then take a second turn and pull the thread straight down; practice until you get this perfect as the method is used for hair and feather wings. The idea is to put the tail on top of the hook, not sliding over on either side or down the back of the hook. Trim off the ends of the tail fibres so as not to make a hump in the body.

Cut off a piece of narrow, flat, gold tinsel and cut the end to be tied in to a point; this helps to eliminate humps. Tie in your tinsel at the rear of the body and take your tying silk to the center of the body and tie in a piece of yellow floss; cut off the ends of your floss and take the tying silk to the end of the body, allowing room for a hair wing and hackle. Your fly is now the same as illustration No. 1.

The next step is to make the floss body; try to make every turn as smooth as possible; humps are hard to hide; and taper the body in front and rear. If your fingers are rough, use hackle pliers on your floss; it will prevent roughing the material which spoils the appearance of the body; also wind the floss on tight; it makes a better foundation for the ribbing, and a more substantial body. Tie off the floss and wind the gold ribbing, being careful with the first turn, then put on a strain all the time you are making the spirals. Tie off the tinsel with a half hitch and this completes illustration No. 2.

Take a small amount of grey squirrel tail hair, hold it by the tips and take out the short hairs, then cover the butts with liquid hair cement. Make a smooth foundation for the hair and put a little cement on it. The silk is now at the end of the body ready to tie on the hair wing.

The most simple way to tie on the wing is the same as described in tying on the tail. Cut the ends of hair, tapering towards the eye, cement the ends and make a perfect foundation for the hackle. Your fly will now be as shown in illustration No. 3.

There are many ways to tie on hair wings. I prefer to take the hair prepared as in illustration No. 5 and place it in position on the side of the hook nearest to the tyer, and as you make a few turns of silk work the wing on top of the hook, cut off the butts and cement as before.

To prepare the hackle (which is a brown neck hackle) take hold of the tip and carefully stroke the fibres down until they are nearly at right angles to the quill. Now cut off the soft fibres at the base; this leaves the quill rough, which enables you to tie in the hackle more securely.

Tie the hackle in on the underside of the hook, cut off the stem and take your thread to the eye and secure it in the clip. Put the hackle pliers on the tip and wind clockwise; don't wind too tight; fibres under the quill any more than necessary; when you reach the eye, take a turn of tying silk over the hackle, still keeping the strain on the tying silk. I stroke all the fibres back with the fingers on my left hand; take a few more turns of silk to form the head; finish off with whip finish and cut off the surplus hackle; carefully apply the head cement, and your fly is finished.

Another method I use to tie my hackle on a wet fly is to stroke the fibres at right angles to the quill as before, then cut off about one-quarter of an inch at the tip, now tie in the tip on the underside of the hook, glossy side to the eye. Put the butt in the hackle pliers and commence to stroke the fibres so that both sides point to the eye.

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# THE PURIST

## Trials of a Fly Fisherman

By SIG OLSON

IT WAS the first trip for speckles and the water was high and roily and the rapids a-churn with foam. First glance at the old river and I knew that flies were out of the running. Still I was a fly fisherman and a dry fly purist at that, and flies I knew it must be, unless—unless I awakened and fell from grace.

I had already paved the way for my downfall that morning, for one of the last things I did was to put out a few juicy garden hackles and tuck them into an old typewriter ribbon box. It was empty and no one around but just the same I dropped them in the bottom of my tackle bag underneath the fly hooks, leader boxes and the rest of a trout's paraphernalia. Of course I would never use them, but it was nice to have them along. Perhaps I would meet a worm fisherman who had lost his bait.

Approaching the old pool with the foam swirling slowly in its center, I flipped out a grey hackle over the deepest part, then a black gnat, then a nymph, and a royal, weighted the flies and finally in desperation tied on a spinner. I reached the surface, half way down and finally to the bottom, but each time the line disappeared in the depths it merely swirled in the current, not a telltale tug, not a sign that there were any trout in the pool at all.

Finally in disgust, I abandoned them, decided that perhaps it was my technique. Carefully, I tied on a new leader of the finest strand, tied on a new cow dung and flipped it out across the pool as pretty a cast as I had ever made, let it drift to the lower end, retrieved it, tried again and again, but not a rise did I get, not a single swirl of encouragement.

After an hour or two of that, the truth dawned on me, or rather forced itself into my stubborn consciousness, a truth I knew even before I began fishing, that this was no time for flies. The best dry fly technique, this was a time to remember that little box in the bottom of my reel, for I knew a big trout lay in the bottom of that pool waiting for something closer to what had been feeding on all that winter.

Biting off the leader, I put the last fly back into its box, tied on a small hook and slipped a worm over the barb. While I was doing it, I was conscious of doing something underhanded but still, at the same time, I recognized an old trick that dated back to a boyhood when worm fishing was the accepted thing. After all, I didn't have to keep the trout. All I wanted was a look at if a worm would give me that satisfaction, that was justification enough.

The worm went into the head of the pool and watched it wriggle and squirm, gradually turn black as water washed off the sand and dirt, and when it disappeared into the swirl.

The line moved slowly, sank down deep, lay there waiting. Gently, I twitched it and then came a faint tug. Another twitch and a stronger tug. Slowly the line began to move across the pool and the moment had come.

A twist of the wrist and the hook was set and in an instant a trout came to the surface, a pound and a half of as pretty a speckle as one could wish for and in that moment of triumph, I forgot that I hadn't taken it on a fly, that I had violated the old code, forgot that there was anything more important in the world than landing a trout.

For several minutes I played that trout and he fought as beautifully at the end of that tapered leader as he would have on a fly. Stripping line, I soon had him close and then he was mine and I was supremely happy and satisfied.

But only for a moment, for my conscience took me to task—"You've taken a trout with a worm," it said, "and you—a dry fly purist. You're a traitor to the cause, and what will you tell your friends? Must you be a liar, too?"

But that night I had a change of heart. I am still a dry fly fisherman, but I decided that trout food was trout food whether black gnats, hoppers or worms, that the distinction in taking them was not so much a matter of form as one of mind and prejudice and I knew that if a man took his trout with the proper spirit and with true humility and took no more one way than the other, it mattered little to anyone but himself just how he did it.—*From Minnesota Conservation Volunteer.*

Joseph E. Longacre and two eels he caught while fishing for carp in the Juniata, near Bedford



## WITH ROD AND LINE

By CLYDE ROLLER, Harrisburg Evening News

ALTHOUGH some trout have been caught on artificial lures since the season opened, the bait fisherman has more or less held sway up to this time, particularly with the weather remaining cool later into the Spring than is often the case. However, the fly fisherman is now about to come into his own.

There seems to be no reason to doubt the long-held belief that during cool weather, in the high water that often marks the early weeks of the season, natural bait is the most effective lure.

However, the dry fly caster can afford to wait. When high temperatures and low streams become the rule later in the season, and swarms of insects appear over the streams, the trout begin to do much of their feeding on such insects, and the fly fisherman then has a chance to step out, and even the score with the bait fisherman who perhaps has out-caught him by a wide margin during the first stages of the season.

With fly casting about to get into full strides, some words of advice regarding this phase of the sport of fishing by Ben Robinson, a widely known authority, would seem to be timely.

Keen observation may prove more effective for the fly fisherman, and the bait fisherman, too, for that matter, than the costliest of tackle. Robinson points out that one of the first abilities relating to this sport that should be gained by the person wishing to be an accomplished fly fisherman is the ability to recognize the signs indicating feeding trout.

Feeding signs are usually in evidence when insect hatches are appearing over the water. If the water surface of a pool, a current or even a fairly fast ripple is occasionally broken by a series of widening ripples, or if trout are seen to frequently dart to the top of the water, there is evidence for the experienced angler that the fish will be receptive to a floating artificial fly.

Occasionally, before an approaching storm, trout will put on a sudden splurge of surface leaping and such an occasion is held to be a "boom time" for upstream dry fly casting. In stream fishing where there is a current the dry fly should be cast up the stream ahead of the angler, or to one side, so that the current will carry the fly with natural lightness, Robinson asserts.

"It is not necessary that we do our dry fly casting for trout when a storm is approaching,"

he comments. "Any time when there are insects to be seen hovering over the water and occasionally dropping on the surface is a good time to use the surface type of trout lure. But, as I have said, the best time of all for dry fly fishing for trout is when the days are rather dark, with a storm not far away.

"Trout head upstream when they are feeding and usually the best fish are those that hide under driftage. Here is an intriguing mirror of quiet water. Just drop the fly above such places so that it strikes the surface like a real insect and floats across the trout's line of vision."

The ideal rod, we are told, is eight feet long and is limber at the tip and at the second section but rather stiff at the butt section, the rod weighing about four ounces without reel. An automatic fly reel or a single-action fly fishing reel and 35 yards of tapered oiled fly casting line, silk or nylon, of about size H-D, or H-D-H if double tapered, and a seven and a half-foot tapered gut or nylon leader of size 3X is suggested as the proper floating fly rigging. The line should be dressed with the waterproof line dressing to make it float but the leader should not receive the dressing.

"The proper pattern of fly to be placed on the tippet end of the leader," Robinson suggests, "is the one with hackles that stand out all around the head with the filaments pointed slightly forward or down, and of fairly stiff, longish hackle feather winding. This is the approved dry-fly model. The cocked or upright wing fly has wings standing upright or cocked at an angle upward and out in a fan-like shape. The spent-wing types have wings that extend out on a horizontal plane from the body.

"Then there is the bi-visible type, a hack fly without wings. The size of the fly should be Number 10, 12 or 14, the smaller size, 14, being best for small rivers. The wings, the hackle and the tail should be rubbed with a little fly grease or oil. Wings and hackle are fluffed by whipping the fly lightly through the air a few times in false cast."

It is recommended that the line be stripped back to take up slack as the lure floats toward the angler, with a gentle jerking movement being imparted occasionally to send little ripples circling away from the lure in order to lend it a life-like appearance and action.



# POVERTY OR CONSERVATION

## Your National Problem

By J. N. "DING" DARLING, Honorary President, National Wildlife Federation

SOME day a new historian will arise who will revolutionize our study of the past and give us a much better understanding of the problems which we ourselves are meeting. This new history will give us an interpretation of the causes which produced the events, rather than a compilation of dynasties, dates and victorious generals. Instead of telling us in detail *how* Genghis Khan and Alexander the Great fought their battles, the new historian will tell us *why* they fought their wars of conquest. And the reasons will exactly parallel the causes which led the Japanese to invade the Asiatic continent, the Italians to slaughter the Ethiopians and Hitler to shatter all the international covenants to loot Europe. From the first racial conflicts of written history on down to the present day, wars have sprung from the same background: an increased racial population wore out its natural resources and relieved the pressure within by arming its surplus men and moving in on the less depleted pastures of its neighbors.

Archaeologists tell us that this process started in the Gobi Desert and whether or not that was the cradle of the human race, the fossilized remnants of profuse vegetation and abundant animal life are all that remain to show that man once lived there in obvious abundance until depleted natural resources forced the inhabitants to seek new lands. Out of this area came successive waves of migrations which moved westward into Mongolia, India, Persia, Arabia, Turkestan, Palestine, Mesopotamia, the Nile and the Sahara, the Caucasus, the Mediterranean state and finally into what we now call continental Europe.

Buried in the dust and rubble of ages along these ancient migration lanes are crumbling palaces of kings and buried cities which once housed thriving populations, convincing evidence that those desert lands were once sufficiently productive to maintain prosperous communities. You couldn't pasture a healthy Dakota grasshopper there now on 100 square miles. Fabled lands "flowing with milk and honey," the valleys of the Ganges and Euphrates, Arabia, Persia and Babylon were not always the deserted wastes they are today, inhabited only by struggling remnants of the former hordes searching an exhausted land for sustenance for their flocks and a meager livelihood for themselves. Architects and artisans do not go off into a desert to erect such majestic designs to masonry as mark the remains of Bagdad.

What vast natural resources must have blossomed on the sandy wastes of Egypt to support the armies employed to build the Pyramids! For every stone in their vast bulk there must have been at least a hundred acres of land in full and continuous production to feed the laborers who quarried the rock and hoisted it into place. Let your imagination fill the gap between the vast operations during the building of the temples of Karnak and this flea-bitten remnant of Egypt which dips from the Nile enough water to raise a handful of rice, the per diem ration of its remaining population.

Few know that the mysterious city of Timbukto, a ghost town of prehistoric origin isolated

by miles of arid waste in the middle of the Sahara Desert, was once surrounded by fertile fields and olive groves. Buried beneath its desert sands is complete evidence that Africa's great "dust bowl" once was as rich as the Mississippi Valley. Giant primitive forests, lakes and rivers once spread across the vast wastes of the Sahara.

Between the Gobi Desert and Mesopotamia, a thousand Genghis Khans, Attilas and Nebuchadnezzars fought for the riches which these ancient lands once produced. They wouldn't be worth fighting for now if it were not for the oil deposits (of which the ancients had no knowledge) hidden deep beneath the earth's crust. And speaking of Dakota grasshoppers, as I was a moment ago, is a reminder that grasshopper plagues and human migrations, like "the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady," are sisters under the skin. Both come about through populations



Along Rock Run near Bowmansdale

expanded beyond the tolerance of the food supply and when they migrate both seek a new location where vegetation is rich and plentiful. Both leave desolation in their wake and when they have exhausted the food supply of their latest invasion they move on to another. It takes no imagination on the part of anyone who has ever seen a grain field after the grasshoppers have finished it to see there the replica of man's migration path down through the ages.

Is it just a coincidence that those once rich lands where civilization has lived the longest are all now deserts and unable to support a one-thousandth part of their former populations, or is there a lesson which we have overlooked hidden in crumbling ruins of departed civilization? Could it be that our own falling water table, dried-up springs, man-made dust bowls and abandoned cattle ranges are the early symptoms of the same blight which turned the ancient garden spots into deserts? The scientists who have read the hieroglyphics written in the sands of time say it is not a coincidence but an invariable rule. Other scientists, seeking a formula by which we may avoid such a future, have given us assurance that, taken in time, soils, vegeta-

tion and subsoil water tables can be made to persist indefinitely and yield a balanced production of life's necessities.

Fragmentary translations of ancient hieroglyphics give hints of further illuminating on internal conditions which preceded those of tribal migrations and resultant inter-racial conflicts of old. They are the only hints but tally so accurately with known cycles of modern social upheavals that they leave room for more than a suspicion that there is a standard cyclical social and economic phenomena directly associated with the disappearance of natural resources.

Boastful praise of riches and self-glorification marked the writings and arts of newly established principalities on new and virgin lands. A sense of social discontent crept into the ancient records when drought and pestilence smote the floods (Sounds like Kansas, Arkansas and the Dakotas.) Shepherds staged a revolution which was put down by the King's Guards. Life complained of the high price of food. Redistribution of wealth was strongly advocated as a cure for the social discontent and was tried whether it did any temporary good or not. The cycle of events went forward as per schedule when natural resources had been pretty much used up the governments proceeded to pick a fight with their neighbors which resulted in a new wave of conquest and the pressure of population on natural resources was relieved, probably until the new pastures gave out.

One of the first things that always happens when populations outgrow nature's bridle is that the existing government is overthrown, usually accompanied by throat cutting and broken heads. That seems to have been standard practice down through the ages, and still Spain has given us a complete dramatization of this part of the cycle of social evolution during the last decade.

### History of Civilization

Boiled down to the fundamentals, the history of civilization since man was created is largely made up of the rise and fall of governments, kingdoms and empires through the exhaustion of resources. History, therefore, in reality turns out to be the story of hungry man in search of food. Conservation is the job of so managing our resources and gifts of nature on this continent that man's search for these necessities is not be in vain.

If we do neglect conservation, as history ignored it in the past, and any considerable increase of our population does search in vain for existence, we shall have increasing poverty, social upheavals and, *in spite of our high ideals and worship of peace*, we shall have more wars instead of fewer, for wars are the spawn of empty stomachs, and empty stomachs follow, as night follows the day, the excess of demand on natural resources over the supply. Sociologists and economic doctors should study Biology.

No one can look at this continent today, compare it with the way we found it, and deny that we have ruthlessly ignored this law of Nature.





Opening Day—on King's Creek

Hunger has, since the world began, thrown men at each other's throats. Hunger, or the threat of it, has been and still is one of the compelling forces back of racial struggles. Comparative peace reigns in all the biological world until the competition for sustenance precipitates a death struggle. America is not exempt from this rule of Nature.

Most of the boasted conservation activities up to date are pretty badly overrated. Oh, their intentions have swallowed all the hokum about what was going to be done and assumed that therefore the intentions were accomplished. Facts will gasp with surprise. All right, get through gasping and then we'll go on.

The Soil Conservation Service in the Department of Agriculture is the most valuable custodian of our No. 1 precious natural resource and is headed by one of the greatest authorities on land use and sound soil management in the world. His Service was cut to the bone in appropriations and personnel three years before the threat of the present war made such a sacrifice necessary.

The U. S. Forest Service was without an authorized head, leader or Chief for about two years, while the morale in that great agency of conservation fell to the lowest ebb in 25 years.

The Fish and Wildlife Service, under as sturdy and able a conservation leader as lives, has been so crippled by cuts in its personnel and appropriations that maintenance of many of its restoration and refuge projects will have to be curtailed.

Economy? God bless it, yes. But one-fifth of the cost of the abandoned Passamaquoddy power project or the Florida Ship Canal would be more than all these curtailed conservation agencies ever dreamed of spending in their most ambitious years. And the so-called Florida Ship Canal, condemned by every scientific authority as more damaging than beneficial, is still on the authorized project list of the Administration.

If the Florida Ship Canal was the only boondoggle to be fed cream while orthodox agencies of conservation starved, we might excuse it on the grounds that the Administration thought it was a justified project, for reasons unknown to science. But when we add to the Florida Ship Canal and Passamaquoddy fiasco, the Santee-Cooper fifty million dollar project and the two hydro-electric dams in the Columbia River which

cost more than the Panama Canal and killed more salmon than can be bought with all the electricity the two dams can make, the score against the Administration's espousal of conservation collapses like your rear tire after a blow-out. While these boondogglers were lapping up hundreds of millions like ice cream at a Sunday School picnic, the Administration kept its foot against the door whenever a conservation agency called. I should know, for I was Chief of the Biological Survey then.

And where was the great voice of the aroused conservation-minded public all this time? There wasn't any voice and there wasn't any aroused conservation-minded public. The reason is simple enough. The great American public had grown up under an educational system which taught that America could feed the world; that our natural resources were inexhaustible and why Hannibal crossed the Alps, but not one hint as to the future which awaited a nation depleted of its natural resources. That public has been buying sweetened water at a dollar a bottle with a conservation label on it ever since, and doesn't yet know the difference.

The Governors of most states are totally ignorant of the fundamental principles of natural resource conservation and think that biological management means some kind of birth control. When we do find a state executive who is a convert to the cause, he often finds that there aren't enough technically qualified conservationists in the state to form a good Conservation Commission. You will understand, of course, that in speaking of conservationists I am not talking about a shortage of sportsmen and their particular branch of wildlife conservation, nor of bird lovers nor wild flower fans. While they have done more than anyone else and paid all the bills up to date, few of them understand that you can't restock a barren lake or stream with fish until you have restored the balanced chemistry of the waters, any more than you can repopulate the Kansas Dust Bowl by running landseekers' excursions to it.

In conclusion let me say that I have shared the hopes, the enthusiasms and the disappointments with each of these divergent efforts to achieve conservation objectives. Every type of Federal and State conservation administration has been tried, with indifferent success. Vol-

untary organizations which sought to unite the conservationists into powerful nationwide movements have failed dismally. Conservation magazines and conservation evangelists have broadcast the message from coast to coast but destructive exploitation still rules the land. Conservation is a sissy with ruffled pantalettes, a May basket in her hand and a yellow ribbon in her hair.

#### Education in Conservation The Only Road to Success

After all these years of efforts to find some formula of conservation which would work I am convinced that until a new generation is taught in the Public Schools man's utter dependence on natural resources, until the teachers of Botany, Chemistry, Biology and Geology emphasize the functions rather than the terminology of their respective sciences; until in fact we have a majority of the American public schooled in the fundamental principles of conservation, criminal waste will continue to reduce our heritage of natural resources. If you will begin to work soon on the youth now in the grade schools, it will not be too awfully late.

To me, Education has become the only pathway that can lead us out of the doldrums.

The Conservation Commentator of "Science News Letter," Dr. Frank Thone, recently summed up the conservation situation about as follows: Failure to practice the principles of conservation is largely due to the failure of our educational institutions to teach conservation, and the reason for this deficiency is that teachers have not been taught how to teach conservation.

A prominent educator of wide experience recently told me that there was one great unsolved problem in pedagogy. Teachers graduated from the best Teachers' Colleges continued to go forth and teach their pupils what they had been taught by their Public School teachers. They might use the new methods of progressive

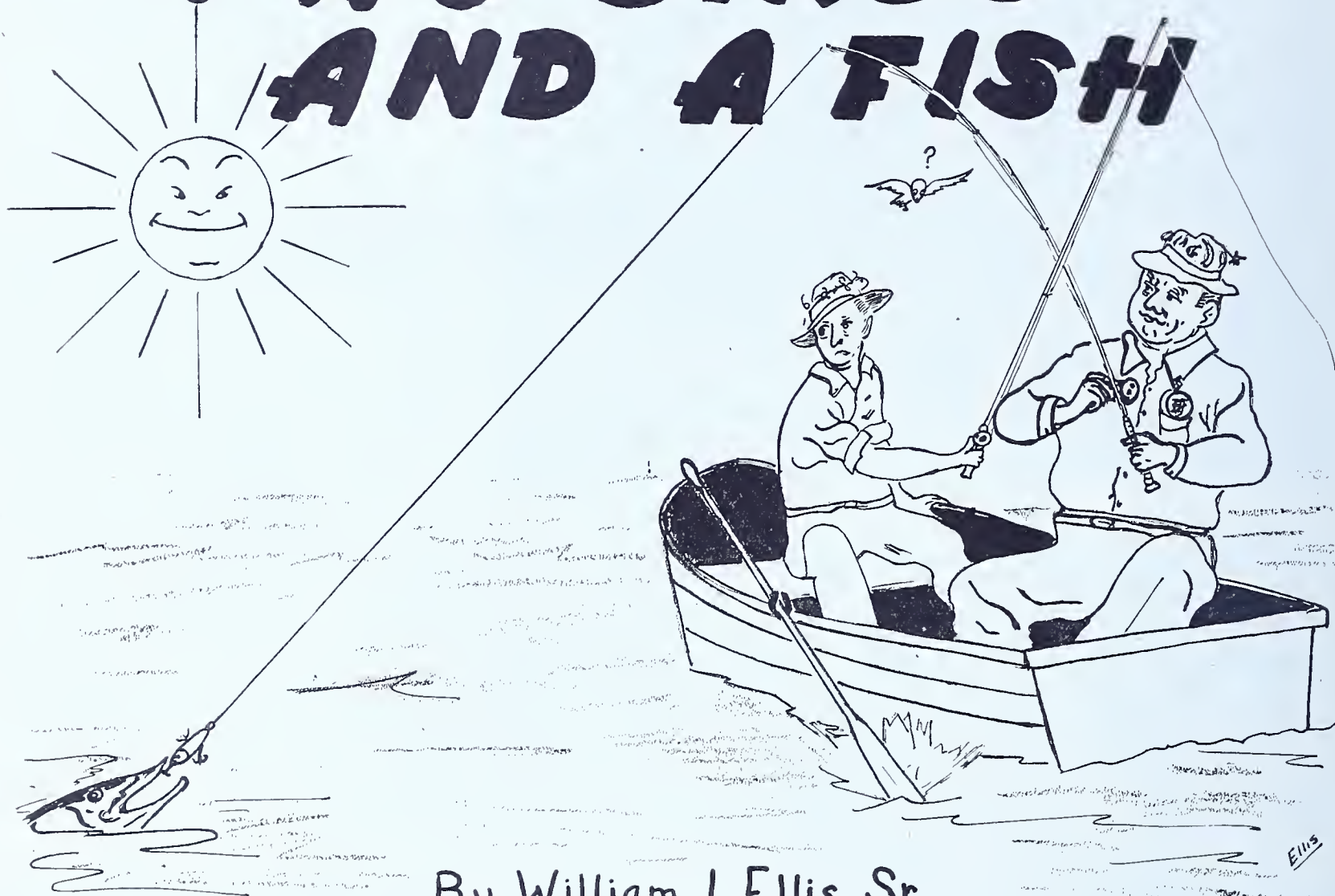
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Frank L. Thomas, Pres., Phila. Div. Izaak Walton League of America—Helps stock trout in Wissahickon  
Photo by Ellen A. Dietrich





# TWO BIRDS AND A FISH



By William J. Ellis, Sr.

"It's a pike, Walt. A beauty at that!"

"Oh boy! It's the largest fish we've seen to-day. There must be some way to get him in."

"It's beyond me. I've tried everything in the book, and a few of my own ideas, without any luck. He's got the line so twisted around that root that it don't look as if he'll ever get free."

"Seems a shame to cut your line."

"Don't know what else to do. Gosh! There's a couple of dollars worth of tackle lost—as well as the fish!"

"Yeah. If we only had a net or a gaff with a ten-foot handle, I might reach him. He'll probably drown if we leave him there."

"Nothing else to do Walt, so here goes."

When Ray Bird cut his line, eliminating any chance of getting the pike that had just given him such a grand battle, only to get tangled in the roots of an old stump and spoiling things for both the fish and the fisherman, he had no idea that it would lead to one of the most remarkable fishing experiences he had ever been privileged to relate, to say nothing of a full evening's entertainment for the Gas House Gang.

What's that? You never heard of the Gas House Gang? Well, don't be misled by the name, for they're not a bunch of thugs that hail from down in back of the gas tanks, and they're not exactly a gang. Just a bunch of fishermen. Several of the men were executives for a public utility corporation that supplied gas for the community, so when somebody dubbed 'em "The Gas House Gang," the name stuck.

Periodically the "gang" collected in Doc's office after business hours. Their objective . . . well, someone said it was to talk about fishing and see who could tell the best fish story of the month, while others claimed it was to find out if Doc's ability to mix an old-fashioned was still as good as it was the last time they congregated. They generally found it better.

It was Wednesday evening and nearly an hour had passed since Doc had said good-bye to his last patient. Part of the time he had spent in playing around with his array of bottles, sliced fruit, sugar, bitters, and cherries. Doc was proud of his old-fashioned, to him the mixing was a ritual. Several miscellaneous magazines of ancient publication had been removed from the little office table to be replaced by a neat line of sparkling glasses, their colorful contents giving off an aroma equaled only by the potency of their ingredients.

Doc had just seated himself in a comfortable arm-chair and lighted his usual Rameses, when a clanking noise out in the hall indicated that the lift had just stopped at that floor. Footsteps sounded in the hall, and then, without further warning, the door opened and three men entered. Nobody spoke a word.

After an awkward pause, Doc finally broke the silence, addressing the leader: "Hello Bob! Why all the gloom? You fellows look as if you had just come from a funeral."

"We have!" replied the one addressed as Bob. "Whose?"

"Ours!" the trio replied in unison.

"I don't get it?" said Doc, "but if it's a drink you need, don't stand on ceremony. Help yourself."

"We need more than a drink," said Bob, choking over an orange seed. "We need someone to teach us *how to fish*."

"Eh!" smiled Doc.

"Kirk, Harold, and I spent the week end at Gull Haven, and not one of us caught a fish! Not even a strike!!!"

"Northcaster last week spoiled it, nobody did much—Hello Joel!" Doc's final remark was directed at a new arrival, who returned the salutation and made a bee-line for the table. Other members of the "gang" started arriving and soon the line of old-fashioned on the table began to look like a bunch of seashore cottages after a hurricane . . . all out of place and just as empty.

Everybody seemed to be disgruntled about the poor fishing they had had over the past week end. With the drinks disappearing so rapidly, Doc finally had to remove his resting feet from the top of his desk and busy himself once more as host. After the second round, the "glooms" began to fly out the window and some of the "hard luck" anglers started talking about the good old days when you always came home with enough fish to make the entire neighborhood smell like the South Street Market.



"Has anyone heard Ray Bird's latest pike story?" The interruption came from a thickset gent who answered to the name of Jim, and had the word "salesman" plastered all over him.

"Oh yeah!" replied someone, "but it wasn't a pike, it was a large-mouth bass. It weighed seven-and-a-quarter pounds, and looks like the money for the Dover Club Prize Fish Contest this year. By the way, he ought to be here tonight . . . said he was coming."

"Brother," said Jim, casting an evil eye at the speaker, "when I say pike, I don't mean bass! However, if his bass entry don't take the money, his pike story will come darn close to it."

"Howzit-go?"

By this time all of the members of the "gang" had turned their attention to Jim, whose reputation as a story teller, especially those of the fish variety, was *par excellence*. No matter how tall he made them, they were always good, and if any skeptical listener so much as raised an eyebrow, Jim always produced an alibi. This time however, the story wasn't his, so nobody could question his veracity.

Raymond Bird, the only absent member of the "gang," had joined the Dover Fishing Club\* two or three years before and in that time had become one of its most popular members. He was equally skillful in the surf, deep sea, or inland waters, and a finished sportsman in every sense of the word. His vast experience in all kinds of fishing had made him an authority on things piscatorial, and adventures, such as Jim was about to relate, were all in the day's sport.

Many anglers have had the experience of catching the same fish twice. Frequently days will lapse between the catches, but some peculiar marking will prove its identity. Few, however, have accomplished this feat under the circumstances that befell angler Bird while pike fishing

\*The Gas House Gang is not a product of the writer's imagination, but an actual existing group of men, all of whom are members of the Dover Fishing Club, and enjoy social contacts in addition to their angling activities, as is indicated by this story.



Ray Bird and his 7 1/4 lb. large-mouth which won first place in the Dover Fishing Club's Prize Fish contest.

HELLO WALTER!  
GET DOWN TO DOC'S  
OFFICE RIGHT AWAY  
I'M GOING TO NEED YOU



in the Pensauken near Palmyra. Accompanying him was Walter Muth, another member of the Dover Club and one of "Philadelphia's Finest." Ray always makes sure that Walter is around when he tells this story, and I don't blame him.

They had decided to fish the creek several miles above the town, and by mid-afternoon each had several nice specimens to his credit. Suddenly Ray's wiggler was rudely interrupted in the midst of a retrieve. Something big had struck it.

He could tell by the strike that the fish, whatever it was, was much larger than anything they had yet caught. With a swift dive it took the plug clear to the bottom of the creek. Then started a battle that promised to make history. Ray was getting the thrill of his life, when suddenly—something happened.

The boat was anchored about midstream, and the cast had been made in the direction of the east bank, along which there was a very deep hole. It was at the bottom of this hole that the fish seemed to turn to stone. The struggle ceased, and as Ray attempted to reel in some line, he found that it wouldn't give an inch.

Walter soon guided the boat directly above the spot where the fish was holding out, while Ray kept taking in line just fast enough to keep it taut. Looking down through the clear waters of the creek, they discovered what happened. The pike, for that's what it was, in his attempts to dislodge the plug, had twisted the line around the roots of a large tree that was growing right on the edge of the bank.

It was with reluctance that Ray cut his line and lost all hope of ever landing that fish; but, as we have seen, there was nothing else to do. After that, neither he nor Walt had any further desire to fish, so they called it a day. The trip home would have been perfect but for the one that got away.

It was two weeks later when Ray and Walt again decided to try for pike on the Pensauken. This time, however, instead of going up-stream they elected the broad section of the creek near the mouth, a stretch of about one mile between the railroad bridge and where it empties into the Delaware. Although pike were seldom caught in

this section, Ray had his own ideas and decided to give 'em a trial.

The entire morning passed without a single strike. Ray was just about ready to admit that his theory was "all wet" and suggest that they row a little farther upstream, when Walt called his attention to the peculiar antics of a bird nearby.

"Huh! Looks like a gull," said Ray. "Sometimes they get this far up along the Delaware."

"But what in the heck is he circling around that one spot for—look at that!"

Just then the gull skimmed down close to the surface and ducked his head below the water. "Whatever he went after, he didn't get," said Walter as the gull darted skyward. "But wait! He did have something and dropped it!"

"Looked like a piece of string," said Ray.

"The way he let go, I'd say it was jerked out of his mouth. Look! There he goes for it again!"

By now it was plain to see that the gull was trying to get hold of a piece of string that was apparently floating just below the surface of the water.

"There's something jerking it out of his mouth, all right," agreed Ray.

"Yes, and that last dive was about twenty feet farther to the right. Whatever it's tied to is floating upstream against the tide. That's funny?"

Probably if the fishing had been better, these two wouldn't have been so curious, but the real angler loves a mystery, so taking in their lines, they pulled their boat over in the direction of the diving gull.

"Hold it Walt! Here's the string right alongside. I'll grab it. Gosh! Look! It's a fishing line!"

"Don't tell me that gulls are using hand lines this year," laughed Walt. "See what kind of bait they use!"

"Bait my eye!" exclaimed Ray. "There's a fish on the other end." He started pulling in the line only to have a lively splashing start up a few yards from the boat.

"It's a pike!" yelled Walt, as he reached for the net.

Hand over hand, Ray brought the captive pike closer to the waiting net. "This looks familiar," he said. "It's the same kind of line I use."

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## HOW'S THE WIND?

(Continued from Page 5)

points on west shore. Found new place—birches. Ten good fish. Hoppers. Had a few hellgrammites. No good. Lost every fish on them.

Here was a clear, sunny, windy, cool day, with a strong northwest wind. A day one would not usually select as a good fishing day. But we did well, restricted as we were by the strong wind to parts of the lake not usually considered good. I remember that day very well. I broke the tip of my rod trying to cast a long line in the high wind. I remember a remark that LeRoy made that seemed to violate another tradition. When unexpectedly, the bass really began to bite, he said: "Guess the bright moon last night started them feeding." Evidently it was not in "the dark of the moon."

ENTRY 4. July 20. Hot, sultry, southwest wind, moderate. Fished from ten to five-thirty. Surface calm. Fished six or seven places. Didn't get a rise until about two o'clock, when Walter picked up a pound bass skipping a bopper. Thunderstorm came up about four o'clock. We wanted fish for camp. We had our rain shirts, and decided to sit it out. We pulled over to the big rock opposite camp so that we could run in if the storm got too uncomfortable. Glad we did. Had an hour of the best fishing I ever had. Got seven good ones.

Do they bite during a thunderstorm? I'll say so. Sometimes. Once I got three of the nicest trout I ever caught in about a half hour during a terrific thunderstorm. After the storm I couldn't get a rise. But here is an opposite experience.

ENTRY 5. August 2. Very warm, dry, sunny. South wind. Out all day, Charles and I. Had pretty good luck before lunch. Seven good fish. Fished at Basin, Hopkins' Cove, old stump. Thunderstorm came up about three o'clock very fast. No time to row back to camp; pulled boat onto beach, turned it over and crawled under. Storm lasted about an hour. Prettiest complete rainbow I ever saw down by the dam. Tried our three favorite spots on way in but didn't get another strike. Thunder scared them, I guess.

Here is an instance where a thunderstorm didn't produce good fishing. These entries are only a few, but I could give many others, and, of course, they are selected in each case to prove my point, namely that there is plenty of evidence that ordinary weather conditions do not in themselves have a direct influence on the biting eagerness of fish. I could also produce entries from my fishing diary to show that a generally considered ideal day, for example, light south breeze, mild temperature, over-cast, does not produce any better fishing in the long run than days which the consensus of opinion would call poor days for fishing.

Let us digress for a moment and consider the subject of special places or fishing-holes, where the fish are thought to be more plentiful. That there are such places in all ponds and lakes is a common belief with which my experience has caused me to agree. I have done considerable studying of lake bottoms with glasses, and I have found that some areas of lake bottom are barren; that is, they contain no rocks, boulders, stumps, roots, or vegetation which serve as harboring places for minnows, larvæ, snails, and other forms of pond life which supply the food for game fish. You will find few, if any game fish in such barren spots. The good fishing is to be found in the rocky, rooty, reedy holes, or around them. In the Pocono Mountains there is a beautiful lake, but practically fishless, except for a few rarely scattered sunfish, and some small, ema-

ciated silver bass. Thousands of dollars have been spent in stocking this lake with game fish, but the fish never survived. An expert ichthyologist from the State College, who was sent for, said that the lake was too barren of vegetation to support fish life. I know the character of certain lakes so well that I could take you to spots in those lakes every day for a week, and you wouldn't get a strike; while I could take you to other spots every day for a week and you would get fish each time.

The experiences recorded in my fishing diary were in lakes and ponds, and mostly with bass. Would they have been the same in trout fishing in streams? Judging from years of experience, but unrecorded, in trout fishing in all the eastern states from Pennsylvania to Canada, I should say that success in stream fishing for trout is as little affected directly by ordinary weather conditions as is success in lake fishing. I have had good luck and poor luck on sunny days and on overcast days, in the middle of the day and the evening hour, with east winds or south winds, in rain, or when it has thundered. There are, however, some variations between brook and lake fishing as to the effect of temperature and rainfall. Trout like cold water, and they go down into the deep, cooler places when the water temperature gets towards seventy degrees Fahrenheit. Bass are not so sensitive to warmer temperatures; but they do lie deeper in August and that is why August is usually a poor month for bass.

At Bellefonte, Pa., the State Fish Commission has developed an ideal trout stream and rearing beds. I went out there with a friend one warm June day to try our luck. We fished about two or three hours, in the middle of the day, from about ten to one o'clock. We tried about every fly we had, but neither of us got a fish. We could see sizeable trout mulling around at the bottoms of holes, but not one would rise. We spoke to a young man in charge, who was an expert in fish rearing from Cornell University. "Here's the answer," he said, and he took a thermometer from his pocket and stuck it into the stream. In a few minutes he pulled it out and the mercury read 72°. "That is your trouble," he said, "trout won't rise when the water gets up toward 70 degrees. Come back towards dusk this evening after the stream cools off a little." We didn't go back but we met him in a restaurant in town that evening, and he said that the trout rose well toward evening.

Also rainfall has an effect on stream fishing that it doesn't seem to have on lake fishing. A heavy rainfall for a day or two will wash in and bring down stream a considerable amount of food in the manner of larvæ, worms, and submerged flies, besides loosening more such trout food from the rocks. This superabundance of food will tend to dull the trout appetite for artificial, or any other lures, for several days. Rain has another effect on trout fishing. If a brook is rather low when you commence fishing, but a heavy rain commences and continues for several hours you will probably notice an improvement in the fishing as you continue. This is due to an instinct of trout to run up a rising stream. Trout, as you know, wait for the fall rains to raise the streams so that they can run up to spawn; they run up again in the spring to scour themselves; and they habitually hunt their food up stream. When you see trout lying quiet in a pool or an open stretch of water you will notice that their heads always point up stream. Disturb them, and they will run up, not down, stream. The trout don't rise to the fly better just because it may be raining; but the effect of the rain in gradually raising the stream does cause some trout activity that results in more strikes for the angler.

One day in early summer a friend and I started to fish a brook in New Hampshire. We reached the brook at about eight o'clock. There had been a dry spell for about two weeks and the brook was low. We got no rises and saw no evidences of trout. Probably we would find them farther down stream. After a while rain began to fall, and fell steadily. Within an hour or two there was optical evidence that trout were moving up stream, and by the middle of the afternoon we had well-filled creels. I have had a few other similar experiences.

A very windy day is a poor day for trout fishing with a fly; first, because of the difficulty of placing the fly accurately and neatly on the water; and, second, because, together with his efforts at casting in the wind, and at keeping his balance, the angler makes considerably more noise than he does on a windless day. Trout are sensitive fish, are easily startled, and, when startled, will not rise or take a fly.

In my many seasons of fishing in lakes and streams, in various parts of this country and in Canada, experience has proved that there are so many exceptions to the old and long cherished ideas about the effect of the weather on fisherman's luck, one need not change his plans because of ordinary weather, wind or moon phases. If the angler can lay a fly or place a bait skilfully, he will get fish, *if the fish are feeding*; and they feed now and then, in spells, regardless of the weather.

So let me revise the old ditty:

When the wind is from the North,  
A skilful fisher may go forth.  
When the wind is from the East,  
The chance is good for man or beast.  
When the wind is from the South,  
The hook may miss the fish's mouth.  
When the wind is from the West,  
There is no proof it is the best.

After reading this article perhaps the reader will want some advice as to just when to go fishing. I am no judge of salt-water fishing, and have had very little experience with that kind of sport. As to fishing in lakes and streams, I should advise that the time to go is when you have a day off, if the weather is endurable for the fisherman. Don't worry about the fish. They are underwater and are not much bothered by winds and weather. If the fish, or some of them, are on a feeding streak, you will have good luck. If, after a trial of an hour or so in the forenoon, you find that the fish are not feeding, go back to camp, light up and play a few games of Russian Bank with your pal. Then try the stream again about four or five o'clock in the afternoon. Perhaps a rise in the water or a hatch of flies has started the fish on a feeding spell, and you will take a few, five or six perhaps, but enough for supper, and you will feel satisfied physically and spiritually, at the end of a perfect day; and, like the traveller in Whittier's "Snow Bound," you, too, will look across the valley to the sunset and "pausing, take with forehead bare, the benediction of the air."

*Handle a minnow with care in baiting the hook or in selecting one from the bait bucket. These little fish can be very easily injured and killed by rough usage.*

If you insist that in worm fishing the point of the hook should be covered, then you are urging that a fish is smart enough to know what the hook is—and that is doubtful to say the least. It simply is not necessary. Instead, thread the worm on the hook in loose loops and let the point be free to sink into the fish securely.



# Outdoors Calling

## Poor, Hapless Worms

By BILL WOLF, Philadelphia Record

**T**HERE'S a lot of ground to be covered, ranging from worms (a purely earthy subject) to nylon thread, boots and a new trout fly, so there's no time for further preamble:

Last Sunday a request was made here for the chemical formula which will bring worms to the surface of the earth. Pulling my skirts aside from such a topic, I explained it was for a bait-using friend. The results were prompt.

Bill Everman called to say that a solution of one bichloride of mercury tablet to a bucket of water will work. The solution is to be poured on the ground. Doc Mortimer wrote from Honesdale to the same effect, saying: "One tablet dissolved in not quite a full pail of water and the result sprinkled on the ground will do the trick." Helen Parks, who handles advertising for a chemical firm, looked into the subject, but couldn't find the answer, although she thought just plain sprinkling the ground with a hose would do it. It does sound reasonable at that.

Vic Hipple, of Riverton, N. J., said: "Apply limewater to the soil and the 'woims' will crawl out. Good for the soil, too," and, he added, "tell Jack to note the places where Ma Robin yanks them out before she jams them down the hungry maws of her progeny."

For those too tired to make their own solution of limewater or bichloride of mercury, S. G. Dilley, of Camden, sent the address of a firm making such a thing. It's called Wormout and is manufactured by Maxine & Co., Waterloo Rd., Cleveland, O.

Nearly all mentioned the electric rod which can be inserted in the ground, a cord plugged into a light socket and the current shocks the hell out of the poor, defenseless worms. Somehow I'm glad I'm not an actual worm—bichloride of mercury, limewater and electricity. No wonder they crawl.

**Boots.** Last time trout fishing I found my left boot had developed a leak. The water was rather cold and I was acutely aware of it until I tripped over some barbed wire and tore a hole in the right boot. When it filled with water everything was balanced and the left foot didn't seem so cold any more.

However, this is poor consolation, to have one foot as wet and cold as the other, so I tried to mend them on the stream with poor success. I'm trying again at home, but let my experience teach you a lesson—take care of those boots. You won't get any new ones for a long time. The fives-and-dimes carry a mending material called Solo. It's pretty effective although it looks like the devil, resembling a gob of black mud on the boot. Have a tire patch put on at a repair shop if you want a neater job and, in the meantime, try to prevent leaks.

**REPORTS.** Hear occasionally from various sections. Nick Bickison, a Jersey angler who also fishes Pennsylvania trout streams, had good luck on the Paradise at Henryville, Pa. Cliff Zug, of West Lawn, a Pennsylvanian who often fishes Jersey streams (see the contrary nature of anglers—never content to stay where they are!) had good luck in New Jersey's Musconetcong, poor luck in the Pequest.

He and his partner hit a ginger quill hatch, took a lot of trout, the best running 18 inches and fat

(Turn to Page 15)



DON MARTIN AND ALLTIME RECORD TROUT

Big Spring, whose sparkling, rippling waters has provided good sport for countless trout fishermen through the years, out-did itself this season in giving up a gargantuan brownie that at 15 pounds broke all records for size.

The monster measured 31 inches and was taken after a vicious 30-minute fight by Donald Martin of Fort Hunter, Dauphin County, who said that the tussle left him nearly as limp as the fish.

## More Than 750 Fishermen Compete in 12th Annual Live Trout Contest

**M**ORE than 750 contestants participated in the 12th annual live trout fishing contest of the Lehigh County Fish and Game Protective Association at Dorney Park, Sunday, June 3, 1945, according to Co-chairman Barton M. Snyder, Morton V. White, and Lawrence W. Knoblach.

Raymond Greenbaum, State Hospital, walked away with the top honors for the day and the \$5 prize money for taking the largest trout. The fish, a brown trout, measured 18½ inches in length.

Charles A. Hoffman, 723 S. Hall St., Allentown, placed second with a 17¾ inch brown trout and Ray Eichner of 310 Tohican Ave., Quakertown, third, with 16¾ inch brownie.

Runners up for top fish in the contest were: Earl Burger, 628 Greenleaf St., Allentown, a 16¼ inch brownie; Walter D. McElroy, 601 N. Main St., Sellersville, a 16½ inch brownie; and Charles George, 549 Park St., Allentown, a 16 inch brownie.

As announced during the afternoon, all the remaining fish from the contest are turned over

to the State Fish Commission for stocking in the Little Lehigh, between Bogert's bridge and wall of the dam immediately above the hatchery bridge.

There is no restriction as to the bait and the regular rules for taking fish in the waters of the Commonwealth will be enforced by District Fish Warden Harvey D. Neff and a corps of deputies.

The fish, estimated at more than 800 in number, range from 12 to 16 inches and include both brook and brown trout. Contest records revealed that the fish, purchased from the Harry C. Trexler Estates, were the nicest batch of trout in any recent contest of the Association.

Referees assisting the Association in its contest yesterday included: Robert Lefaver, Franklyn Gergits, Allen Kline, Albert Lobach, Charles Johnson, Robert Benner, Paul Daubenspeck, William Erdman, Paul Zimmerman, Charles W. Wolf, Louis A. Albright, Jr., Paul Geist, Jack Houser, Clair S. Mengle, Charles H. Neff and Chuston Werst.





Farris Barnhart, Chairman, York Co. Fed. of Sportsmen's Clubs—Past Pres. York Chapter, Izaak Walton League of America.

Archie Conda of York, Vice-Pres., Southern Div. Pa. Fed. of Sportsmen's Clubs—Past County Chairman and present Corres. Sec'y.

## CAMPFIRE CORNER

By JACK WELCH, Wilkes-Barre Record

ONE of the best ways of ruining a two-weeks' vacation is to rent a cabin at a lakeside fishing resort where everything seems to be so arranged as to enhance the discomforts rather than the enjoyment of the vacationer. I stayed a few days on the shores of an attractive fishing lake a couple years ago where apparently the owners had given a great deal of thought to construction of the little summer homes in which guests were housed.

There were gas stoves that really worked, indoor toilets, electric lights and the ubiquitous "beds with innerspring mattresses." But apparently the architect had forgotten that the guests might like to view the lake occasionally from the seclusion of their cabins. The buildings faced one another, or in almost every direction save toward the water, and the windows were so far from the floor that one had to stretch his neck to get a glimpse of the outdoors.

So far as viewing the lake from a mosquito-proof porch on a moonlight summer night was concerned you might as well have been relegated to a New York city tenement. In other camps similarly situated the proprietors have barred all approaches to the water with a series of hazards, making it a feat of no mean proportions to negotiate the path from your cabin to your boat.

### Many Difficulties

Steep shores untrammelled by steps of any kind, picnic tables placed across the trail, windfalls left where they fell, unexpected rock outcrops and similar obstacles, sometimes a strip of intervening swamp, all contribute to difficulties of dry land navigation, particularly on a dark night.

More common faults are cook and heating stoves that can't be operated, and inside pumps that have gone dry or lack washers and other vital gadgets. Kerosene and gasoline stoves are the chief offenders among cooking devices. I've seldom contacted one that didn't have to be accompanied by special instructions from the camp

owner, or that could be operated even by him without a refresher course.

Leaky boats are dangerous and so are craft that are unwieldy either when powered by oars or an outboard motor. You'll need wood for heating in most of those summer camps; make certain that you'll be well supplied before you pay any rent.

And ice—there's a necessity you often pay for and don't get unless you spend precious fishing and hiking time toting it yourself. If you're bent on a cabin vacation on a lake rather well populated by summer guests, those are some of the things to consider. Personally I'll take a tent or canoe, most of the time, and depend upon myself rather than a landlord, in preference.



## Pleasures of Angling

By GORDON DUNNE

The hissing sweep of surf scud up the shore,  
And hollow breakers rolling with a roar.  
Long waves washing bare feet down in the sand,  
While sunburn browns the wrist of my rod hand.  
The ruffled water over schools of bait,  
And dive of gulls that never seems too late.  
My line arched high in perfect cast, to feel  
The tingling of my thumb from burning reel.  
A driftwood fire red glowing on the beach,  
With bright stars shining just above my reach.

Cool tinkle of a brook on summer days  
And slanting shafts of evening sunlight rays.  
The warmth of dry wool socks on stream chilled feet,  
And laziness of rest in noonday heat.  
Quick plop of frightened frog in quiet pool,  
The first deep breath when dusk is turning cool.  
Damp earthy smell of woodland after rain,  
First clearing of a stream from downpour's stain.  
At evening's hush the bark of distant dog,  
And drumming of a grouse from nuptial log.

## A MOVIE ON SHELL FISHING

The Fish and Wildlife Service has added to its film library a 1-reel, 16mm black and white sound film titled, "Shell Fishing." This motion picture depicts the methods of fishing for clams, oysters, erabs, and lobsters. Hoes, dredges, tongs, rakes, and pots are shown being used for taking these shellfish. Shucking oysters and clams is shown, as well as steaming and picking crab and lobster meat. Other interesting scenes on shellfishing, packing, and shipping are shown, too. The film was produced by Erpi Classroom Films, Inc., as part of their educational series.

This film, as well as others, may be borrowed by any responsible group, firm, or individual for exhibition purposes. It is recommended highly for its entertainment and educational value.

In order to satisfy the anticipated demand several more copies are being obtained. Write to the Division of Information, Fish and Wildlife Service, Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54, Illinois, for the use of this film, designate the date of showing and allow at least four weeks before this date.



# THE SPORTSMEN'S CORNER

## Trout Fishing in the Cloudy Waters of a Limestone Creek Can Be One of the Angler's Most Interesting Experiences

By DICK FORTNEY

THE angler who never has fished for trout in a limestone stream has missed one of the most interesting experiences he can have. For trout fishing in limestone water is as different as is the cloudy appearance of the stream itself.

There are good limestone streams in Center County—Fishing Creek, Elk Creek, Pine Creek, Penns Creek, and Spring Creek, for example—and when and if gasoline and time are available, a trip to one of them is worthwhile.

But go prepared for conditions which may prove baffling if you have done most of your angling on clear-water streams.

### Limestone Different

For one thing, you will find the water with a much lower temperature, since most of the limestone streams in this part of the country get their mineral content from flowing underground.

Again, you may have a bit of difficulty at first spotting good trout hiding places because of the cloudy nature of the water.

And you will quickly discover that trout in these streams are accustomed to feeding on insects which live in and around the water. Live bait, even minnows, are less effective than flies, and in the field of artificial lures the wet fly ranks first. At the same time, the patterns of flies that are proper are different.

### Fishing is Better

These same conditions, however, work to the advantage of the angler. The colder water, for instance, makes it possible for good fishing in limestone streams late in the season, when clear-water streams are low and have a high temperature and the trout are wary and lazy. The cloudy water also makes it easier for the angler to approach the trout.

Incidentally, the angler will find that trout caught in limestone water are more beautifully marked than those from clear streams, and they also are inclined to be larger and fatter. This is because the lime water is heavily populated by nymphs, thus providing the trout a constant supply of forage.

### Good Lures and Baits

Use of bait, of course, is not impossible in limestone waters.

We watched a native Center Countian one afternoon do a great job with live minnows, fishing with a long cane pole and rigging the minnow so that it would spin when retrieved through the water. This chap was an expert. He could drop the minnow into spots that looked impossible, and he got smashing strikes from some large trout. But even he confessed that flies were better than minnows, and it also was he who declared that in all his experience he never had found worms a good bait for trout in this type of water.

Even grasshoppers are not especially attractive to the trout, although their brethren in clear streams apparently regard the long-legged insects as the greatest delicacy they can take in their jaws.

### Flies of Dark Color

The experienced limestone water fly fisherman insists on flies of dark colors, and black is his



Perry Trax, 9 yrs., 414 Horton St., Wilkes-Barre—Fly fishing on the Lehigh

preference. This is because most of the nymphs and insects in this type of water are dark in color. He insists, too, on the smallest practicable lures, because the natural insects in the stream also are small on the average.

Center County anglers have a favorite known as the Newville Midge. This fly often is tied on a hook as small as Size 20 and consists of a dark brown or black quill body, dark slate colored quill wings, and sparse black hackle. It is invariably made to be fished wet.

Nymphs of all kinds, naturally, are good.

### Take Dry Flies, Too

But limestone trout also take dry flies, although they probably do not feed on the surface as frequently as do trout in clear water.

Here again the darker patterns should be used—and the Gray Quill, Blue Dun, and Dark Cahill are favorite patterns. They are used mostly in Sizes 14 and 16.

As on clear streams, however, the angler must make an effort to match any hatch of natural insects.

Three of us learned this lesson one evening when we found a large pool literally boiling with feeding trout. We hooked plenty of the fish—but not a single one of them on any pattern of fly except the Light Cahill in Size 16. We tried a dozen other varieties of flies, but the hungry trout would not even look at them.

That illustrated another point about trout in limestone water—that they are usually vastly more selective than the trout in the waters to which most of us are accustomed.

## OUTDOORS CALLING

(Continued from Page 13)

for its length. Met another angler on the stream who had a 20-inch brown trout.

Zug mentioned using a P. R. Yellow Coachman, which he explained thus: "This fly was sent to me by Paul Riggat, of New York, who came about it in a funny way. A friend of his was fishing the Deerkill in Massachusetts and used an old Coachman that had a yellow thread under the body. Part of the body tore away, leaving quite a bit of yellow showing.

He claims all the trout went goofy and he took his limit. Came home, showed it to Paul and had him tie some. This year Paul sent me a few and they worked and how. It seems the rainbows go particularly nuts over the fly.

It sounds very much like the California Coachman which we used with so much success on rainbows. The California Coachman is simply yellow where the Royal Coachman is red. Same white wings, same green herl, but hackle and body are yellow.

NYLON THREAD. Tried out that Government surplus nylon thread as a fishing line for the first time in salt water when down in the Chesapeake Bay country this week. It seems to work quite well. It's strong, about 20 pounds' test, spools on the reel neatly and doesn't absorb water.

Like all twisted thread, however, it's inclined to fray at the ends, especially when tied to a metal swivel, so watch it.

## Sportsmen's Notebook

Heavy handling causes the loss of more big fish than anything else, for big fish simply cannot be "horsed" into the landing net or roughly dragged ashore. The largest trout or bass you ever hook will tire out and be landed easily if you allow it to stay in the water, held in check by the spring of the rod, and give it line when it makes strong surges, until it tires.

*Large trout are particularly fond of feeding in shallow water near grassy banks. The abundance of insect and minnow life in such places outweighs the natural fear of the trout for the shallow water.*

A stump sticking up out of the water, in stream or pond, is the hiding place of a good fish almost invariably. It should be approached with caution, and fished thoroughly, particularly on the downstream side. A wet fly may be cast above the stump so that it sinks down well as it approaches the hiding place of the fish. Bait should be fished in the same manner.

*This is a good season of the year to put new coats of paint on casting rod lures and to polish and lubricate spinners and other lures with moving metal parts that may become rusty.*

Avoid storing boots between fishing trips with the tops folded down. If done persistently, the rubber and lining will crack and wear at the line where the fold occurs, and a leak will develop. Fishing boots still are unavailable.

*Don't be surprised some day if you hook a sucker while fishing for trout with dry flies. Suckers often feed on the surface when a large hatch of flies is in evidence.*



# LAST OF A WARRIOR

By JACK ANDERSON

FROM  
FISHING

IT WAS the great moment. Peck's Lake was gray, still, obscured here and there with mist, with only now and then a swirl of life upon the water. The sun was an orange-red ball as seen through myriads of gray birch trees along the lake-shore. The dawn-wind had not as yet commenced; the forest was still except for trills of songbirds and the once-heard snort of a deer.

My daredevil spinner made a loud splash in the stillness. I sat in my slowly-moving boat, huddled from the sting of Pocono mountain frost, watching as my spinner wriggled over the lake bottom mosses and cut between the black stumps which loomed everywhere. The water from my line felt like ice-splashes on my fingers as it entered the reel.

Abruptly, my line straightened and I felt a savage bump on the rod.

"Ah!" I breathed quietly, as if afraid to disturb the cold stillness, "It's one!"

Savage tugs bent my rod. The line cut through the sleeping water and rasped through the guides of my rod. I reeled, slowly, with every turn of the reel hotly contested. The abrupt turns and mad lunges of a strong warrior was delightful.

Suddenly, all things blended: the stillness of lake and forest, the stealth of quietly-drifting mist; the quick strike, the ferocious lunges of the fish; the cold pure air filling my lungs. It was a glorious feeling, the feeling of a king. A rare moment of life was mine; a moment of utter contentment.

The warrior fought in sudden lunges and quick turns, with periods of sulkiness. When he began a lunge, he started slowly, gradually gathering speed until the pull of his body felt as if my line was doomed. His lunges ended suddenly.

Soon he was very near to the boat. I could see him, the long thin snout, the green back and chain design on the sides. "Brother pickerel, I've got you!" I told myself.

The old warrior had given up. True to his kind, he fought hard and gave up suddenly.

## Pickerel once Plentiful

The pickerel, traditional warrior of cold, shallow northeastern Pennsylvania lakes, once abounded. At one time he could be caught on almost any day by trolling a daredevil or spinner among the stumps and alongside weed beds, or by still fishing with minnows. He could also be caught during winter, through the ice, on tip-ups. He hit savagely, fought hard, and gave up abruptly.

He was a familiar, beloved warrior. And his meat was tasty.

But the pickerel was fished hard. He was fished both winter and summer. His numbers were never replenished. A bass craze developed: everywhere, bass were being stocked. The old warrior hung around for years, turning up now and again in his old haunts—but in ever diminishing numbers.

Today, the old warrior is all but forgotten. The bass replaces him, everywhere. If he is not assisted by a stocking program soon, he will be a warrior of the past.

## Is the Pickerel to Disappear?

I admit readily that the bass is more spectacular, and fights longer. But I also state that



Young America finds fishing great sport as the big Mahoning flowing through Punxsutawney, recovers from mine pollution, to become old-self again.



Michael Costello of Sharpsville and his fine Muskie—49 1/2 inches and weighing 19 3/4 lbs.—caught on a tandon spinner in the Shenango River.

bass are more moody, and take bait less readily. The pickerel has his place. He is colorful; he fights savagely; and he strikes in the winter, when bass are dormant.

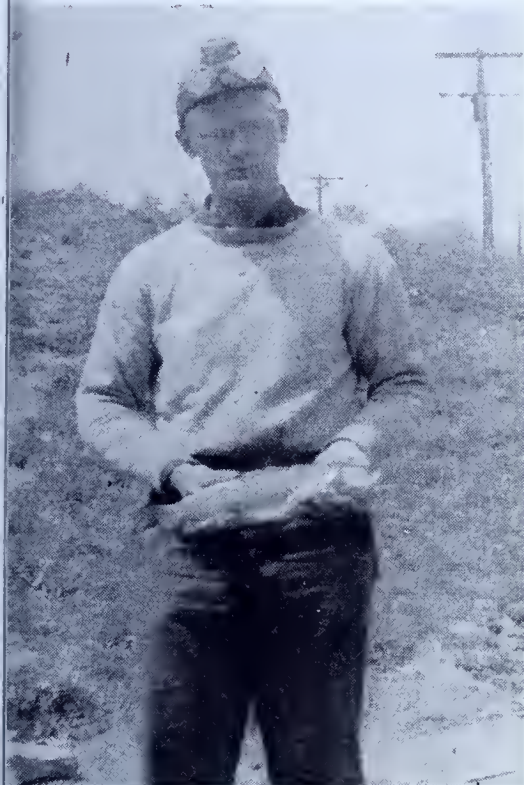
A few of the haunts of this old warrior should be preserved as pickerel waters. Pickerel should be propagated, and stocked. He is a native, as much a part of Pennsylvania as the mountains and tumbling mountain streams.



Don Haney, son of Police Chief Haney of Canonsburg and a nice catch made on Kings Creek, Washington County.

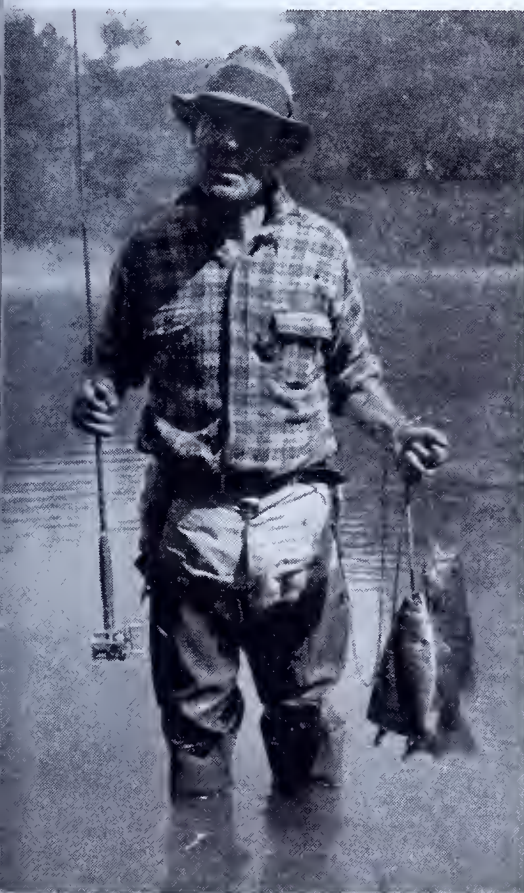


# THE GRONTS



A nice brownie, 16½ inches caught by Peter Borovatz, now in U. S. Army

Prof. Stumpff of Hegins and black bass from the Tuscarora Creek



Winners in live trout contest at Dorney Park, Allentown. Left to right—Ray Eichner, Raymond Greenbaum, winner—and Charles A. Hoffman, second.

Junior Fishermen of the Lower Merion Rod and Gun Club, Upper Darby, as they prepare for a trip to Mill Creek in Montgomery County





## Safe Drinking Water Big Problem for Campers and Fishermen—Some Hints on Living Outdoors and a Recipe for a Fine Meal

By DICK

**D**RINKING water is one of the most serious problems of the fisherman and camper, and the question often is raised as to how a man may know whether a stream, brook, or spring is furnishing water that is safe for drinking purposes.

A few "don'ts" first. Don't drink from a stream unless you know every inch of the territory through which it flows. Don't drink from a spring on an inhabited hillside or near where cattle pasture. Don't drink from a farm well unless you are assured the water is pure.

On the other hand, water springs on a forested hillside usually are safe, and water may be drunk from a brook if it is first explored to make sure there are no sources of contamination.

### How to Treat Water

Veteran campers, when in doubt about drinking water, boil it first, or one drop of a solution of tincture of iodine may be added to each quart of water. This small quantity will not influence the taste of the water, nor will it do any harm.

If a supply of water is kept in a stone crock, it will remain cool for a long time, and water also can be cooled by covering the container with a wet cloth. The evaporation of the water from the cloth will lower the temperature of the container. Wet leaves or wet straw, loosely packed around the water vessel, also will cool it.

Boiled water, incidentally, usually has a flat taste. This condition can be remedied by pouring the water from one container to another several times.

### Tips About Camping

Here are some handy camping tips:

Garbage and other waste from the camp should be deposited in a pit dug in the ground and burned out periodically by loading the pit with wood and setting it afire.

Dish water should be dumped into a hole in the ground. Spreading the water over a large area soon produces an unpleasant, greasy spot. But if deposited in a hole or trench, the ground can be cleansed by burning wood or paper in it from time to time.

A latrine should be dug in the ground as far as possible from the camp, and it should be made deep enough that layers of dirt can be used to keep the contents covered and prevent the gathering of flies.

### Useful Hole in Ground

A hole dug in the ground is an excellent storage place in which food may be kept hot or cold. Cover the bottom of the hole with a layer of leaves and pack leaves around the pots holding hot or cold food. These natural thermos jugs are very practical.

A yard square of oilcloth will make an excellent table on which most of your culinary preparations can be performed. Such a square packs in a very small place. It may be spread on the ground or preferably on a rustic table.

If the camp site offers little opportunity for arranging a comfortable work table, build up a ledge of stones or excavate the soil to form a ledge upon which most of the work can be done while you stand up.

### Cooking Fish Dinners

The angler who never has cooked himself a

meal of freshly caught fish has missed a rare treat. A small gasoline stove or charcoal burner affords ample cooking heat.

The fish should be skinned and cleaned, rolled in cracker crumbs or pancake flour, and then browned in deep lard or cooking oil.

A pot of coffee can be prepared at the same time. First bring the water to a boil, then dump the coffee into it. Set the pot off the stove, and just before using it pour in a small quantity cold water. The cold water will settle the grounds to the bottom.

And it's perfectly proper, under the circumstances, to spit the fish bones out on the ground as you encounter them. Also, the freshly fried fish will taste much better if held delicately in the fingers and nibbled like a miniature slice of watermelon.

## MONTHLY GLIMPSES INTO OUR MAMMOTH FISH CULTURE PROGRAM



A net of Brood Rainbow Trout

Daphnia beds at the Huntsdale Farm





## TWO BIRDS

(Continued from Page 11)

"Look Ray! He's got a plug in his mouth!"  
 "So he has—well I'll be d—d! That's the plug I lost five miles up the creek just two weeks ago today! Remember that old wiggler of mine, Walt? This must be the same pike that I hooked, and then lost in the roots of that tree."

And so it was. That pike had been swimming around for two weeks waiting for Ray to return with his plug. Bird never removed that hook from the pike's mouth. He had it mounted with the plug and piece of line, just as he caught it.

As Jim concluded the story, the attention of everyone was attracted by a slight cough from the direction of the doorway. Filling the entire evening, through which for six days every week Doc's victims came seeking advice and treatment, and left wiser and poorer by several dollars, was a young man in his early forties, immaculately dressed, and his handsome features were lighted up with a broad smile. He had evidently been standing there for some time listening to Ray's story.

Doc broke the silence: "Hello Bird! Come in. I'm here bad just been stringing us with a fish story about you and a sea gull catching a pike up at the Pensauken. How about it?"

The newcomer remained silent, but the smile became broader. Without a word he walked to the table. Paying no attention to the untouched old-fashioned that was awaiting him, he lifted the receiver from the telephone.

Waiting a second or two for the dial tone, he slowly placed a well manicured index finger in the opening marked "P," and deliberately pulled the revolving plate in a clockwise direction as far as it would go. He then repeated the operation on the letters "I" and "L." Four, naught, two, and another four followed in rapid succession. Then, for the first time that evening he spoke:

"Hello! Is that you Walter?" Another slight pause, and then: "Put your hat and coat in right away, and get down here to Doc's office in a hurry. I'm going to need you!"

## FROG BAIT

(Continued from Page 3)

When drained, seasoned, rolled in flour and fried in the same way as fish. The flesh is much like that of frog legs but not quite so tender, but this giant salamander known by the colossal name of *Cryptobranchus alleganiensis*, is excellent as food; try it for lunch sometime—you will be surprised.

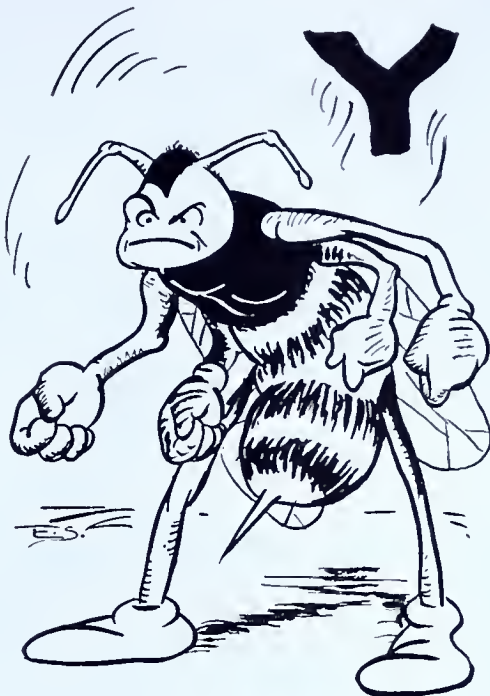
## FLY-TYING

(Continued from Page 6)

ward the rear of the fly; now raise the hackle to vertical position, still pulling back the fibres; wind on the hackle close together, continually helping the fibres to point to the rear as you wind; finish off as before. This may not work the first time but after a little practice it will become easy.

I prefer the following method:

Prepare the hackle as shown in illustration No. 6. I then wet the hackle and place the butt end in the vise; after wetting the thumb and first finger on the left hand take hold of the tip and stroke the fibres down so that they are all on one side of the quill, as shown in illustration No. 7. Work on about one inch of the butt first, then pass on to the remainder; don't try to turn it all at once. I would advise you to master this method, for you will use it on palmered flies and salmon flies.



## YELLOW JACKET

Surly, touchy, little troopers,  
 Surely something to behold;  
 Cutting fancy figures in your  
 Uniforms of black and gold.

Cousin Hornets live in flimsy  
 Sacks attached to sturdy limbs;  
 Subterranean homes you favor  
 That are cool and quiet and dim.

Tunnels all are lined with paper;  
 (Orders from despotic queen)  
 This is done I s'pose so you  
 Can keep your yellow jackets clean.

CARSTEN AHRENS

Before you tie a fly you should learn to make the half hitch and whip finish, from the instruction book, or a friend. When you are tying your first flies use a half hitch in a few places; it may save the floss body or ribbing. Then as you progress learn to tie without them; it just means a little more bulk, which you don't want on your dry flies and salmon flies.

## POVERTY OR CONSERVATION

(Continued from Page 9)

education but what they passed on to the students were the concepts they had acquired in their own earlier years in school.

Thus teachers were still continuing to teach what their teachers had taught, who in turn taught what their teachers had taught them. If this be true it is only a deadly parallel to the mental habits of our whole adult population who continue to the grave living by the convictions implanted in their minds when the North American continent was new and its riches undespoiled. It constitutes a major challenge to the educators. The battle for conservation seems to me to present many aspects similar to the recent battle of little nations of Europe against the organized Axis predators. We can all see now that if the small free nations had banded together to fight the invader instead of succumbing to Hitler's "divide and conquer" strategy the story of the first years of the war would have been a different one and victory not so long delayed.



## ZEBRA BUTTERFLY

It swings in the wind  
 In a chrysalid,  
 Till the suns of spring  
 Find where it's hid.

Then away it dances  
 On zebra sails,  
 Black and white bands  
 Down the long coat tails.

It haunts the thickets  
 Where the papaw grows;  
 Here its young ones hatch,  
 And each one knows

If it eats like 60,  
 When spring rolls by,  
 He'll be another Zebra  
 Butterfly.

CARSTEN AHRENS

In the battle for conservation we have as many organized subdivisions, each working along, as there were little nations in Europe. It was with the hope of uniting these subdivisions and coordinating their combined efforts against the wasting of resources that the National Wildlife Federation was proposed and its organization attempted. Some such device for unification seems desirable in the extreme needs of the years to come. Whether or not it succeeds depends on the willingness of the public to give the matter their attention.

## CARP MADE A DELICACY

Erhlich Bros. Fisheries, Lansing, Ia., have raised the lowly carp to delicacy, and big business. Last year they sold a quarter of a million pounds of fish corned from mud-wallowing outcasts to white-fleshed, pike-flavored beauties.

Though among world's oldest food fish, carp has been in the average palate's dog house because of its muddy taste. Erhlich Bros. carp are spawned in the Mississippi, but live in spring water pools, are fed good Iowa corn, and go to market alive in special fish cars and trucks. Most weigh three to five pounds, some hit 30.

The Food Packer



# JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME---

I WAITED THREE YEARS FOR HIM TO COME BACK AND THE FIRST DAY HE GOES FISHING! I WANT A DIVORCE!

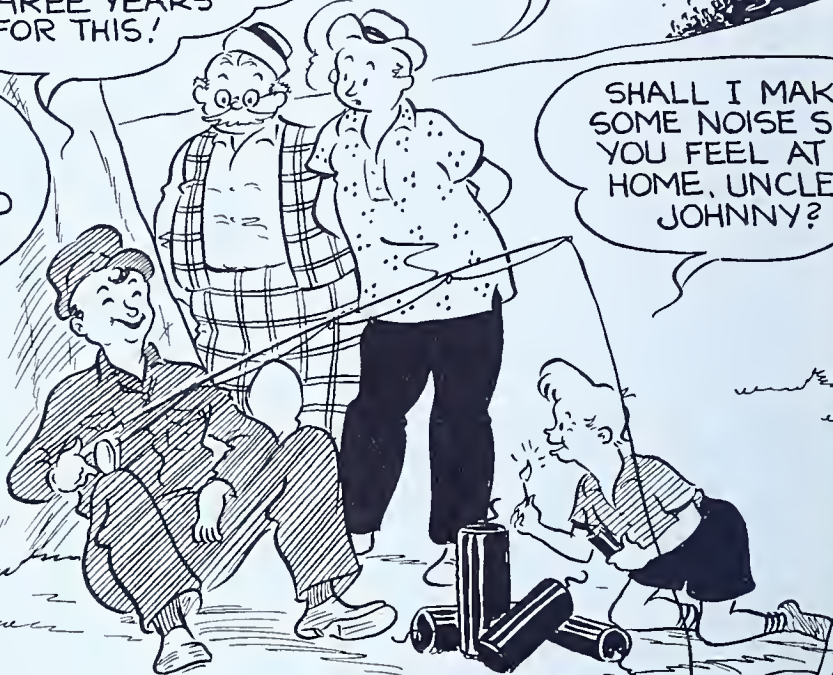
BUT, SALLY, YOU CAN'T NAME A FISH AS CORRESPONDENT!

OH BOY! THIS IS THE LIFE... I'VE WAITED THREE YEARS FOR THIS!

IS IT BETTER FISHING HERE THAN ON THE RHINE?

HOW WOULD THAT LOOK IN THE PAPER... "WIFE DESERTED FOR A FISH!"?

SHALL I MAKE SOME NOISE SO YOU FEEL AT HOME, UNCLE JOHNNY?



IF I WENT AWAY FOR THREE YEARS, I WOULDN'T DESERT YOU AS SOON AS I GOT BACK!

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS, YOU WON'T GO AWAY FOR THREE YEARS!

I WISH MY WIFE WOULD BE RETURNED... SHE'S IN THE WACS!

I WISH MINE WERE IN THE WACS!

HE TRIED TO ENLIST HER BUT THEY ONLY ACCEPT THEM FOR NON COMBAT DUTY!

THE BOSS'S SON SHOULD SOON BE BACK... MEBBE THEN THEY'LL GET RID OF THAT ELECTRIC MILKER!

THERE'S SOMETHING COLD AND IMPERSONAL ABOUT THEM... THEY LACK THE HUMAN TOUCH!



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PENNSYLVANIA

# Angler



August 1945



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# PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



VOL. XIV—No. 8

AUGUST, 1945

## — COVER —

### "A MIGHTY FISHERMAN"

Perry Trax, 9 yrs. old—who lives  
at 414 Horton St., Wilkes-Barre

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### FISH COMMISSION HONOR ROLL



## E D I T O R I A L

We salute you, soldier!

To you fine fellows now streaming back across the sea, we doff our hat! To say that we are glad for your return would put it quite mildly—we are MIGHTY GLAD and join with your loved ones back home here in pouring forth our affection and admiration.

While you were gone the folks on the home front held fast. We kept the faith—and we prayed for you, too.

Your friends in the sports circles have been busy. Plans for permanent recreational centers have been formulated and in many cases actual construction work has long since begun.

Yes, the fishermen have not forsaken you and with the return of materials available again, the future surely holds much in store for improved facilities and the ultimate advancement of the sport so near and dear to you.

Sportsmen's clubs and organizations—all over Pennsylvania—are working hard in programs the like of which, we are sure, you will want to join and take part. \*

While we, too, have been handicapped, we did not let down. The Fish Commission has been pounding right along in complete harmony with the more than a thousand clubs and the multitude of nimrods everywhere.

And so—to you who will return for keeps—to you who will needs depart for further battle in distant Asiatic lands, we—

SALUTE YOU, SOLDIER!

—THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



# COLOR IS IMPORTANT

Perhaps Fish Can't Tell the Difference Between Red and Yellow,  
But the Tone of Your Artificial Lure or Bait Must Be Right

By DICK FORTNEY



Dick Fortney

THE ordinarily placid little mountain stream was a raging torrent, a good two feet above its normal level for mid-June, roaring noisily along stretches that usually were flat, quiet pools.

It required a pair of husky legs and a good sense of balance to get a man safely across the stream at almost any point in its course, and it seemed impossible that trout would be found anywhere but in deep holes and in quiet, rock-bound pockets along the shore.

The first cast of a dry fly into such a shoreline pocket brought no response, and the lure sped cockily down the tail of the pool on a swift, narrow glide of water that broke at its tip into white, roaring rapids. In the very middle of the slick a trout sped to the surface and took the fly with a smashing strike, then darted down into the heavy water and broke free. For six solid hours after that, trout struck at the dry fly in the deepest, fastest riffles of the stream.

But only one pattern of fly brought any response!

Time and again a riffle was fished with this one pattern with lively results, then a different pattern was tried and the fish ignored it completely. Often, too, a run was fished first with different patterns without a sign of a strike, then the favorite of the afternoon would bring rises in the very spots where the first flies were fishless.

The pattern that got the action, incidentally, was the Yellow Cahill, an ordinary Light Cahill with a yellow silk instead of a cream fur body, and tied on a Size 12 hook.

The color of the Yellow Cahill obviously was the reason for its effectiveness. The standard Light Cahill brought only occasional rises, and scarcely any at all, except from undersized brook trout, came to the bivable Royal Coachman and the Gray Quill, which ordinarily are top flies on this particular stream. The trout apparently wanted a fly with a bright yellow body—or none at all. All afternoon, by the way, natural Light Cahills were in evidence.

Here was one more convincing argument for the theory that color is important in artificial lures and in bait, no matter which side you take in the historic debate on the question of whether trout and bass can distinguish colors.

Color, as a matter of fact, is the key to successful trout fishing above all other considerations. Color is the prime basis on which the angler makes his selection of either a wet or dry fly, and the brilliant and contrasting colors that go into the make-up of a streamer fly are in the main responsible for its effectiveness.

In color, even more than in size and in general appearance, the maker of artificial lures seeks perfect imitations of the naturals. The Light Cahill must be cream or tan; the Blue Dun a soft, grayish blue.

Color is of special importance in a wet fly, since it is fished beneath the surface of the water close to the fish, whereas a dry fly floats on the surface, and its appearance therefore is changed by the light against which it appears in the vision of a fish.

Hours are spent in the dyeing of feathers and fur and in the choice of precise shades of color in materials that go into the construction of trout flies of all types and patterns.

An experience of an angling friend illustrates the point perfectly. Late one afternoon on a large trout stream he witnessed a spectacular hatch of small, light colored flies which soon had a dozen trout feeding enthusiastically in a long, deep riffle.

My friend decided that a small Light Cahill dry fly would be a good imitation of the natural, but after a dozen futile casts he realized he was wrong. Half a dozen other patterns were tried, and then my friend scooped up one of the hatching insects with his hand and examined it. He never had seen an insect like it before, and it was a sort of Light Cahill, except that its body had a distinct greenish cast.

Being a resourceful type of fellow, he again tied a small Light Cahill on his leader, wet the fur body with a drop or two of water, and then crushed some leaves and proceeded to "dye" the body green.



The trout took the fly in the deepest  
swiftest riffles in the stream

He caught four mighty nice trout before the rise ended. The tinge of green was all the fly lacked to make it interesting for the fish.

Color is as important in artificial lures for bass as it is in flies that are used for trout fishing, but in the case of bass the color is chosen not at all

because it is the color of natural forage of the fish.

Red and black are outstanding colors in bass lures. Red appears to arouse the fighting instincts of the small-mouth, and black lures in recent years have enjoyed an increasing popularity, particularly among anglers who fish at night with floating plugs and flies.

The most effective of many patterns of spinner flies which I have used is one with a fat body of dark red wool, ribbed with gold tinsel, a red tail of hackle fibers, and a wing of woodchuck hair. Another good fly is made with a silver tinsel body with four or six red and white saddle hackles tied in streamer-fashion at the head. Red is predominant in quill winged types of spinner flies.

The black bassbug, of either cork or deer hair and the black surface plug will attract twice as many strikes in an evening of fishing as will bugs or plugs of identical shape and size but of different colors.

I have experimented with half a dozen combinations in the deer hair bass dry fly, called The Nameless (*The Angler*, October, 1944) and have found one that in a single season produced more strikes than did all the others combined.

The No. 1 Nameless has a fat body of natural gray deer hair, clipped close, a tail of gray deer hair fibers, and a thick, long hackle of brown (natural red) gamecock hackles.

The Nameless is fished on the surface, along the shore lines and in quiet pools, at the sunnier period of the day, allowed to float with the current with occasional very gentle twitches imparted by the fly rod. There is no doubt, at least in my mind, that the bass study this fly with great care—and have steadfastly refused to have any part of one that is not a combination of gray and brown.

There is almost as great a variety of colors and color combination in bass plugs as there is in trout flies. Red and white is a top combination and so is red and yellow. Plugs painted to represent frogs, minnows, and the young of game fish also enjoy wide popularity.

There is this to be said for a bass plug, however, it depends as much on the action it produces in the water as on its color, and perhaps even more. All the same, color is important.

Color figures in bait angling too.

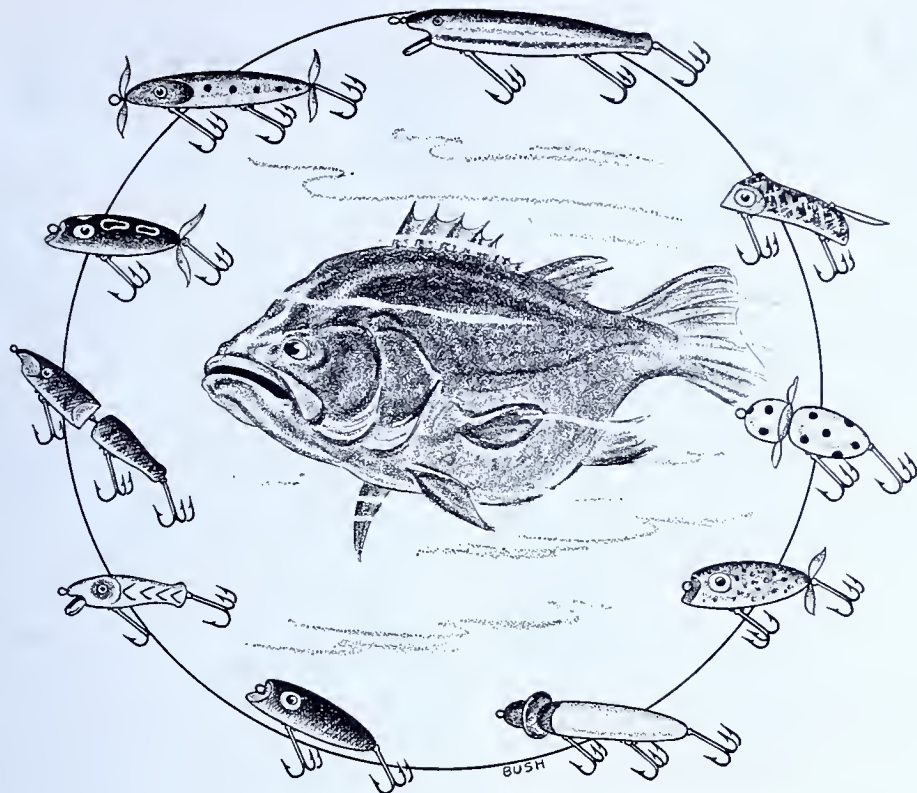
Take worms as an example. Just any old worm won't do.

Those little red ones with yellow stripes found on the edges of barnyard manure piles, for instance, aren't worth digging. The fish apparently agree with humans that they are repulsive creatures. Nor will a soggy, gray worm create much of an appetite on the part of a trout or bass.

But dig up some ordinary garden worms and drag some big nightcrawlers from their holes, give them time to scour and firm themselves with moss or turf, and they make fine bait. They have an alive sort of color, besides enticing action that always attract fish.

A weather-beaten farmer friend of mine sticks to the garden variety of worms, even in low and extremely clear water, and the strings of bass he catches are the envy of all who know him.





Mr. Bass also has to decide which plug he prefers to strike

Just any old kind of frog won't do, either; that is, if you go in for this kind of bait fishing. (And this excludes the young of the edible variety of frog, which is not permitted by law to be used as bait.)

The ordinary bop-toad probably never caught fish.

But those dark striped ones found hopping in tall grass along the banks of a stream really do something to a hungry or belligerent bass.

The color of minnows is important too.

The red-fin, so-called because of the reddish color of its fins, is the most popular bait of the minnow family. There are dozens of other varieties of minnows in our waters, but they all rank far behind the red-fin and are generally crab and unattractive to fish.

The subject of grasshoppers properly enters into any discussion of colors and their relation to fish catching. Every 'hopper angler has his own favorite colors in this plentiful species of insect.

Old-timers will argue, too, that fish become accustomed to the color and appearance of grass-

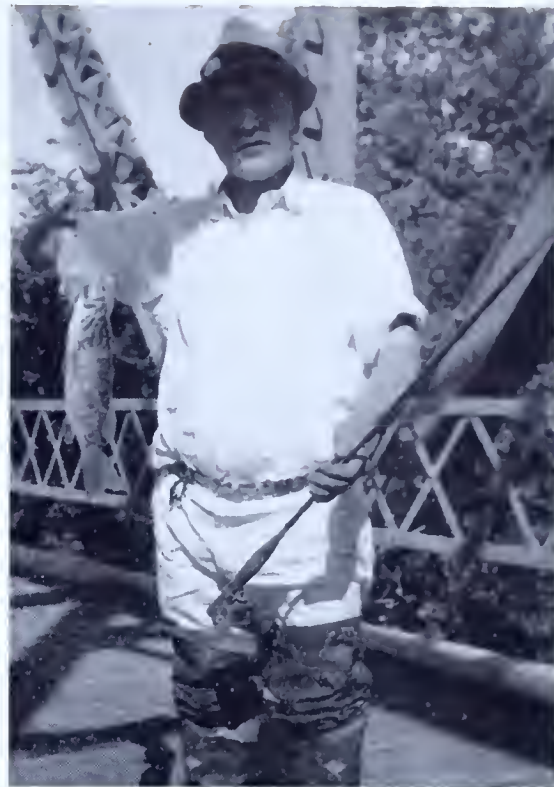
hoppers which inhabit the region in which the trout or bass live; that the angler is far more likely to get results if he picks up his 'hoppers in fields adjoining the stream he fishes instead of getting them perhaps 20 or 50 miles away and transporting them to the stream.

And finally, color has its points for the angler as well as for the fish he seeks to catch.

Particularly in trout fishing flies are chosen not only because they represent a natural hatch, or the type of insects which should be hatching, but also because the angler can see them as they float on the water, even in the bright rays of the sun and the reflection of blue and white from the sky overhead.

The bivisible Royal Coachman, for example, was created to end eye-strain, and so are other flies of this type, with white hackles wound sparsely at the very front of the fly.

The angler, of course, uses just the white hackle to keep his eye on the fly. The rest of the fly is designed—in color as well as in shape and size—to catch the eye of a hungry fish.



A small-mouth black bass from the Tuscarora Creek

## FISHERMAN EASES CONSCIENCE FOR 1942 LICENSE

The troubled conscience of a Butler county fisherman has been cleared.

He sent an unsigned letter in which was enclosed two \$1 bills to the comptroller of the department of revenue at Harrisburg.

The writer explained that the money was to be used to pay for a fishing license that should have been purchased in Butler county in the year 1942.

Into the State's Conscience fund the \$2 was immediately applied.

Then, fearing the first letter had not been received by the proper authorities, the writer sent another letter to make certain the transaction had been closed so that he could once more enjoy peace of mind.

This is what he wrote:

"Dear Sirs: The letter that you got from Butler county that was mailed at Butler Post Office at Butler County, Penn., on April 24th (April twenty-fourth) 1945, with two one-dollar bills (two dollars) in it was for a fishing license that should of been bought in Butler County, Penn., in the year of 1942. The two dollars was for the one dollar and fifty cents fishing license fee, plus 1942, 1943, 1944 and four months in the year of 1945.

"Put the money where it belongs. The letter I refer to was mailed on April the twenty-fourth, in the year of 1945."

Both letters were printed and unsigned. The only difference was that in the second letter the writer made reference to the first one.

Here's a way to fish an artificial nymph or a natural insect used as bait. Fish with a short line, allowing the lure or bait to travel with the current and at the same time to sink slowly toward the bottom. The method is especially effective where there are undercut stream banks and other good hiding places for fish.

*Sheets of paper impregnated with soap and which make a fine lather when rubbed between the wet hands deserve a corner in the fisherman's pocket or fishing jacket.*

## Squalls from Lee Run Bay

By JAN DREWS

UNCLE Seth Softcrab is going out of the tackle business. Uncle Seth says that the plugs and spinners be used to pick up along the Erie R.R. after the Pittsburgh boys had been out night fishing, ain't hardly worth walking down after any more.

One of those B-29 Herons that stay on McWilliams Hill made a direct hit on French Miller's yak last week.

Old Tom, the blind Muskellunge, has returned with his female "Seeing Eye" Rock Bass from the Allegheny River where he took oil treatments during the winter. Old Tom will be found by his usual rock in the Lee Eddy and will be glad to nap at his old friends as they drift by.

Big bass in the Carpenter Eddy are begging

food from passing motorists, just like the bears do in Yellowstone Park. It is best to pay no attention to these fish, but if you must feed them, be sure the car door is locked, and don't open the windows too wide.

That big Salmon took another ½ H.P. outboard off a fellow's boat in the Aiken Eddy last week. We think this could be avoided if the boys would put whistles on the exhaust. The way it is now, these engines sound too much like a Jitterbug.

The Englishman that visits at Dick's cottage is having a lot more fun now that he knows what those big Mosquitoes are. He used to think they were Woodcock and that the season was closed.



# A Minister's View of Conservation

BY F. A. MEUSCH, Pastor Evangelical Church, Petersburg, Ill.

(Reprint, The Missouri Conservationist)

IT MAY seem strange to some that a minister should be an advocate of both fishing and hunting, since both of these activities entail the killing of innocent, often decorative, and sometimes useful species of wild life. Speaking for myself I am free to say that hunting and fishing have added much to my love of nature and have given it that added zest which prevented it from becoming merely a passing fancy.

In what I have to say below, I am not at all sure that I am expressing the opinions of others, but as they are based on my own experiences and not on theory, I do not hesitate to record them.

A minister comes into contact with all sorts and conditions of men, unless he is a recluse who hides himself in his study and buries himself in his books. If he is at all an observer of human nature he can form very definite opinions and estimate the behavior and reactions of those with whom he comes into contact under various conditions and circumstances. It has been my good fortune to hunt and fish with men of differing religious convictions and with some of no religious convictions at all. In so doing I have found that the fact that they were engaged in these sports did not lower the standards of those religiously inclined, but raised the standards of the others.

Before I proceed in attempting to justify the above statement, I want to make it very clear that what I am about to say applies to true sportsmen only, as I have never had any fellowship with those who use every means, fair or foul, and preferably foul, to take as many fish as possible and to fill their game bags to the utmost. Such men are not sportsmen; they rather remind one of the notorious *Gestapo* which also kills for the sake of killing, and are likely in the same category, mentally and spiritually.

Strange it may seem to some, yet in my opinion true sportsmanship opens one of the many ways by which a person can find practical application of his religion. True sportsmanship, in whatever field it may find expression, gives opportunity to practice some of the virtues which should be at the core of every human being, such as fairness, justice, self-forgetfulness, patience, unselfishness, self-control, self-restraint, and others. What I mean is: a man learns not to lose his temper when the "big one" gets away (and it

is usually the big one which does get away); or when a seemingly easy shot is missed. He comes home in the evening physically tired, but refreshed in mind and spirit. He may have had a "lucky" day or an "unlucky" one, but he is elated nevertheless, for his object in going afield was not so much the desire to be loaded down with game upon his return, but to be refreshed by communing with nature. Of course all of us like to bring home with us some token of our success, but if it is decreed that it should be otherwise, we will not let that spoil the memory of a day well spent. I still contend that pursuit is a greater source of happiness than possession. If it were not so, he who goes to the fish market and buys a great poundage of fish should be immeasurably happier than he who takes a few, by his own efforts, from lake or stream.



Especially in these days there are many who are using up their physical energy much faster than nature can replenish it. They are going at a terrific pace, or are wasting their strength in worrying over conditions they cannot change. All too often this all ends in the physical breakdown of the body, the fraying of nerves, the gradual destruction of every power which makes it possible for a person to give his best to the work in which he is engaged. And unless a man can give his best he is only in that proportion in which he can be a useful member of society. The best remedy to replenish energy and well-being does not come out of bottles, regardless of what their contents may be. God has provided a remedy which far surpasses anything man has ever devised. To quicken the sluggish flow of blood, to encourage the liver to do its duty more adequately, to rest over-taxed nerves, to cause fresh, pure air to penetrate deeply into lungs too long accustomed to shallow breathing—there is no better remedy than to go out into nature, tramp-

ing over hill and dale, taking in not only the healing remedies of nature but at the same time getting a new outlook on life. The body may grow weary, but the very soul of man is refreshed by these excursions into God's natural world.

Some may object and say that all this can be accomplished without carrying a rod or gun. There is some truth in that statement, but how many accomplish it in that way? It is wrong they say, to slay God's creatures just for the sake of the sport connected with it, and we agree with them. But is that the only reason why sportsmen fish and hunt? When wild life was placed on earth man was told to have dominion over it, that is, to use it. Surely that means that man has the right to go out into the fields and woods or to the banks of streams and the shores of lakes and take his proportionate share of what has been provided for him! We must practice moderation in this as in all things.

It would seem a strange philosophy which would condemn all who engage in fishing and hunting. It would be apparent that those who do that either have never given the matter much thought or do not recognize the value of these pursuits. That there are many who think thus we know, and we must not blame them, for every person is entitled to his own opinion. And it may be that they have formed these erroneous opinions because they have never come into contact with true sportsmen, but only with those who for want of a baser word are called "Game Hogs."

As a hunter and fisherman I do not claim to rank very high insofar as I have never hunted big game nor fished for the giants of the ocean. My experiences have been confined to hunting water fowl of all kinds, quail, prairie chickens, turkeys (in the olden days), and to fish for bass and other inland game fish. Nevertheless I can claim through personal experience that these pursuits have helped me in many ways. They have often given me a new perspective on a question which had troubled me; they have given me time to solve some problems which I could not solve at my desk amid the multitudinous distractions and interruptions constantly occurring. As I look back upon these experiences I am grateful for having had them, and my mind recalls with joy the times when I found calm and contentment while sitting quietly on the bank of some stream or new life coursing through my body caused by the more vigorous exercise of walking over fields and in the woods. On all these occasions my mind had to concentrate on what was before me and could not mull over the trying problems which had locked up in my desk.

Try it some time, and see if you will not return to your tasks better fitted to cope with your work, the cob-webs swept from your brain, and in a better mood—in other words: a better man.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The Rev. Mr. Meusch, before he accepted his present charge, was pastor of St. Mark's Evangelical Church in New Albany, Ind., for 32 years. He has spent the vacation periods of many years exploring the streams and woodlands. Knowing of these experiences, and knowing also that Reverend Meusch is an interesting writer, Charles H. Callison, Editor of "The Missouri Conservationist" asked him to tell us what a minister thinks about hunting and fishing, and conservation in general. We reprint and pass his article on to our readers for the serious consideration it merits.

—J. ALLEN BARRETT, Editor

Use the lightest possible line in fly fishing; that is, a line no heavier than is necessary to get the fly the desired distance. The lighter the line the less disturbance it makes when it falls on the surface of the water and the smaller the shadow it casts.



# DARK DEEDS

By C. M. CAMPBELL

THEY said it was worth a day's pay to see Jack as he emerged from the swamp. He came out on all fours. He was wet and muddy. His sleeveless shirt revealed sundry abrasions and contusions distributed over his arms and hands. His hip boots gurgled with swamp water and his marks were unprintable. That's what THEY say. I don't know. I didn't see it, because I was busy plugging leaks in the old flat-boat, quite a ways up creek. Jack had asked for it, but you can leave it to the old boy to get what he goes after. This time it was half a dozen young frogs, just right for bait. We had the day off. We had fished for hours without success. In desperation, Jack had elected to furnish the bait frogs for trolling, farther up the creek, come night.

Soon after sunset a bank of clouds appeared on the western horizon and with the early arrival of darkness, came also a change of luck. We had all kinds of it. Somehow we got up over the file. I think we carried the old scow most of the way. At any rate we dragged it over every exposed rock on the riffle after missing the boat channel on the take-off. Finally we floundered to the still water of the eddy.

We baited up trolling rigs with a couple of Jack's frogs and were off. Or were we? We had just got squared away when we collided, almost head-on with a canoe. The silence of the night was shattered by a resounding crash, a splash and the agitated yells of two canoeists. "Hey!" says one of them, "Can't you see anything?" Jack retorted "No, have YOU got any eyes?" "You have it's time to see what you lost over-

although the filler cap had, long since rusted away. The diversion served to smooth out some slightly-ruffled tempers. O.K., so we go on with our trolling and the canoeists continue down stream to their objective, the village store. For a time all was well. I had the paddle and the old scow responded smoothly. The night was as dark that the only things visible were the intermittent glow of Jack's pipe and a pale gleam from the green light on the switch stand at the end of the village side track.

Then came the rain. It was a soaker that wet us to the hide in a minute. Jack's pipe was drowned out before he could turn it upside down. The green light at the switch was now like a will-o'-the-wisp and didn't appear to stay put. The best place to troll was along the weedy shore and over a rocky bar in mid stream. To paddle the boat on a course just the right distance from the weedy bank was impossible this night. There was now no visibility whatever. Time after time on the single trip around the eddy we ran in too close, or up on a rock, creating a lot of undesirable commotion. One round, no hits and many errors was the score. I turned her nose into the current and toward home. There sounded a snap back of the boat. My line slatted against the wet rod like the crack of a cap pistol. Jack yelled—"That baby's WILD! I felt the jar 'way up here!" No comment from me—I was too busy trying to get my mitts on the rod. The reel whirled like a rattler as the line ran off and I knew the fish had hooked itself. The paddle, which I tried to drop in the boat, went overboard. Jack snapped on his light, made a pass to recover it, slipped and went in on top of it. He managed to drop his flashlight in the boat, grabbed the side with one hand and stood there, in four feet of water, holding the boat. By this time the fish had tried all the tricks in the book. He had been up in the rain, down to the bottom and under the boat. I stripped in line until the bait frog fouled it at the rod tip. The frog had slid about twenty feet up the line from the hook. I chucked the rod into the boat and pulled the line in hand over hand from there on. There was certainly nothing artistic in the operation, but everything held and I eased a big bass, flopping, into the scow.

Jack's Walleyed Pike



Jack heaved himself aboard, snapped on his light and says—"That's him,—the biggest bass in the creek, or I don't want a nickel! He'll go five pounds on a bet!" Jack didn't mind his ducking. He claimed that the water was no wetter than the rain and both were warm. We found land by means of the flashlight. We beached our craft, upset half a barrel of rain water out of it and headed for home. Our luck held while we navigated the swift channel over the riffle, thanks to the light from a villager's window and a lull in the rain. We tied up to the landing ten minutes later. The last thing out of the boat was the dead frog that had so nobly saved the day's vacation from being a complete flop. I dropped it overside where it sank to the stony bottom, the white belly showing faintly in the dim reflection of Jack's light. While I sorted out our tackle Jack flashed his light over the boat to see if all our gear was out. I noticed that he held the light below the boat as if in search of something. Suddenly, with some slight agitation in his voice, he said—"Say, didn't you drop your frog just over the side here?" I told him he had guessed right and indicated the spot. "Well," says Jack, "If it was a fish that took it maybe he will have one on me." His bait frog was still on the hook

so he took up the rig and cast out as far as he could into the night.

He reeled in slowly and in less than a minute was battling with something that bid fair to skid him off the slippery bank. Jack socked his boot heel into the mud, held a tight line and the stiff trolling rod soon tired out a walleye that, later, weighed in at six and a quarter pounds. Holding his fish up to the light he said "Not bad, not bad at all. I'd take a ducking for a fish like that any time!" The rain was over, almost as abruptly as it began. Stars were showing through breaks in the clouds as we hit the grit for home and the hay. Thus our day off came to its end—a day that had promised nothing, yet gave us much to talk about for many moons.

## HINTS FOR ANGLERS

By TALBOTT DENMEAD,  
Law Enforcement Officer, U. S. Bureau of  
Fisheries

*Formula for soaking leaders:* To soften and preserve leaders use a solution of four ounces of distilled water, one ounce of glycerine, and one-half teaspoonful of baking soda. (By Ray Bergman and others.) Pads in the leader box may be soaked with this solution with good results.

*To restore the mist color to leaders:* Soak in a weak solution of water and writing fluid.

*How to stain leaders:* The color of most leaders washes out. The mist color can be restored sometimes by soaking the faded leader in a solution of water and writing fluid; logwood is known to be harmless to gut and may be used; some manufacturers use Diamond and Putnam dyes, using hot water in so doing; many anglers think this method is injurious. In fact, the Bureau is not willing to guarantee that any of these methods will not weaken the leader. It is believed that "flash" scares the fish more than "color." There has been no great experimenting in this by capable chemists to ascertain what damage, if any, is done to the gut by such processes.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER mentions soaking leaders in a solution of Permanganate of Potassium crystals when used in mountain streams—it produces shades of brown.

## SONG OF THE FISHERMEN

There's a song on the lips of the fisherfolk,  
As they wind up the hill from the sea.  
There's joy in their hearts which their toil awoke,  
For their shop is a boat and their place is the deep,  
And the briny winds blow in their face while they sleep.  
They have lived a full day, when at sundown they come,  
With their gun'les packed high and their motor a-hum.  
Wide they grin at their friends as they come to the beach,  
Start unloading their craft, which is pulled out of reach,  
Of the battering surf and the swell of the foam.  
There's a song in their hearts as they quit the sea,  
There's a song on their lips as they heave lustily,  
For they sing of the spray, and the wind, and the sun,  
And a hard day of toil that is over and done,  
As they climb up the hill that leads home.

—G. Earle Thompson



board." The splash we heard proved to be a glass of kerosene can that had toppled off a pile of duffel in the canoe. With the aid of our flashlights we located it in about three feet of water and recovered the property with a gaff hook. The old can had suffered no damage, even the time-honored small potato clung securely to the spout



## Reduce Restricted River Areas at Dams in Time for Fishing

LESS than two weeks before the opening of the walleye and bass season on the Susquehanna, good news for fishermen came from the Water and Power Resources Board of Pennsylvania, backed by official proclamation of the U. S. War Department, with the announcement that "closed areas" in the vicinity of the Holtwood and Safe Harbor hydro-electric have been reduced in extent.

Prohibitive signs on the shore will be removed to the new boundaries, the announcement said.

### NEW CLOSURES

The closed water area near Safe Harbor extended approximately 1.7 miles above the dam and 1.5 miles below the dam; and about one mile up Conestoga Creek, or from its mouth to the highway bridge. These boundaries are now being contracted so that the new closure extends about two-fifths of a mile above Safe Harbor dam, and

about one-fifth of a mile below the dam to the south bank of Conestoga Creek. The new water closure of Conestoga Creek will extend up the creek one-sixth of a mile from its mouth.

At the Holtwood development, the closed area extended about one mile above and below the dam. This will be contracted to the line connecting points 1,000 feet above the dam on the Lancaster side and 500 feet above the dam on the York county shore. The new closure on the Lancaster county bank includes the shore line within the plant protective fencing, and from the downstream end of the fence it continues across the tailrace to the barbed-wire fence running across Pincy Island and thence to a point on the York county shore, 750 feet below the dam.

Protective guarding of the properties and closed areas continues and the areas within the new boundaries given above remain closed to the public, and fishing is prohibited.



Gerald holds 18¾" brown trout caught by Herbert Smith

### AN ANGLER'S CONSCIENCE

As for the right or wrong of Sunday fishing, that is a question every angler must decide for himself.

"The better the day the better the deed," some say.

"Fishing is a violation of the Sabbath," others insist. "It will lead to other forms of disregard of the traditional day of rest."

"It's no more a sin to fish than it is to go for an automobile ride on Sunday," is still another view.

But perhaps the best diagnosis of all to come to this writer's attention was from the lips of a sage minister of the gospel.

"A man's conscience must decide," said he. "If he can fish and not feel guilty, he is doing no wrong. But if his conscience is disturbed and he feels that he errs, then he should not fish."

And, a bit slyly, the man of the cloth added:

"Incidentally, attending church in the morning and going fishing in the afternoon might be just the combination a lot of chaps would find in making their decision."

### WEATHER MARS ANNUAL EXPEDITION

Cold weather put a crimp in the sport of the members of the Whistle Pig Fishing Club, composed of Harrisburg professional and business men, who annually camp for the first two weeks of June on the Loyalsock Creek, near Hillsgrove, Sullivan County. President "Bill" Laskowski and seven other members went into camp on May 26, intending to stay until the following Monday, but when the rain fell almost continuously for a week, heavy frosts appeared several nights and the temperature frequently dropped into the thirties, even this stalwart crew of old-timers, including Octogenarian Lawyer Sol Rupp, finally gave up in disgust and broke camp last Tuesday, a full week ahead of schedule.

#### Creek Rose Fast

Notwithstanding the high water in the "Sock" and other larger streams in the neighborhood of camp, the sportsmen had some pretty good luck, seldom failing to have sizzling trout for breakfast. These were caught for the most part in the smaller



Bass fishermen on Sherman's Creek above Dellville, Perry County

tributary streams which were not affected so much by high water as, for instance, was the good-sized creek immediately in front of the camp, which rose three feet in fifteen minutes, following a heavy thunder shower.

Some of the best catches were made by S. Duncan Wylie, who netted two 14-inch brown trout, and Horace A. Segelbaum, who caught the limit of 10 brookies on the last day of camp. Other campers were "Henny" Baker, Luther Williams, "Jim" Miles and Elmer Erb.

It was so cold at nights in the tents that some of the members are discussing plans for renting quarters in a farm house for future expeditions.

### ARMY CAMP LAKE IS STOCKED WITH FISH

A "fisherman's paradise" soon will be available for patients at the Station Hospital at the military reservation here.

The State has stocked the camp lake with 1000 sunfish and catfish. The sunfish average six inches in length and the catfish range from 10 to 14 inches in length. It is the Commonwealth's plan to keep the lake continually stocked with seasonable fish.

### BOYS AND GIRLS FISH IN HARRISBURG

Optimist Club Sponsors Fishing for Children at Italian Lake

Fishing for children will be permitted at Italian Lake here two days a week during the Summer under a program that has been sponsored by the Harrisburg Optimist Club in cooperation with the City Council and the Board of Fish Commissioners of Pennsylvania.

Fishing will be permitted by children up to 15 years of age on Tuesday and Saturday. On Saturday the fishing will extend from 8 o'clock in the morning until noon, and on Tuesday it will extend from 4 o'clock in the afternoon until 7 o'clock in the evening.

Members of the Optimist Club are to supervise the fishing. The City will provide facilities for those taking part in the fishing, and the Board of Fish Commissioners will stock the lake, it was announced. There are now sunfish and catfish in the lake.

The Fish Project Committee of the club, of which Russell Melton is chairman, made arrangements for the fishing program in connection with the activities of the Boys' Work Committee, of which G. Bain Satterfield is chairman.



## PUTTING 'EM IN!



Photo by Phila. Inquirer

(Left) Frank Thomas and (Right) Maurice Teaf, Pres. & Sec'y respectively, Phila. Chapter Izaak Walton League of America, stocking trout in the Wissahickon.



Stocking black bass in Perry County's Sherman's Creek

## ROD AND GUN CHATTER

By THE OLDTIMER

### Rainbows

**R**AINBOW trout have proved their ability to thrive in the warmer waters of our larger streams. Together with the brown trout they must provide the bulk of future fishing. When we first began to hear about the rainbows, veteran fishermen claimed they would not propagate naturally in our waters. Our observation has been insufficient to pass judgment in this matter. We do know that brown trout reproduce as if indigenous to our streams.

### Rainbows Late Comers

Rainbows were introduced in Pennsylvania waters several years after the brown trout. It is quite likely that the first plantings of both brownies and rainbows were secured from the Federal Fisheries.

About 1910 the old fishermen with whom we fished knew about the rainbows and reported that they had caught an occasional one. But they must have been very scarce for we have no recollection of catching one until many years later.

### Rainbows in Bald Eagle

Our first experience with rainbows dates back about 20 years when we hooked some undersized fish on a riffle about half a mile below Milesburg. On inquiry we were told that a local fisherman had secured the fingerlings from the Federal Hatchery and planted them in the Bald Eagle as an experiment. In about two or three years we caught an occasional rainbow ranging up to a foot in length. To say that we were enamored of their acrobatics when hooked is putting it mildly. They seemed to take flies more readily than brown trout and were lots of fun.

### Wanderers

At that time there were not too many trout of any kind in Bald Eagle and it seemed to us that it might be a good idea to stock Bald Eagle rather heavily with rainbows. We happened to meet the former secretary of the Fish Commission and put in a request that the stream in question be stocked with rainbows. The secretary disagreed very decidedly. His argument was that being native to the Rocky Mountains they would not stay in our local waters, but would go down the river in search of the snow-fed streams of their natural home. At the time it seemed to us that if they were hunting colder water they would naturally head up stream instead of out to sea. Being properly squelched we dropped the matter. We are happy to say that the Fish Commission soon revised its opinion and made them a part of the regular stocking program.

### Rainbows and Brookies

Rainbows seem to get along with brookies much better than brownies. Dean Watts in his comprehensive study, "Brook Trout in Kettle Creek and Tributaries," writing of rainbows placed in Trout Run and Hammersly Forks, says, "There was no evidence that the rainbow trout was a menace to brook trout in the two tributaries mentioned." Dean Watts goes on to say that the largest rainbows caught were about ten inches in length, averaging eight inches, which may partly explain why they get along with the smaller brookies.

Probably the brown trout is by nature more vicious than either of the others. However, we would not trust any big trout of whatever variety very far in a pool filled with small trout. They all feed on small fish and are not particular as to the kind. In other words we are persuaded that all big trout are cannibals.

### Rainbows Sporty

Rainbows furnish plenty of good sport. They invariably break water when hooked and give the angler plenty of action. They grow big and rugged and are heavier bodied fish than the brownies. In eating quality they are on a par with browns, but both are far outclassed by the brookie.

A young Negro recruit was the victim of so many practical jokes that he doubted all men and their motives. One night, while he was on guard, the figure of one of the officers loomed up in the darkness.

"Who goes there?" he challenged.

"Major Moses," the officer replied.

The young Negro scented a joke.

"Glad to meet you, Moses," he said cheerfully, "Advance and give me de Ten Commandments."

P. G. Wodehouse dedicated a book to his wife and daughter like this: "Without whose unfailing help and advice this book would have been written in half the time."



## Planting for the Future



THE above scene, along Big Wap Creek, shows one of the many steps made by members of Camp 272, United Sportsmen of Pennsylvania, when the "planting" party distributed 5,000 trout, ranging from 10 to 15 inches in length, in all of the available holes in Big and Little Wapwallopen Creeks and Bolwards Run. The planting was just ahead of the opening date of trout season and was supervised and directed

by State Fish Warden, Russ Womelsdorf. Pictured above in the foreground is Mayor John Paulus, who led the delegation, snapped as the large bucket of trout was being dumped into the stream. Peering over the Mayor's hat is Joseph Skuzinski while Frank Koshinski, (Frank the Printer) seems to be counting the big ones. Upstream, Harold Llewellyn of Plymouth gets a laugh out of the thought he is not going to be in the picture.

## STATE FISCAL OFFICER VIEWS THE POLLUTION PROBLEM

(Editorial by William S. Livengood, Jr., Sec'y Penna. Dept. of Internal Affairs)

Local government faces a hard task in planning to meet the new demands of State government in the development of municipal sewage disposal systems. Many local government bodies are at their wits' ends to find means of financing these expensive improvements. The opinion is expressed that, since stream purification goes beyond the confines of local government control, the Commonwealth should bear a very considerable share of the expense of curing an evil which the carelessness or neglect of State government has permitted to grow to alarming proportions. There is recognized justice in this viewpoint. Nevertheless the added burdens which the various municipal units face are of staggering proportions.

At a time when real estate taxes already are so high as to cause demands for relief, some of those who have been studying the anti-pollution laws enacted by the last session of the Legislature have reached the conclusion that the self-liquidating local authority offers the best opportunity for conveniently handling sewage disposal developments.

This is the largest single task now confronting municipal government, but it must be met. A continuation of stream pollution, especially in congested areas, certainly will bring its own penalties, involving disease and death.

## NEXT!

THE man who builds a better mouse trap will have nothing on Walt Hartman, 240 Ruby St., who has devised a new way of catching rats by fishing for them.

Walt, who is an ardent angler, baited up a hook with cheese, cast his line towards a rat hole and waited for a bite. Soon a stealthy rat poked its head out and sniffed the tantalizing aroma of cheese. Its beady eyes shone with greediness. Cautiously, it looked about before snatching the tempting morsel and not seeing anything alarming, gobbled up the red points.

Walt could not see the end of his line as he patiently held his rod but he felt a sudden tug and the reel started spinning. The light tackle prevented him from hoisting and stopping the run abruptly as the thin line would have torn, so he thumbed the spool and retarded the progress of his catch. As he reeled in, the rat gave ground, then it turned and with a sudden lurch burst for freedom.

The flimsy rod would bend double as Walt played the snared rat back and forth, until it gave up and came towards him. Then instead of the exultation experienced by an angler as he sees a fish coming his way, Walt felt repulsion as the loathsome creature crept with hunched back, hair bristling, teeth bared and ready to spring at its captor.

It emitted a shrill squeal and left the floor as Walt whipped out a pistol and fired. The sharp crack of the shot reverberated in the closed

quarters and the little vicious animal rolled dead at his feet.

SOME FUN, EH?

Fishing on dry land—this may start some thing, one may expect to see some guy this fall perched on a tree fishing for squirrels.

It may be the answer to the shell shortage if club is used instead of a gun.

## MOSE THE MUSKY SPEAKS

Listen, you guys, while I complain:  
I'm Mose the Musky, proud and vain;  
I'm forty pounds of fighting fish,  
The toughest thing in Manitowish.

I grab your plugs, I smash your spoons  
Break your lines and dodge harpoons;  
I match my strength against your skill;  
I want to live, you want to kill.

I've fought you fair, without protest,  
But now I make this one request:  
Each spring grant me my normal way  
To mate and spawn in cove and bay.

Don't net me out and squeeze my belly  
To fill glass jars that once held jelly.  
Your fishing I'll perpetuate—  
Leave me alone, I'll propagate.

—LILLIAN K. HUNTER

## NESHAMINY WATERS

The winding Neshaminy, it's a beautiful stream  
Wending its way through pastures so green  
Rippling waters amid pine scented air  
Soothing a heart heavy with care.

And all through a lovely valley,  
Flows this beautiful winding stream  
With piscatorial pastimes—aside picturesque  
old mills  
Flowing through valleys aside high sloping hill

The Neshaminy keeps peacefully calling,  
As it wends its lazy way  
Down past Ridges meadow  
And the bass are hitting today.

Ofttimes I'm scheming and dreaming,  
Of happy days down over the hill  
Where the creek is peacefully flowing  
And the bass hole by Woodmans mill.

All along this winding stream of contentment  
All along this beautiful Neshaminy shore  
Can be found many angling pastimes  
And you will always come back for more.

—J. LEON WELLS

"Freddie," said the teacher, "give me a sentence using the word diadem."

Freddie had overheard certain remarks home and out of his subconscious store of world wisdom he drew this reply:

"Drivers who hurry across railroad crossing diadem sight quicker than those who stop, look and listen."

Proving anew the deep devotion of America to the outdoors, the Federal Fish and Wildlife service reports that last year sportsmen paid \$13,921,974 for 8,533,354 hunting licenses and \$10,731,000 for 8,423,218 fishing licenses. Michigan led all the other states in the number of both hunting and fishing permits that were distributed.



# RARE FISH—BUT—SCIENCE LOSES

By  
RALPH SIDES

NATURAL science suffered a great loss when Frank Price, of Lancaster, ate his catch of which included a specimen vainly sought for a half a century.



Rainbow trout with protruding eyes, caught by Harold P. Watts, 406 N. Duke St., Lancaster. Little Conestoga Creek, June 26, 1945.

Frank is a brother to John Price, curator of F. & M. College museum, and John learned about the fish too late to save it for the bushy-eyed boys.

Sixty years has elapsed since the last catfish with protruding sightless eyes was taken in the Little Conestoga river, the only known waters in the United States to harbor this species.

Frank hooked one of these "blind catties," and being unaware of its scientific value, fried it with some common variety of fish. It was no different under the skin than any other catty, Frank retorted when his brother explained its rarity.

A fish head reposed on a garbage heap, the only remains of a prize which could have held an exalted position under glass in halls of a museum for posterity.

John revealed the story to some Washington g-wigs who tore their hair and ranted about the scatorial blunder much as they would have if an extinct passenger pigeon had materialized and been consumed. John bowed his head in shame, hurrying back the family stigma of destroying a "Last of the Mohicans" in the finny world.

There is a revived hope of some more blind catties being present, so if any lucky fisherman catches one, he is asked to notify John Price, curator of F. & M. College, Lancaster, Pa.



Photos by George King, Lancaster Newspaper Photographer

I thought I had caught one recently when a catty got its feeler caught on the hook of my line, (my friends say blind fish are the only ones which I can catch), although this one did not have the characteristic bulging eyes like a tropical goldfish which identifies the "blind catfish."

This column asked fishermen to be on the lookout for goggle-eyed catfish, and this appeal brought to light an entirely new freak of nature. A rainbow trout with protruding eyes, caught by Harold P. Watts, 406 N. Duke St., in the Little

Conestoga creek. The fish was 8½ inches long and its eyes bulged out of its head about a quarter of an inch, giving the appearance of glass optics used by taxidermists.

The apparent advantage of greater vision availed this trout nothing as there were so many lines and hooks in the water on the opening day after mid-season stocking that a fish couldn't swim without running afoul of a fisherman's barb.

## NYMPH FISHING

By CLYDE E. BASTIAN

IN THE last few years there have been several good articles written on Nymph Fishing and published in the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, yet the percentage of good nymph fishermen is very small compared to that of good dry or wet fly fishermen. This is a good thing for our streams, for I know of no method of trout fishing that compares to nymph fishing in deadliness.

The reason for the scarcity of good nymph fishermen is probably due to two things. The first is the lack of knowledge and understanding of our fresh water insect life, and the second is the length of time necessary in becoming proficient in the method of nymph fishing. I, myself, have worked hard at this form of fishing for the last five years and I feel that I have just penetrated the outer circle of one of the most fascinating sports it has ever been my pleasure to indulge in.

As every fisherman knows, around our fresh water streams there is an abundance of winged insects. Especially is this true during the evening hours. There are many different species, but each species seems to appear on the streams in great numbers at the same time. This the fishermen call a hatch and they try to imitate this particular species with a dry fly, and usually are successful in taking some trout while the hatch lasts.

If you should watch closely when a hatch is on, the flies seem to rise out of the water itself, and struggle upward into the air and this is exactly what happens, for the flies are changing from the nymph stage to that of the winged fly. This takes place at the surface of the water.

Let us start at the beginning of the life cycle of a fly. The female winged fly lays her eggs under the water on stones or logs, or in most cases simply drops them on the surface and lets them sink to the bottom. It does not matter

which method is followed, but one thing is certain and that is that all winged insects found living around fresh water, lay their eggs in the water. These soon hatch into very small forms of life known as nymphs and larva. The difference between nymphs and larva lies in the different changes of form the two kinds of insects undergo in the life of the insect. Both forms are found in our fresh water streams, but for our purpose, as well as food for the trout, we will consider them as one, and call them both nymphs.

These small nymphs, after hatching, make their home on the under side of flat stones or in the mud where they are safe from their larger enemies. However, different species of nymphs prey on one another and untold numbers are consumed in this manner.

Nymphs increase in size until they attain the normal size for each species and are now ready to transform into flies. The length of time spent in the nymph form varies from a few weeks to a period of three years, according to the species, and during this time they are living on the bottom of the stream and are eagerly sought after, for food, by the trout.

When the nymph is about to change to the winged fly, it struggles with its jerky swimming motion to the surface of the water. Here, with incredible speed—a matter of short seconds—it splits open the nymph case along the back and the winged fly emerges and flies away. Sometimes after a hatch we can see great numbers of the empty cases washed up on the shore in the eddies. After hatching, the average life of the fly is a matter of hours. They mate, lay their eggs and die without taking any food. Dragon flies, damselflies and a few others are the exception to this rule. These live for a few days and are a

(Turn to Page 16)



## With the Sports-Casters

### OUTDOORS

With BOB GEIGER

The little birch wood cooking fire crumbled to a gray dust. Beside me on the bank of the stream my soldier friend stirred on his bed of warm, green grass and broad faced violets. He had been sleeping soundly in the golden sunshine of Spring for more than an hour.

Our lunch of broiled trout, bacon, cold biscuits, and tea, stout enough to float a horseshoe, together with the sweet and restful symphony of the birds, the stream and the winds, had quieted his frayed nerves. He awoke refreshed, and for the first time since he returned from nearly three years in that man-made hell across the Pacific, he seemed at least something like his normal, happy, carefree self.

We washed our cooking tins, smoked blackened briars and talked there in the peace and beauty of the great outdoors. Save for the limp in a shrapnel-torn right leg, this man, this young hero, now was much as I had known him down through the years. The nervous tension he had shown only hours before when we began wading the trout stream in the early morning had for the time, at least, disappeared.

We took down our fly rods, shouldering our creels, each of which contained 10 fat brook trout, and struck off through the greening forest to my parked gas buggy for the short ride home.

He was happy and enthused and we planned more such little outings on the trout streams in that wonderland of beauty and peace that is the clean unspoiled outdoors.

#### Stream Fishing Tops

Casting flies or plugs or dunking bait on lake or pond will help rebuild the weary minds and bodies of our returned fighting men. Even hikes through the fields and forests will help in this great work. But, from what I have seen in jaunts with several war veterans, there is no medicine quite like wading and fly fishing on a brawling backwoods stream.

The stream is like a living thing as it swirls, tumbles and relaxes, singing as it goes in an ever-changing pace on its eternal journey to the sea. Its song is an obligato to that of the birds and the winds. There is nothing more restful to the human mind and body that are weary.

Of course only those whose legs are sound can wade, but whether your soldier friends can or cannot follow the tumbling stream, do take them fishing whenever and wherever possible.

#### The Brook Trout

Speaking of fly fishing, there is no species of fish that will rise so readily for the feathered barb as the trout. The brook or speckled trout, rainbow trout and brown trout head the popularity list. And risking the wrath of some brother anglers, I am going to rate the brook or speckled trout at the top. This fish, frequently called "square-tail" trout in Maine, is widely distributed in this country, Canada and Europe.

Old *Salvelinus Fentinalis* is one of the most beautiful things wearing fins and whether he's a six incher in a brook or ten-pounder in a lake, he's a grand fighter and his pink flesh is delicious. He is always ready to cooperate with the angler whether his offering is the lowly worm, streamer, the wet or the dry fly.

## Let's Go Outdoors with Slim

A LOCAL angler who went fishing upstate told some fellows about Walt Hartman catching rats on a hook and line. His listeners retorted, "That's nothing. Joe caught a groundhog on his fly outfit." They explained that one of their number while fishing late one evening in a mountain stream, overcast the water and hooked into something on the far bank. He pulled it through the riffles and discovered a wood chuck which he promptly released.

One Saturday while fishing in the Susquehanna river far from any trout stream, my Dad pulled a 10 inch rainbow trout out of the muddy water.

The symbol V for victory almost proved my undoing one time while hunting.

I shot a gray squirrel as it ran across the limbs of the tree tops and it tumbled into a crotch of a high rock oak and lodged there. There were two trees growing from one base like pillars forming a giant V with no limbs between me and the dead quarry 70 feet overhead.

I started climbing and found it very difficult to hold on to the smooth bark and then when I tried to stop and rest I would slide down, so I had to keep going. Soon my aching muscles tired and I could hardly go farther as my finger tips failed

to reach the animal, then with an extra effort managed to dislodge it and I relaxed and on became conscious of having slipped down between the two trees when I felt the pressure on my knee where it had become wedged.

I grasped a new hold and tried to pull free but my grip was weak and I couldn't budge an inch and as I settled to restore strength, my leg slid farther down in the vise which now seemed to press me helplessly.

In desperation I struggled to free myself and did manage to crawl a few inches only to lose again as I dropped back exhausted.

Then I started taking stock of my predicament.

This was a dense woods far from the beaten path of even hunters and it was growing dark. The next day was Sunday and there was little likelihood of anyone passing this spot for days, and had told no one where I intended to hunt.

It sounds funny now but my gloomiest thoughts were seriously contemplating the circling buzzards in the sky. Then panic drove me to frenzied action and I dug my fingers into the slippery bark and finally tore myself loose.

After sliding to the ground I collapsed in a limp heap and it was quite a while before I could arise and walk away shakily—although very much relieved that I had escaped the fate of a trapped animal.

### SPORTSMEN'S CORNER

By ROD GUNN, Lebanon News

That local fishermen have not been letting the grass grow under their feet is amply illustrated by a summarization of the best catches of the current season released today by John Parsons, proprietor of the popular Parsons Sport Center.

Leading the list is the 22-inch brown trout which John Reish of 220 Lehman Street caught in the reliable Tulpehocken with a night crawler for bait. Another hefty brownie, nineteen inches long, was pulled out of the Hammer Creek by Samuel Lape, Jr., of 314 Cumberland Street. Sammy, a member of the Lebanon High School baseball squad, took time off from his diamond chores to induce the fish to hit a spinner.

A spinner was also the *piece de resistance* for a 14½-inch rainbow which Dick Henry of 320 South First Avenue reeled out of the Hammer.

Bachman's Run yielded the leader in the brook trout division by virtue of a 12½-incher caught by Lester Beard, of Lebanon RD4. Les' brookie succumbed to a night crawler.

In the crappie bass classification (crappies, incidentally, are really starting to bite with gusto these warm May days) the pace-setter is Paul Tice of 534 North Tenth Street, who hooked a 14-incher that took a liking to a minnow dangling from Paul's hook which was submerged in Light's dam.

Ordinary angle worms proved the downfall of the sucker and sunfish which now head the Parsons list. Elmer Zimmerman, 1234 Willow Street, took a 20-inch sucker from the Water Works to show the way in that section while Robert Fetzer of Lebanon RD 5, holds top honors for sunnies with one of 8¾ inches caught in the Susquehanna River at Peach Bottom.

*Be practical in the use of light tackle. A delicate rod, a hair-light leader, and a tiny fly are not properly used with bait or in waters where large fish are likely to be hooked.*

### NOW FILLET YOUR CATCH

After a good catch, and after preparing all the fish you can possibly eat at one time, have you ever tried filleting the rest of your haul, and preserving it in the refrigerator or in a freezer chest until you are ready for another feast of this delicious food?

A few months ago an inveterate fisherman discovered that not one sportsman in a thousand knew how to fillet the commonly caught freshwater and salt water fish. And he knew that once filleted this delicious food could be kept for weeks in good electric refrigerator, or indefinitely in freezer chest. He proceeded to collect all the data he could find on all the edible fish caught in the country. Now, fishermen can save *all* of the catch by using the Fillet Set, instead of surreptitiously slipping pounds of this precious food into the waste can. A puncture to any fisherman's pride!

The Fillet Set includes a non-warping, select heavy Oak Fillet Board, with impaling hook and inlaid sharpening stone. It is equipped with well-illustrated handbook, the only literature on filleting the individual kinds of fish, giving complete diagrammed instructions. The first edition which is limited to five thousand copies due to war restrictions, contains a full color lithograph of "The Cutty Hunk Fisherman," by the well known etcher and painter, Yngne E. Soderberg, which may be detached for framing.

In this piscatorially psychological period in history, (ration points are scarce and fish prices skyhigh) fishermen will welcome this opportunity of adding to the family's food reserve.

It's all right to keep leaders in a tightly closed box, but don't store fly lines that way. When not in use for a long period a line should be stored in a moderate temperature in large, loose coils in such a manner that air can circulate freely around it.



## Fishing for Bats

By C. R. PARTIK

Reprint from Natural History

Last August 29, after work, I rowed out on Lac Long, near Ste. Agathe Des Monts, Quebec, to cast a festive fly to the big trout that had begun to come in to inspect their spawning grounds and were rising to nothing in particular.

Among my Numbers 10 to 16 there was nothing that roused their interest, and I knew that further effort would be wasted. It was one of those rare early autumn evenings for which the Laurentian hills are famous, and I let the breeze take my boat where it might. The sun had disappeared over the purple hills and the shadows had crept across the lake when the boat halted near the mouth of the creek.

Presently in the waning light I noticed what looked like a small minnow wriggling to the surface; it was the last stage in the metamorphosis of the May fly (*Plecoptera*). The little creature's back split open immediately and from it emerged the now complete insect, ready to take to the air within a few seconds when its wings were fully straight.

Then from nowhere in the semi-darkness appeared a bat. Without hesitation it dived to the surface of the water, cleverly picked up the new-born insect, and disappeared.

I happened to have in my fly box an excellent imitation of the May fly on a No. 10 hook. (This fly is known to fly fishing enthusiasts as *Green Drake*.) I put it on my leader, gave it a good coat of fat to make it float, and cast it about 20 feet from the boat.

Hardly had my artificial creation dropped on the water, and before I could twist my wrist enough to pull the fly under, the bat reappeared, picked it up, and was hooked. It made one or two attempts to get up into the air, but without success.

Slowly I retrieved my line to release the bat, being careful not to set the hook more than necessary; but by one last effort the creature freed itself and flew away.

I made several more casts in various directions. Every time the fly landed on the water, this or another bat was back. Only by close attention and immediate action could I prevent the creature from getting hooked. And I was reminded that, at least in this light, it would be wrong to say "as blind as a bat."

## THE HILLS AND STREAMS OF HOME

I'm dreaming tonight of a hillside,  
Of my far off native land  
Where the birds are singing, and the air is pure  
And there's freedom on every hand.

I'm dreaming tonight of a valley,  
And a lake, mid shores studded with pine  
And a cottage small by a waterfall  
In this wonderful home land of mine.

I'm dreaming tonight of a sweetheart.  
Of whom was always by my side  
And of Mother and Dad, the best pals I had  
And a dog which was always my pride.

I'm battle weary, I'm tired, and I'm homesick,  
As through foreign lands I have roamed  
And my thoughts tonight are of my homeland  
And the hills and streams of home.

—J. LEON WELLS



Cpl. Henry Pisoni (left) and Pfc. Don Romeo of Brockway, Pa., display a dandy 17½-in. Rainbow caught by Pisoni at Marshall's Dam near Brockway



Fine 29-in. walleyed pike novelly displayed by sportsmen at Lewistown



# THE SPORTSMEN'S CORNER

The Midge and the Monster Are Favorite Flies of the Trout, so Be Sure You Have a Variety of Sizes in Artificial Lures

By DICK FORTNEY

THERE'S an insect that lives in trout streams that is so small it almost escapes the attention of the human eye, but scientists say its tiny body is so rich in fats that it is one of the most substantial foods of the fishes and is consumed in large numbers by even the largest.

There are insects that prowl the streams at night that are so large that the buzzing of their wings is audible at considerable distances and which supply rich morsels of food for foraging trout.

In between these two extremes are myriad insects of all sizes upon which fish are accustomed to feeding.

So size is an important factor in the selection of wet and dry flies used by the trout angler.

## Big Trout; Tiny Flies

When the annual fishing season opens at the Fishermen's Paradise, on Spring Creek near Bellefonte, later this month some of the finest trout in the stream will be caught by extremes in fly sizes—tiny wet ants tied on Size 18 and 20 hooks, the smallest sizes made, and monster streamers that look more like young birds than trout lures.

The ant will be effective because it closely resembles minute insect life found in limestone streams such as Spring Creek.

The big streamer will catch large trout because it so well represents the minnows which fish regard with keen appetites.

All the in-between sizes will have their innings, too, but the tiniest and the largest will prove the most effective.

stance, which a man can reach only if he wades across a deep and swift riffle—are the spots that are fished the least and which, therefore, offer the greatest likelihood of action.

Let the run-of-the-mine anglers have the big open pools and the easy spots and go yourself to the very places they will not or dare not explore—and your creel will sag heavier at the end of the day.

Submerged patches of aquatic weeds and grass, in both ponds and streams, are great feeding places for both trout and bass, and for panfish as well. These weeds are the living places of aquatic insects and also provide good cover for minnows, and the fish know by instinct that they can find plenty of forage there. Both live bait and artificial lures are effective in such locations.

*In choosing nymphs or wet flies remember that the Stone, Caddis, and May flies are the three most widely distributed stream insects.*

The average fisherman is better off if he seeks to make good short casts with bait or fly rather than striving for extra long casts. While it may be necessary to cast long distances in fishing from shore, the man who angles while wading or from a boat faces no such necessity in reaching the fish. Especially in riffles and on dark days short and accurate casts generally produce the most fish.

*Trout and bass both strike viciously at streamer flies. Remember that when minnows are difficult to obtain.*

## Sportsmen's Notebook

The worm or other bait used in fishing must appear natural or it will not attract fish. One of the most deadly methods of using a worm, for instance, is to fish it so that it rolls and tumbles along the bottom of the stream with the current. It is easily accomplished. Drop the worm into the stream and let it float with a slack line. The knack of observing strikes is not difficult to acquire.

*Brook trout are great lovers of cover. Good hiding places for them, and therefore good places to fish, are beneath overhanging branches, along cut-back banks, and around logs, large rocks, and other obstructions in the stream.*

A bamboo rod eight and a half feet long and weighing five or five and a half ounces is an ideal all-purpose rod for the fisherman who cannot afford more than one. Such an angling tool will handle tiny dry flies as well as vastly more heavy natural baits and, if given proper care, will last many years. A D level line or an HDH tapered line and either an automatic or single action reel fit the rod well.

*Ever hear somebody say a fish has a brain? It does, but even in the biggest trout the brain is about the size of a pea. Habit and instinct, more than brains, govern the actions of a fish.*

The angler who has three lengths of leaders is sufficiently equipped. A six-foot leader is long enough for use with bait and most underwater lures. A leader seven and a half or nine feet in length is right for fishing with dry flies for trout.

*Use a small hook, Size 10, and a correspondingly small bait or lure in angling for panfish.*

A leader longer than usual is necessary for nymph fishing, a method particularly good in the spring. The extra leader length makes it possible to get the nymph down deep without having the line sink beneath the surface. A floating line is a great help, since it betrays the strike of a fish that the anxious angler might otherwise miss.

*Black flies of all types are good early in the season. They are easier for the fish to see, and besides most insects which hatch in the spring are black or very dark brown in color.*

*Small hooks often will pull out of the mouth of a fish, yet a trout of really great size can be landed on a hook in Size 14 or 16 when handled gently.*

*Raw or canned tomatoes and chopped lettuce mix easily with commercial dog foods and provide valuable vitamins.*

It's tough to decide what dry fly to use when there is no hatch of natural insects on the water. Here are suggestions: Early in the morning try flies of a medium or dark color; use almost any pattern on broken water; turn to light colors if the day is dark; dark flies of the larger sizes are best for evening fishing.

*Use a floating plug as a bobber in worm fishing. With this rig, the casting rod can be used to reach spots not within reach of a fly rod or a throw line.*



He fishes only where it is easy and safe. He ignores—through laziness or fear—the hazardous places in the creek.

And because so many anglers are average, the tough spots in any bass or trout creek hold action galore for those who will take a chance on losing tackle and who have enough skill to give them a fighting chance to overcome the hazards of nature.

## Bass and Trout, Too

The idea applies to large bass rivers as well as to trout brooks. The hardest spots to reach with bait or artificial lure—the rocky nook, for in-

There is one danger in fishing for trout with a spinner—that is that the spinner will be so large that it will frighten rather than attract the fish. At the same time, use of a large spinner can easily damage a light fly rod. In trout angling most fishermen definitely prefer a streamer fly to a fly and spinner combination.

*Large trout like to get big mouthfuls of food. That is why they so often ignore artificial flies but strike readily at live minnows, grasshoppers, and worms.*

Time: the stuff between pay days.



# FINE HOPE—FOUL RIVER

By HENRY A. NICHOLS

NO QUESTION about it; the fisherman is rare who does not sometimes wish that he stood "on the other side of the crick," or even along the shoreline of some distant lake or inlet. Yet I think it might be wise if we sometimes forgot about the Fishermen's Paradises, Angler's Heavens and the various Dream-Streams where you cannot help catching gamefish of record proportions and numbers. There are a great many followers, and supporters, of our chief interest in life, who have only two choices to make. Fish close to some big town or city, or don't fish at all.

There are a great many men and women, and even more kids, who are prevented from reaching the more glamorous fishin' holes in the open country by lack of time, of money and of health, and, especially in such times as these, by lack of transportation. Nevertheless, as humble as these folks may be when compared with the dashing angling experts who fish only at 6.17 A.M. with the left eyebrow of the popeyed woodvole as bait, they undoubtedly contribute much to our pleasure by their purchase of licenses. And the city kids, particularly, represent a great pool from which future experts may develop if their first interest is not choked off by the stench of polluted water. Enthusiastic anglers are generally considered to be good citizens, and it is a pity that so much appreciation for this ancient and honorable sport must be destroyed, together with the benefits to be derived from its pursuit.

Having fished almost constantly, man and boy for the past thirty years, in many different sorts of water, I have learned that while really successful fishing-trips are quite unusual, even in the best of places, virtually every such venture can be highly interesting. Perhaps my earliest recollection is of catching Smelts—with the frame of an old umbrella for a "spreader"—off a South Boston, Massachusetts, pier. My usual companion on these trips was an Hawaiian movie-usher who considered it sacrilegious to subject any good fish-meat to cooking. Carefully taking a fresh-caught Smelt off the hook, he would snap off its head, along with the greater part of its innards, dunk it briefly in the water and eat it with tremendous relish. "Cook 'em, spoil 'em!", he would say. "Like this—AH! Nicel" Other memories are of 326 Seahass taken in an afternoon off Manasquan; two Smallmouth Bass on one hook in Lake Paudash, Ontario; a 54-lb. Cod brought to gaff on a No. 8 Eagle Claw Bluegill hook off Gloucester, Mass.; a fine Brook Trout pool behind the Connecticut farm of the great Walter Hampden; and one (1) Eel withdrawn from the North Sea while a rod's English owner was directing his chief attention to an American-made slot-machine. However, during the more recent years I have had to confine my angling activities almost entirely to the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia.

As bad as general water conditions probably are today in the neighborhood of almost any eastern United States city, fishing close to Philadelphia undoubtedly represents about the ultimate depth to which any self-respecting angler can descend. A mere lack of fish is not so bad. Sometimes that's actually a relief, when you want to get out in the open air, with a fairly logical excuse, and just not be hothoed even by

pulling in fish. But such things as overpowering stench, over-friendly and remarkably large rats and sticky, coal-dust-filled filth that is almost impossible to remove from your clothes or person, are something else again. And yet some of our company might be surprised at the number of people who still try to fish along the banks of the Schuylkill. Even more, they might be surprised at the number and variety of fishes that can still be found, sometimes, in this sordid stream, flowing like a viciously infected artery into the heart of a once-enlightened metropolis.

During the past three years the writer has caught himself or has seen caught there the common Catfish—and an orange-yellow variant of same; not the true Yellow Cat—the Channel Catfish, Yellow Perch, Suckers, Sunnies, Eels,

brewing. After a while an old man, accompanied by an enormous black and white cat, came down to talk with us. Properly introduced as Bill, the cat spoke politely, offered its back to be scratched and then settled down for a snooze in the lee of a wrecked baby carriage that early floods had left along the bank, with a vast mess of less identifiable debris. Bill's friend—for I have yet to meet the cat who will concede that any human is its "master"—quietly observed: "Where you're sittin' used to be nine feet of good fishin' water."

I wondered how many years ago that might have been, as we moved farther down along the river. Somewhat below Flat Rock Dam, we found a nice pool hacked out behind a clump of rocks. It was about five feet deep. In perhaps



Men and boys gathering dead fish from Horse Valley Run, killed by gasoline from pipeline

Roach and Carp. (Of the latter I would say that it is a perfectly good fish in a large stream and often, on light tackle, considerably more gamey than a Largemouth Bass; but in any landlocked pond or lake it is an insatiable enemy of all good fishes because of its destruction of protective and spawn-laden vegetation.) I have also heard reports of a few other species being taken there, including Trout, Bass and Herring, but the mere fact that Yellow Perch are able to survive at all in this great open sewer is fine proof of the fact that a fish asks but little here below. None of us now living can expect to see the Schuylkill returned within our lifetime to anything like its original vitality, but very little honest renovation might do much to turn it into a quite decent fishing-stream for the less fortunate followers of our hobby.

During the mild spell of last March I stopped, with my usual fishing companion, Herman Cauffman, at a spot on the Schuylkill directly across from the site of the old Philadelphia Swimming Club, a little way above the mouth of Mill Creek. There was nothing doing at all, but we sat there enjoying the sunshine and the premature warmth was not quite strong enough to get the mid-Summer stink really

an hour there we caught three very ambitious Yellow Neds and a good number of nice-sized Catties. However, as an indication of how long ago that first spot may have been under nine feet of water, in mid-June we returned to the productive pool. Clambering through the rubbish and poison-ivy we found that although the water was still pouring over the dam and the general level of the river very little lower than it had been in March, this "pool" had completely disappeared. It was filled to a point a good six inches above the nearest water level with dried-out mud, gravel and mine-waste—in a period of less than three months.

Whenever I look at this forlorn thing that was once a good stream I somehow remember a story that was related by one of the first American correspondents who entered Paris after the Hun had been driven back to his blood-clotted lair in the German hills. Having known Paris before, in happier days, the reporter had dug up an old bicycle somewhere and took himself for a small tour to look over some well-remembered spots. On the way back toward his quarters, in the evening, he stopped briefly along The Right Bank of the Seine to light a cigarette. Turning to flick

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# WITH THE BOYS WHO REALLY GET THEM!



Milton Hendricks of Palmerton and big Rainbow he caught in the Aquashicola Creek. Length 28½", girth 16¾" and weighing 8½ lbs.

## LITTLE CONNEAUTEE CREEK YIELDS NICE BROWNIE

A brown trout weighing 3¼ pounds, and measuring 21 inches in length, was taken from Little Conneautee Creek on May 19th by I. L. Wright, 2217 Poplar St., Erie, Pa. Mr. Wright used a March Brown Wet Fly to take this specimen.

A wall-eye, or yellow pike weighing 7 pounds, and measuring 25½ inches in length, was taken from Lake Erie off Shorewood Beach on Sunday May 27th by Chester Janke, 242 West 21st St., Erie, Pa. Mr. Janke was trolling a June Bug Spinner with a bucktail fly and night crawler to take this fish.

## LANDS 28-INCH, 15-POUND CARP IN LITTLE LEHIGH

Wilbur C. Creveling of 405 S. 18th St., Allentown, is reported to have taken a 28½-inch carp yesterday while fishing in the Little Lehigh, above Bogert's bridge. The fish which weighed 15 pounds is believed to have been one of the largest carp taken in local waters.

Mr. Creveling, a clerk to the Allentown postmaster, found more than two quarts of roe inside of the fish. Another phase of the unusual size of the carp was its 30-inch girth measurement.

Lt. Ray C. Cooper of Irwin while home on leave from U. S. Army caught a prize brownie in Clark's Creek. The fish measured 27 inches long, 15-inch-girth and weighed 5 lbs., 2 ozs. Cooper using a fly rod with 5X tippet used a caterpillar for lure.

## CATCHES THREE 12-POUND CARP

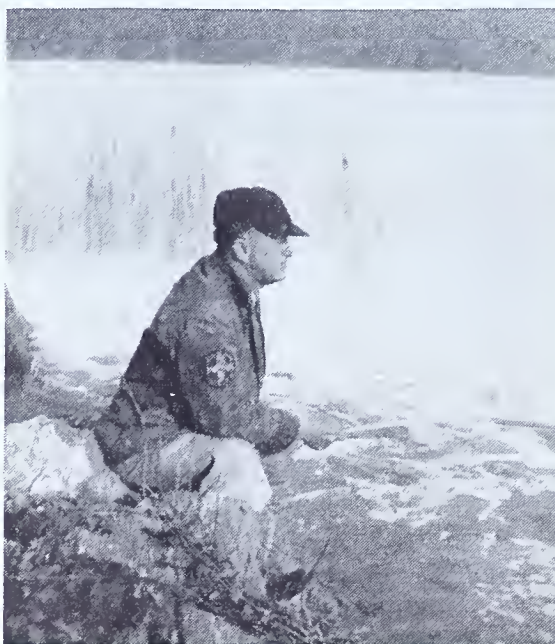
A mild riot or reasonable facsimile thereof occurred in the vicinity of South Richhill Street and the Smith Creek bridge, in Waynesburg along the banks of Ten Mile Creek, recently after George Austen, of Spraggs, a coal shaft worker, fishing in the stream for the first time, landed three carp weighing about 12 pounds each.

The secret of his success came out a few hours later when it was learned that the State Fish Commission had stocked some 500 pounds of carp, most of them big ones. They were placed in the stream at the foot of Morgan Street and up near West Waynesburg.

This should be very interesting to the boys from down Crucible and Carmichaels way.



Charles Kraus of Marietta and five nice Rainbow taken on the opening day, 1945



Ira S. Huber of Millersville on a stretch of his favorite water



Raymond White of East Waterford proudly displays his catch

## BIG ONE FROM POTTER COUNTY

On June 3d Elmer Petruzie caught a brown trout in the Oswayo creek which measured 24 inches in length and weighed 5 lbs. This is the largest trout taken in Potter Co. so far this year, trout measuring 20 in. are quite common in the vicinity of Coudersport.

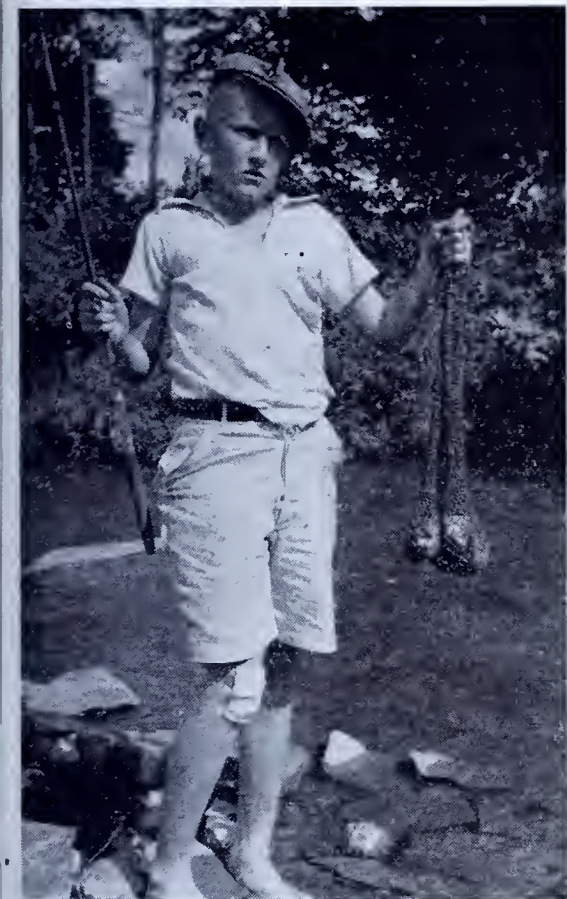


Walter Barzileski of Plymouth and four prize trout he caught in Wayne County



## LANDS DANDY IN THE AQUASHICOLA!

On Wednesday, June 13, 1945, Mr. Milton Hendricks, 316 Columbia Ave., Palmerton Pa., caught a 28-inch brown trout in Aquashicola Creek, Carbon County. Lure used was a minnow. This has been the largest trout taken in Carbon County waters this season.



## LANDS 10-LB. TROUT IN YELLOW BREECHES CREEK

Cumberland County Angler Sets Mark for Others to Cast for; Fish Measured 28¾ Inches; State Warden Verifies Catch.

What is believed to be the largest trout ever caught in Cumberland County's Yellow Breeches was taken by Jerry Souders, of Springfield, near Newville.

The trout, a brownie, measured 28¾ inches in length and weighed 10¾ pounds, according to Fish Warden George James, of Carlisle, who verified the catch.

## BERNARD LAWLER LANDS 28-INCH BROWN TROUT

Bernard Lawler of 211 Valley Street, Lewis-town, was the possessor of one of the largest trout reported hooked in the still early season.

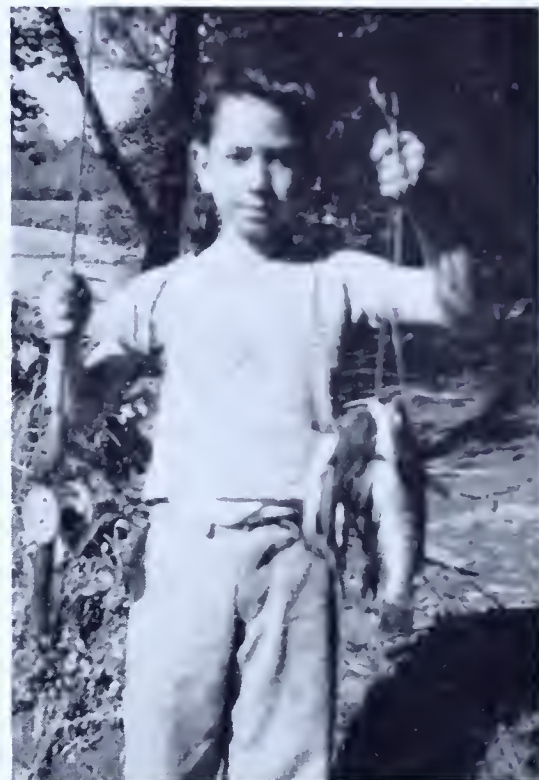
Fishing in Penns Creek, "Bing" landed a 28-inch, five and three-quarter pound brown trout on Sunday. The weight and size of the trout was attested by friends.

## ANOTHER HUGE TROUT CREELED

Scarcely a Saturday goes by in these Summer days without the report of another monster brown trout being caught. Fishing in Coeklin's Run, within 100 yards of the Gettysburg Pike, where the stream is a bare eight feet wide, Isaac O. Heckert, 375 North Twenty-ninth street, Camp Hill, caught a fine specimen of brown trout, 24½ inches long and weighing 5¾ pounds.

BUY MORE AND MORE

## BONDS



Robert M. Greener, Jr. of Lancaster and a nice catch of "catties" from the Conestoga Creek

## Eels, Mystery of Fishes, Will Soon Be Running in the Susquehanna

THE eels are running in the Susquehanna! This slippery, elongated mystery of the fish world is being caught in abundance along the Susquehanna this season. Ranging in size from a mere worm-like embryo to the old "grand-daddy" of four to five feet, they make their way down the river in the dark of the moon when the swift waters are high and muddy. When the nights become cold and the leaves drop from the trees, they start their annual migration to the open sea.

### Origin a Mystery

The Susquehanna eel-fisherman stoutly maintains the origin of these creatures is a mystery and no one can determine where they come from or how they climb the huge dams and falls in the river. Nevertheless, they start their run downstream for the ocean in mid-September or early October each year, never to return; but there is always a fresh crop the next fall to replace them. This has been the subject of many a discussion and gallons of midnight oil has been burned in talk along the river.

Scientists, however, know they originate in their natural breeding grounds, the deeper parts of the ocean near the Sargasso Sea.

The extreme pressure and vegetation in this vicinity is ideally suited to the spawning of the young eel. After the spawning period, the female dies and the offspring—known as elvers—start a herculean journey to the coast-lines of the world, where they enter the fresh water streams or rivers.

On reaching the coast, they are about 2 inches in length and semi-transparent. The elvers

take themselves upstream instinctively. The female continues to the headwaters, but the male is a lazy fellow and content to stop at any convenient point where the feeding will satisfy his voracious appetite; his diet consisting of most anything floating in the water. After a maturing period of approximately four years, they develop deep-seated fins and their color changes from silver to a dark brown or black. Their ordinary life-span ranges from five to 20 years.

### May Travel Overland

Your dyed-in-the-wool eel trapper will argue that this still doesn't answer the question of how the eivers surmount the dams and other obstructions erected in the river. No amount of reasoning will convince him otherwise, but the student of natural science points out that the eel, being an amphibious creature to some extent, has no objection whatever to taking himself to the banks or crawling or wriggling around any obstacle in the path of his migratory journey, even to taking a considerable overland jaunt to reach his final objective, which may or may not account for his being found in many inland ponds or lakes.

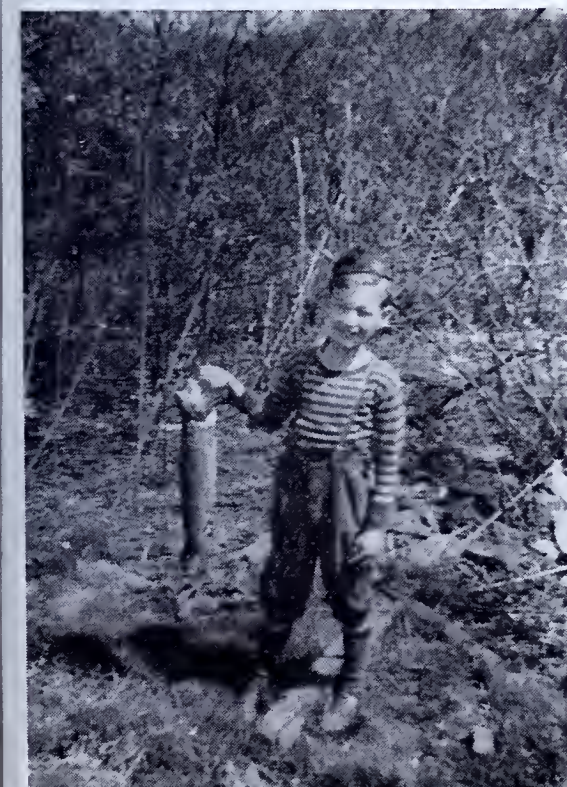
They confine themselves for the most part to the shorelines and wallow through mud until they emerge on the other side of the barrier, free to continue their journey.

It has been estimated this burrowing or surmounting of obstacles may consume anywhere from one day to three months. But time is a small factor in the life of an eel.

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FOR WHICH THEIR DADS AND BROTHERS FIGHT!

BUY BONDS!





## NYMPH FISHING

(Continued from Page 9)

familiar sight along our fresh water streams in the summer, skimming through the air in search of food or resting quietly on some projecting object above the water.

Some species of nymphs live in ponds and quiet waters where there is no current, others in places where there is a slight current, while others like the "White gloved howdy" live in the tumbling waters of stony creeks among which they leap and dash with amazing agility.

It is very important to know the habits of different nymphs for you will have much better results if you will fish a nymph in the environment where it is most likely to be found. If you fish your favorite stream regularly you will notice that a heavy hatch of each species comes on the stream at about the same time each year. In fact, it will vary only a few days at the most. Some stragglers will appear before and after, but I am speaking of the main hatches. This is important for the following reason: a trout seems to have a one-track mind and when it is feeding on a certain fly it generally refuses all others.

stream and label them with a date and any other information you obtain. Then when you return from your fishing trip write up your notes while they are fresh in your mind. After doing this for two or three years you will be surprised at the knowledge you have accumulated.

When the winged flies are not on the stream, trout must depend a lot on nymphs for their food supply. Fresh water biologists, who have published their findings on this, state that nymphs form about 80% of the trout's food. This being true, it is only natural that nymph fishing, when properly mastered, should be very productive. In fact, even when winged flies are plentiful over the water, nymph fishing is just as effective or more so than dry flies. The truth is, nymph fishing is very effective from the opening day of trout season until its close.

In fishing nymphs, there are a few things that have become cardinal principles with me. The first is that in making the artificial nymph I try to make it as near like the natural as it is possible. My first few attempts were modeled after the nymph flies offered for sale by the sporting goods stores. These were not very successful so I turned to imitating the naturals. This was not easy and

motion is very hard to acquire and is the one thing that will determine whether you are a nymph fisherman or not. It is not easy to describe this nymph movement to anyone and I will not attempt it here, but I will refer you to the best teacher possible—the nymph itself. Catch some nymphs and liberate them in clear water and watch them swim. Dislodge some in the riffles, study their movements and see what they do.

Next take your rod and line and seek some clear water and teach your artificial to imitate the real thing. Don't be discouraged. Practice will do wonders. Do this for a while, and the nymph bug will get you and from then on nymph fishing will have a new enthusiastic recruit.

Another important fact is that nymphs must be fished so that they will appear to be as free and unattached as it is humanly possible to do. This cannot be done with a heavy leader or one that is stiff. The nymph must be able to go through the movements without hindrance from the leader. The leader must impart rather than hinder the true nymph movement.

A good tapered leader must be used and the thickness of the big end must be in harmony with the size of your line so that the leader will uncoil properly when cast. It must be tapered to at least a 4X tippet. I have experimented with sizes from 5X up with the following results: 5X gave me excellent results but it was so light that the fish usually won the argument. A 4X tippet produced plenty of strikes and gave me more than an even chance to land my fish. The 3X registered fewer strikes but gave me plenty of leeway on the fish. A 2X tippet was short on strikes but long on exercise. However, milky or cloudy water will produce some action on the 2X. Now as to the length of the leader. If you are fishing a stream that is clear, to be successful, you must fish a long leader. This should be around twelve feet and if you can handle it, fifteen would be better. If you fasten your leader to your line with a knot that will slide through your rod guides you will find little trouble in handling a leader of this length.

The reason for the long leader is that the trout will not see your line through the clear water and become suspicious. A line makes more or less of a ripple when it hits the water and if the sun is shining and the water clear, it makes a large shadow on the bottom.

The one big objection to a long leader and long line is that in imparting the trembling motion to your nymph, the long line will take up the motion and your nymph will just be towing along. However, with careful practice much of this can be overcome, and you will be able to impart a fair amount of good motion to your nymph, especially when fishing it down stream against the current. Sometimes the conditions are such that you must use the long line if you wish to fish a good spot. In that case, do not pass it up but use care and plan your campaign in advance.

If conditions are such that you can approach the hole unseen then I would advise you to use a shorter line. First look the situation over and decide where you want your nymph. Then cast it carefully upstream far enough so that the current will carry it to the place you want it before it stops on the bottom. Many times a trout will strike it before it stops on the bottom. If nothing happens, let your nymph lie quietly for a full minute or longer; then give it a slow trembling motion. If done very gently the nymph will start struggling upward toward the surface as nymphs do when they are about to hatch into flies. Be careful of your rod movements for these can easily frighten a trout. If properly executed there are few trout that will refuse your lure whether they are feeding or not.

(Turn to Page 18)



Along the placid Neshaminy Creek

Why that is, I am unable to explain, but it appears to be a fact. The fly the trout is feeding on is usually the one that is most numerous at the moment.

The same thing is true regarding nymphs. The trout will seek the nymphs that are the most numerous in the stream at that time. This is the species of nymph that has nearly reached its development and is about ready to change into the winged fly. I think the reason for this is that a nymph in this stage will expose itself more on the bottom than its less developed brother and thus give the trout an opportunity to get better acquainted with it.

After this species of nymph has transformed into flies, it naturally becomes scarce and the next species to hatch becomes the predominating nymph of the stream and the trout gradually turn to this species for food.

So if you don't know from your fishing trips of previous years what species of nymph is predominating in the stream, it will pay you to turn over a few stones and find out before you start fishing. Try to match this nymph as near as you can. A very interesting and profitable line of investigation is to carry a few small bottles of alcohol along with you and each week make a collection of nymphs found on your favorite

my earlier attempts were rather sad but they still carried the impression that it could be done successfully. Improvement came with practice and I was gratified to find my home made variety out-catching the ones offered for sale by stores.

In fishing them there was one thing driven home to me. I had to develop a flat bodied nymph. The round ones carried along in the current like a stick and when I tried to work them, they did things that no nymph would ever think of doing. This frightened the trout rather than attracted them.

Many different materials were tried and many evenings spent at my vise before success crowned my efforts. At present I have developed artificial nymphs that are better than my expectations. Their shapely flat bodies are not much thicker than a case knife and when fished slowly the water imparts a very natural motion to them.

The movements given to your nymph must be as like the natural as it is possible to give. A floating nymph will be attractive to the trout only when the swirling water accidentally imparts some movement to it. When a natural is dislodged from its hiding place it does not float quietly along with the current for any great distance, but will seek shelter with its trembling jerky form of swimming. The imitation of this



## CLUB ACTIVITIES

### HARRISBURG JOHN HARRIS CHAPTER IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA, RECEIVES CHARTER

A new and permanent chapter of the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA came into existence on Wednesday June, 27th when the JOHN HARRIS Chapter of Harrisburg was formally presented with its charter. The presentation was made by Ross L. Leffler, president of the Pennsylvania Game Commission. In his remarks Mr. Leffler pointed out the national character of the League and its adaptability to further conservation work of national, state and local importance. He said that an educational program will contribute more to the solution of the pollution problem, which is one of the highest tasks of conservationists in all sections of the country. Selfishness, said Leffler, has caused many organizations which should have been dedicated to broad conservation programs, to fail. In Pennsylvania, the economic losses to the state are the primary concern of conservationists, the supply of game and fish are secondary. How well we plan for our youth depends on how well we plan for our future. In presenting the charter Leffler charged the John Harris Chapter with the responsibility of carrying out the policies and ideals for which the charter stands.

Howard Shilling, president of the State Division, welcomed the new chapter into membership in the State Division of the League. Shilling explained that "those who seek to exploit our resources are strong and often well organized. Therefore, we as conservationists, must present a formidable front and offer strong and effective resistance to those who would seek to destroy our natural resources for selfish personal gain."

Other chapters in the State were represented by—McConnell, Swanger, Border, Logan and Condo.

The following officers were elected for a term ending in January 1946: President, Russell W. Melton; secretary, Clarence F. Glessner; treasurer, Herbert C. Lauver; first vice-president, Edwin M. Wagner; second vice-president, Chalfont Ratcliff. Members chosen for the board of directors are: William Bennett, Paul D. Bodwell, Dr. Paul W. Eves, Richard Rauch, William E. Seel, W. F. Laskowski and Arthur L. Jerome.

### CONEWAGO ROD & GUN CLUB FOSTERS WATER SNAKE HUNT

Robert Greener, the Lancaster County Fish Warden, was present at the regular monthly meeting of the Conewago Rod and Gun Club, held in the Kennewood Hotel here on Wednesday night. He told the club members of the damage done to fish by the water snakes which live along Lancaster County streams. The State has adopted a plan to eliminate as many of these predators as possible, he announced, and offers a nice emblem to any boy or girl who, during the present season, kills ten or more water snakes. In order to qualify for the emblem, the boy or girl who kills a snake will present the head to George Doyle, at his store on South Market street. A record will be kept of the number killed by each one entering the campaign. When ten have been shown, the State will be notified, and the emblem will be issued to all persons who qualify. If in the Newville area, it was pointed out by club members, the heads can be shown to Howard Enck, who will keep the records there and see that the emblems are granted. Local Boy Scout and Girl Scout troops have been invited to take part in the program.

Blessed are the peacemakers; they will never be out of a job, and nobody will erect hideous bronze statues of them.

### WALTON LEAGUE FORMING AT FRANKLIN

46 Have Signed Up to Promote Conservation and Provide Better Fishing and Hunting

Considerable interest is being evidenced by the sportsmen of Franklin in the formation of a Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, a national organization of fishermen, hunters, and outdoor lovers handed together to work for and promote conservation in all its branches.

At this date the proposed chapter boasts a paid up membership of 46, and is most anxious to contact all persons who might be interested in lending some of their time and effort towards the improvement of local conditions in the fields and on the streams. Perhaps one of the possibilities most easily illustrated in this hope for improvement would be the case of Sugar Creek, which, since the demise of the Franklin Rod and Gun Club, has been stocked only a fraction as heavily as in years past, a condition the Ikes have high hopes and considerable assurance will be remedied before another season rolls around. Due to a very close cooperation of both national and state headquarters with local chapters, a supply of fish from both the state and Federal hatcheries will become available through the Franklin Chapter.

Present interest is centered in Charter Night, at which time sportsmen and conservationists of nation-wide fame will be here as speakers and to assist the local membership in such matters as the formation of policy and election of permanent officers.



Scene along French Creek in Chester County reveals part of stream improvement on this black bass stream

## Sportsmen May Unite in Developing Artificial Lake

THE Branch Valley Fish, Game and Forestry Association at its monthly meeting in Fraternity Temple, Perkasio, turned down a proposal to develop and maintain an artificial lake at the former White's Mill property, eight miles west of Perkasio. A committee appointed to investigate the proposal, headed by Charles Beer, reported that the development of the lake would entail a minimum expenditure of \$5000 and since, according to the proposal the terms of the lease would limit the club's tenure to ten years, the plan was dropped.

However, the same committee was instructed to investigate a proposal of the Sellersville Sportsmen's organization to have the two clubs unite in sponsoring the development of an artificial lake on Fifth Street, several hundred yards below the Consolidated High School. Plans of the proposed development were presented at the meeting, and the estimated cost is approximately \$5000. According to the plans, the tract embraces nearly ten acres, which with a six-foot breast just off of Fifth Street would flood nearly half the area. A higher breast is possible, with a proportionately greater area under water.

Any person becoming affiliated with the local chapter prior to the charter night dinner automatically becomes a charter member.

Let's go, sportsmen and sportswomen! Upon your efforts alone depends whatever worthwhile accomplishments may be secured for Franklin and vicinity. Let us get out and work together that we may pass on to the multitude of younger people at least as fair a chance of good sport as has been handed down to us.

### WEST SHORE SPORTSMEN MEET

Mr. Paul Baker, Chairman of the game committee, reported setting 150 ringneck eggs. These eggs are distributed to County farmers who

(Turn to Page 20)



## NYMPH FISHING

(Continued from Page 16)

All your ability in handling nymphs will avail you little if you are careless in your approach. If it can be done, reach the spot you intend to fish in such a way that you will not be seen by the trout. Do not walk heavy or produce a hard jar on the ground. The trout will feel the vibrations and become suspicious. Either one of the above will cause the trout to have its mind on you more than on the bait, even though it has not been frightened enough to run for cover. Wading in the stream should be avoided when possible as the vibrations of stones rubbing together will travel far in the water. Fast water will help eliminate these vibrations and also make it harder for trout to see you.

The most used method of fishing a nymph is to throw the lure across and slightly upstream and let it carry along naturally in the current. The swirling current sometimes imparts a very good movement to it, especially close to a rocky bottom where the large stones break the current and the water here twists and swirls, giving your nymph the appearance of struggling to get beneath the stones. Your line should be almost taut, but not enough to drag your nymph. Watch your line closely and if it stops, slows up, or acts in any way suspicious, strike with your wrist. Many times the signal will be given by your nymph bumping on the bottom, but quite often you will experience that thrill of tying into a nice trout. If you become a little careless or relax your vigilance, trout will take your nymph and spit it out before you are aware of it. Experience gives you a kind of sixth sense. This method keeps you keyed up and is very exacting.

If you do not feel anything or see anything suspicious until the current carries your line far enough down stream to where it begins to pull the nymph across current, let it pull around naturally or give it very slight jerks. If nothing happens until the line strikes the edge of the slower water near shore or an eddy, if there is one, start retrieving it very slowly with a short, jerky, trembling motion. This is to imitate a nymph swimming. After retrieving for about two or three feet let the line go slack, permitting the nymph to drift back about a foot or more and then start the retrieving again. Continue this method, keeping the nymph near the edge of the current until it is close enough to pick up for a new cast. The reason for this method is that the natural nymphs, when dislodged in the current, try to get under other rocks and on failing to do this swim towards shore where the current is slower and where they can find a new hiding place more readily. One of the favorite places for trout to lurk is where the current and eddy meet and I believe that they station themselves there to catch the unlucky nymphs that are forced to seek shelter there.

After flies start hatching in the spring and you have tried other methods of nymph fishing without much success, grease your leader from the line to within about three or four feet of the lure. From that point to the lure soak or soap the leader so the lower three or four feet will sink and the upper part will float. Now cast your lure above where you think the trout are lurking and let it float until your nymph is hanging straight down (being suspended by the dry part of your leader) and near where you think the trout are lying. Now, very gently give your rod tip a series of short trembling jerks. This will cause the nymph to struggle upwards towards the surface as the naturals do when about to transform into flies. This method is very effective and often takes trout when other means fail.

After trout start rising to the surface for their food, a good method is to fish your nymph just beneath the surface. Work your nymph very slowly and do not vary the speed of its travel. Trout will come twenty feet and hit your nymph. This method is good on quiet water such as large pools and lakes.

If you want to experience a dry fly thrill and still fish nymphs watch for a hatch of flies to come on and when the fish start rising, fish your nymphs dry. That is, fish them on the surface, or a few inches under will not matter. This often produces more trout than the dry fly and you will see the trout take the lure the same as with a dry fly.

Sometimes you will see trout rising and yet they will not take dry flies. They are feeding on nymphs just as these little insects reach the surface to change into flies. You will be surprised at what you can do with a nymph at a time like this. When you see a break cast your nymph neat, it and you will register 100%.

My favorite method is to fish the nymph upstream. This method is used a lot by George Harvey, one of the best nymph men I have ever seen in action, and it was he who started me on nymph fishing. Cast the lure upstream in the current and when you feel it strike bottom, or when the line slows against the current, give the tip of your rod three or four short jerks and then let it settle on the bottom again. Continue this until the cast is fished out. Sometimes when you think you are on bottom and start your jerks you will be tied into a trout. The general idea of this procedure is to imitate the nymph that has been dislodged from its shelter.

Nymph fishing will not only take many more fish than either the wet or dry fly, but it will take larger fish. The old lunker trout that seldom feed on the surface will readily strike your nymph. It is the kind of food that is most common to trout and if a fair imitation is used and is presented in a way that closely resembles the movement of natural nymphs, a good catch is assured.

Not so long ago I carried a number of varieties of nymphs with me when I went trouting. Now I carry four and do 80% of my fishing on two varieties—a may fly and a stone fly. These I have found successful on all the Pennsylvania streams I have fished.

## EELS, MYSTERY

(Continued from Page 15)

### Trap Types Numerous

The typical eel-man prides himself on the type of trap he builds and, while there are many deviations of the time-tested formula, the individual generally has his own pet theory and builds his trap with a skillful knowledge gleaned from experience and gives it many refinements of his own design.

Generally, however, the trap consists of a V-shaped dam built of stone, extending from one bank of the river and out into the stream as far as desired. The trap cannot extend from bank to bank, though, due to existing legislation and the fact that there must be a waterway for river boats.

At the apex of this V-shaped trap is an opening of from one and one-half to 10 feet in width, the latter being the maximum allowed by law. Connecting with, and immediately surrounding this opening, are the shoots—a series of channel-like steps into which the eel falls and is captured after his swift descent from the trap proper.

### Eel a Political Issue

At the end of the 19th century and during the early days of the 1900's, eel trapping in the Sus-

quehanna gained political prominence in Pennsylvania elections. From a food-producing standpoint the eel-fisherman was almost as important a figure as the farmer, and the damming of the river was always a political question of great import at election time.

The newly appointed Fish Commission decreed at one time that the trapping of eels and the use of "out-lines" in the inland waters of the State was illegal. However, the use of eel-traps was finally sanctioned, although the "out-lines" are still illegal. Present laws state in this respect that no traps shall be set above the Lyeoming County line on the west branch of the Susquehanna, nor above Pittston Boro on the north branch.

The "Algerines"—a group of watermen who retrieved unlashd logs from the great lumber rafts floating down the river—were credited for this legislation when the logging industry found more economical ways of transportation. When the rafts ceased coming down the river, these men betook themselves to fishing and eeling as a means of livelihood. —Philadelphia Record

## PENNSYLVANIA

When you're eraving, and raving, and eager to go  
To places of grandeur, splendor and show  
Remember Pennsylvania, it's a land you should  
see  
In the keystone state in the land of the free.

Where the bear roam the mountains,  
And the deer follow their trails  
And all kinds of wild life  
Roam its hillsides and vales.

Camp sites, play grounds, gorges and dells,  
Shore lines amid forests of pine scented smells  
Waterfalls, lakes, rivers and streams  
Enchantment, contentment, fulfilment of dreams.

It's a state that is calling for you to go,  
Through a land of amazement, contentment, and  
show  
I urge you to tour Pennsylvania some day  
Then you'll agree with these words that I say.

—J. LEON WELLS

A dull hook is the frequent cause of a lost fish, whether artificial lures or bait are being used. A slight sniek on a rock can break off the tiny point of even a large hook, so a few seconds spent in an inspection of the hook pays dividends. Often, also, a hook becomes dulled or bent out of shape. It can be sharpened with a small stone, but straightening a bent hook usually weakens it mortally.

*Hunters are easily fooled, says Ole Knutzen, of Wood County, Wis. Last autumn Ole made a dummy deer out of boards and burlap and set it up on his farm. At the end of the season it had 43 bullet holes in it.*

Last night I held a lovely hand  
A hand so soft and neat,  
I thought my heart would burst with joy  
So wildly did it beat.  
No other hand unto my heart  
Could greater solace bring  
Than the dear hand I held last night—  
Four aces and a king.

Elderly lady lunching in cafe:

"This rhubarb seems very stringy."

Waiter (politely): "Have you tried eating it with your veil up?"



MOTOR TROUBLE AT FISHERMEN'S CREEK.

YOU WOMEN ARE ALL MACHINISTS NOW! YOU FIX THE MOTOR WHILE WE MEN FISH!

JIM SAID THE MOTOR WAS MISSING, BUT IT'S RIGHT HERE!

BOY, THIS IS A SWELL WAY TO FISH! I SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF IT SOONER!

BUT IT'S NOT A WOMAN'S JOB TO CHANGE TIRES!

WOMEN HAVE EQUAL RIGHTS - YOU WANTED WOMAN SUFFRAGE--NOW SUFFER!

DO WE GET TIME-AND-A-HALF FOR OVERTIME?

I AGREE--A WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME--AND I WISH I WAS THERE!

SURE, I HAVE A FISHING LICENSE!

THEY USED TO RUN OUT OF GAS WHEN THEY WANTED TO PARK--NOW THEY HAVE MOTOR TROUBLE WHEN THEY WANT TO FISH!

IT MUST BE THE AFTER-MARRIAGE VERSION!

OKAY, THEN HAVE YOU A PRIORITY TO KETCH THAT?

AH! A PRETTY MILKMAID! A REALLY FEMININE FEMME!

AND I HAVE A LEFT-HOOK THAT'S STRICTLY NOT FEMININE!

BUY WAR BONDS





## FINE HOPE—FOUL RIVER

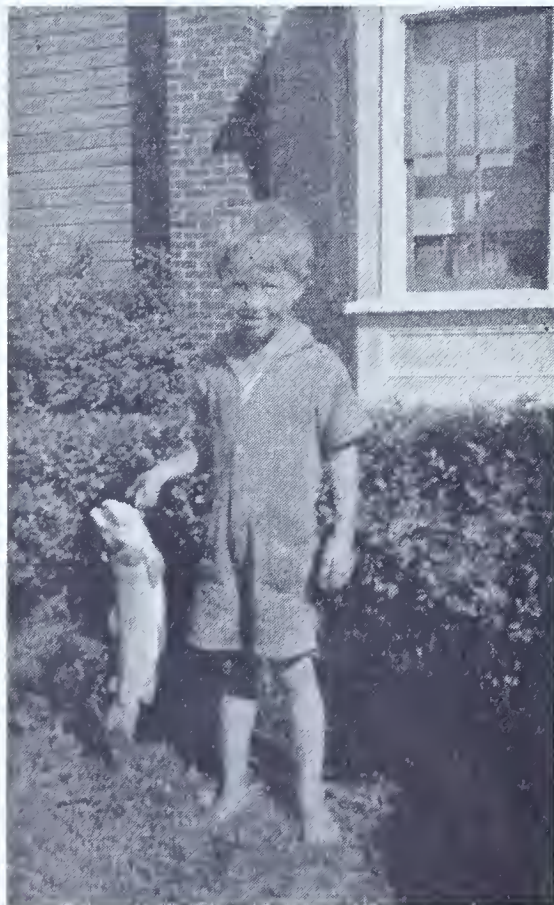
(Continued from Page 13)

his match into the water he saw an old man sitting on a small plot of soft grass beneath the fragrance of a fresh-flowered chestnut tree

"A cigarette, Monsieur?", the American asked.

The old Parisian turned his deep-lined face from its intent concentration upon the river. "But thanks, Monsieur," he replied. "I shall be delighted. I shall save it for my beloved grandson, when he returns from—," and he gestured with his thumb, back over his shoulder, toward the East. The American could not help seeing the shame and horror that were revealed in the Frenchman's blood-shot eyes.

Touched, he stooped down to pat the old man on his back and then he noticed, for the first time, a battered bamboo fishing pole, from which a strand of tattered line ran out into the slow-moving current.



Glen Harvey with 18" Brown Trout killed by pollution

"Ah, a fisherman!", he exclaimed. "Any luck, mon Pere?"

For a moment the angler's expression remained unchanged. "Ah, mais non, Monsieur. Pas du tout." And then a brief smile lighted his tired face. "But it was here, here precisely, in 1895, that I had ze bite magnifique!"

Often we say somewhat joshingly that fishermen are incurable optimists. Perhaps it might be somewhat closer to the truth to say that all good-hearted men are fundamentally optimistic, and that fishing may well be the thing upon which we can most happily seize to give expression to that inward sense of the rightness of things. This hope must surely be a remarkably difficult thing to destroy. Witness the old Frenchman, still waiting for a second "bite magnifique" in his part of the world where a degenerate foe has for generations sought to extend his own power by the destruction of the good earth and water of his neighbors. Look at that other old angler, the companion of Bill the cat, who still thinks of "lunkers" coming from a stream which

for generations has been permitted to degenerate into creeping foulness so that a few could line their pockets with cash at the expense of the people as a whole. In both these cases, of course, destruction has come about largely because of indifference by the ordinary citizen, who does not trouble about such things until it is almost too late. But something can still be done, if no further time is lost, to curb the ambitions of the greedy, whether these show themselves in the form of an entire nation seeking the overlordship of the world, or a small group of men to whom private profit is everything and the Devil take the people injured in the process of acquisition. In the final analysis there is little difference between a Nazi who destroys a town and a manufacturer who pollutes a river. The penalties and curbs placed upon the one ought, in justice, to be placed quite similarly upon the other, before it is too late.

## WEST SHORE MEET

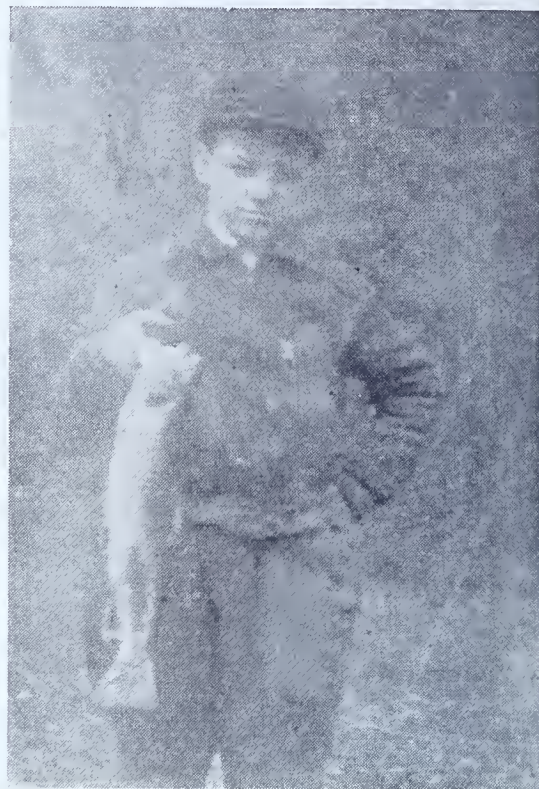
(Continued from Page 17)

use bantam hens to hatch them and raise them for the Club. An additional 300 young chicks will be raised by Club members and put on the Club refuge on Ray Stewart's Farm. Twenty-seven cock birds were liberated in Fairview Township, York Co. and some hens will be obtained later for release in lower Cumberland Co.

Seed plots planted by the Club are growing nicely.

Mr. Charles Fox, Chairman of the Fish Committee, reported on the stocking of trout in the Yellow Breeches Creek by the Pa. Fish Commission.

A petition was circulated among the members urging the establishment of fishways around the dams in the Susquehanna River to allow fish to migrate upstream.



Joseph Fuzie, age 15 of 17 Red Bird St., Portage and fine 20" brown trout he caught in Howell's Run near Ebensburg. Joe took him on a nightcrawler.

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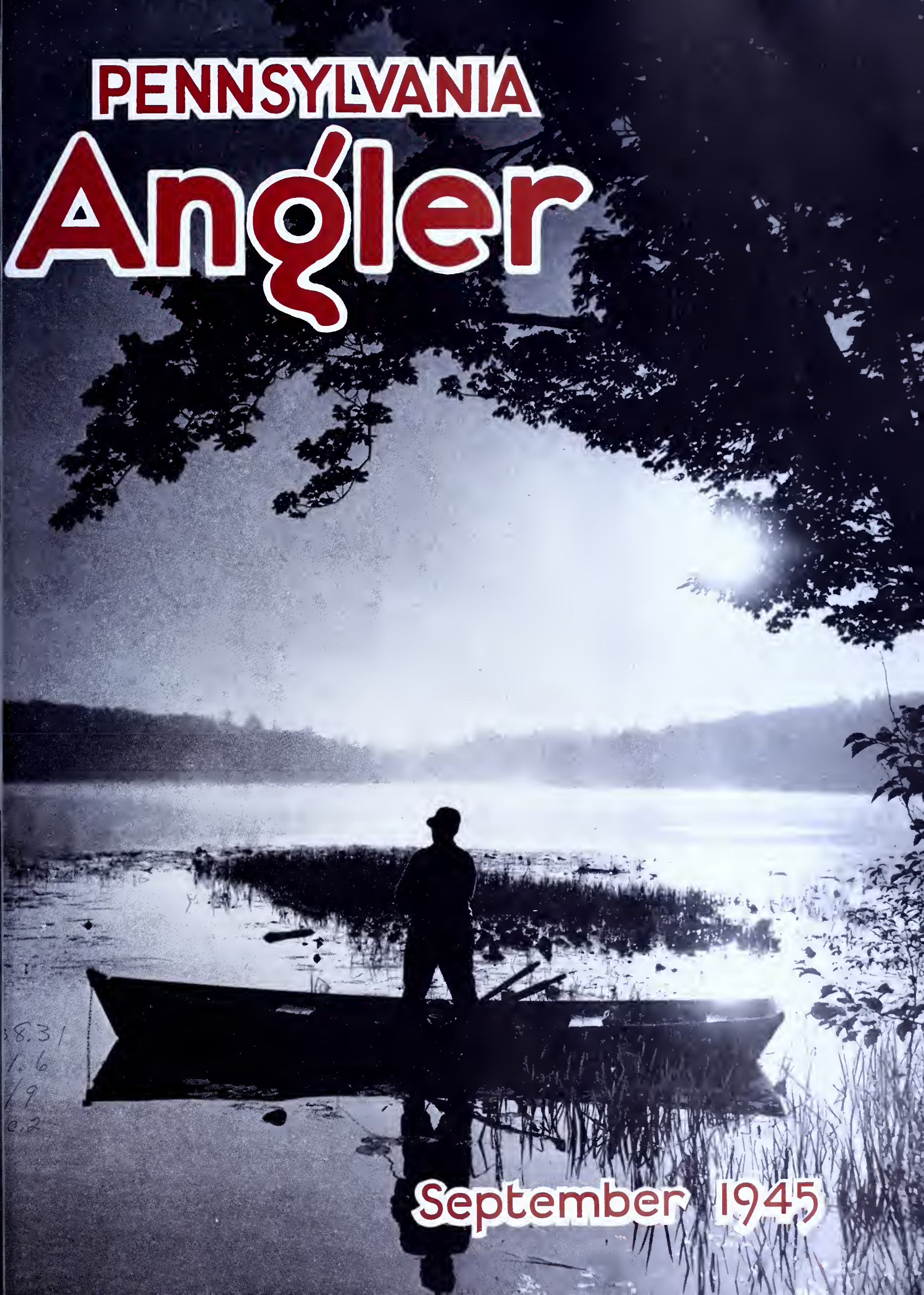
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# PENNSYLVANIA Angler



September 1945



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Governor

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# PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

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SEPTEMBER, 1945

## — COVER —

"SUNRISE ON GOOSE POND"  
(near Scranton)

PHOTO BY STANLEY OLDS  
Staff Phot'gr  
SCRANTONIAN-TRIBUNE  
SCRANTON, PA.

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### SHORT SEASON

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By DICK FORTNEY

### PICKEREL PICKPOCKETS

By LEON H. WALTER

### HONOR ROLL



## EDITORIAL

### GUEST EDITORIAL

*(In this issue the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER has invited the head of the Pennsylvania Division of the Izaak Walton League of America to be our guest on the editorial page.—Editor)*

Never, since it became apparent some years back that pollution, unchecked, would ultimately eliminate all aquatic life from the major streams within our state, have devotees of rod and line had such an opportunity, as there exists today, to perpetuate the grand sport of angling in Pennsylvania.

Today, we stand on the very threshold of real accomplishment in the long, hard struggle to rid our once beautiful Pennsylvania streams of the curse of pollution. To falter now would be disastrous! If we fail now to follow through the plans to remove the greater portion of the damaging wastes from the waterways of our state, it is entirely possible that the current stream-clearance program may be delayed for a decade or longer.

It is true that at present there are many signs pointing to the day in the not too distant future when our streams will again flow free and clean. Under the direction of a courageous Governor, with the aid of a farsighted, militant Attorney General, a much needed water conservation program is now in progress in Pennsylvania. It is, however, important to bear in mind that the whole, vast program is still in the early stages of development, and still highly vulnerable from many angles.

In view of the high stake we who are interested in clean streams, hold in the present more to control pollution, we can ill afford to relax for one moment in the effort to attain our final objective, (and we cannot be certain of our goal until hundreds of municipalities and industrial plants have actually installed sewage and waste treatment facilities).

Be not mistaken! There is still much to do before complete and final victory will be assured! (Now is NOT the time to lay down our arms along the pure streams front!)

HOWARD SMILLING  
President, Pennsylvania Division,  
Izaak Walton League of America



# FISHING TO CATCH FISH

By N. R. CASILLO



Mr. Casillo

**O**BVIOUSLY, the success or failure of a fishing trip depends on whether or not you catch fish. Admittedly, the other ingredients that go into the makeup of a day astream are important, but the primary objective is to inveigle fish into your creel.

When the stream is in *spate*, as the English angler would say, fly fishing is useless. And, unfortunately, since conditions cannot be made to conform to the day or days one has available for fishing, the angler must be prepared for any exigency.

A few seasons ago I encountered a chap who prided himself on being a fly fisherman; a dry fly devotee he emphasized. According to his recital it was old stuff for him to nearly always catch fish.

Our meeting place was on a stream that was flowing a bit heavy and roily because of recent rains. Naturally, our conversation gyrated about those things dear to the heart of fishermen. Before many minutes had passed I was impressed in no uncertain fashion that the chap was a real fly fishing purist.

Everything would have been just fine if something embarrassing to us both had not happened. When we paused to exchange piscatorial pleasantries he had leaned his rod against a streamside tree, not even bothering to lift his line from the water. There it was, trailing downstream in the smart current.

The inevitable happened. I say inevitable because a fish did grab whatever he had on and hooked itself in the bargain. After a sharp struggle he netted a nice eleven-inch brown. Even then everything would have been jake if the night crawler he was using had not slid up on the leader as they are wont to do.

"Nice going," I commented and continued on upstream.

You can formulate your own conclusions from the incident. As for me, I know of only one liberal-minded purist who has stuck by his convictions and not succumbed to the wiles of a finely proportioned night crawler even when the occasion literally screamed for it. He is content to go on whipping a chocolate and milk flood even though he knows that it will avail him nothing but a lot of practice. I might add that a "liberal minded" purist is one who admits the advantages of using bait on occasions, but who is too stubborn to do so himself.

Naturally, my comparison does not include those imperturbable members of exclusive and expensive fishing clubs who would not know how to use a worm even if they wanted to, nor those high caste members of our fraternity who consider it only short of sacrilegious to even mention the lowly creature. I am alluding only to those chaps who like myself like to catch a fish or two as well as to get out for the outing.

In this let me state that I agree with every argument that any fly fisher may project. This piece is not meant to be a re-hash of that hoary debate of fly *vs.* bait. I am for using a round peg for the same kind of a hole. Analogously, a deer hunter does not hunt his quarry with a shotgun loaded with bird shot. Neither do most fishermen postpone a trip because conditions forbid the use of fly equipment. Let me illustrate with a sample excursion.

For more than a week, between April the 10th and the 18th, to be exact, the weather was perfect. It was a period of unseasonably warm and dry days. Streams throughout western Pennsylvania were in mid-June trim; below normal height and seemingly clearer than the air above them. The worming season was attired in the very best of dry fly habiliments.

On the morning of the 19th, George Short and I were on our way to a well-known stream in the northwestern end of the state. We were jubilant until we reached the environs of Oil City. There the pavement was wet and the normally clear Oil Creek was slightly muddied. At Rouseville

roared and surged with a load of sediment heavy enough to float a potato. The use of any artificials seemed utterly ridiculous.

We stared at the water for a long time and then at each other. "Lucky I brought along some worms," I muttered.

"Oh, you're going to use worms are you?" George came back testily. And I could feel his eyes boring through me.

I might as well make a bold front of it I thought. "Sure, I'm going to use them. When in Rome do as the Romans do or something," I replied in some confusion.

"Do you have very many of them?" This time his voice had lost some of its acidity.

"About three dozen."

"Well, I'll stick to the bucktail anyway." With that he waded in and began stripping line.

After assembling my outfit I entered the water a reasonable distance behind my companion and began dunking the worm-baited hook in the brown murkiness.

Where do fish go in a high and muddy stream? And why? The usual good spots are seldom pro-



This spot is always good for a fish or two—Sliding Pool on the Caldwell

gullied gutters were even more disconcerting. When a Pleasantville citizen informed us that it had rained there for more than two hours earlier that morning, we drove the remaining five miles in a glum silence.

It was a foregone conclusion that the Caldwell would be muddy, but not as muddy as we found it. "We're just a couple of days too early," lamented George as we surveyed the sullen flood from atop the Selkirk Station bridge.

At an ancient clearing a mile above the bridge we parked the car and got out our tackle.

"I'll use a white bucktail and slay them anyway," reckoned my companion. But he reckoned without first having inspected the stretch of water skirting the far edge of the clearing.

Anyway, George bent the bucktail to his new leader and walked to the water's edge. I followed primarily to inspect the stream as well as to see how his lure looked in the turgid flood.

Turgid flood is putting it mildly. The stream

ductive. Perhaps, under the cover of the opaqueness the fish visit those places that they of necessity must forego when the water is sufficiently clear to disclose their movements.

Indeed, I didn't see the sign of a fish until I approached a spot that I was going to pass up. It was a wide bend around which the water sullenly flowed before flattening out into an even wider eddy. The latter shallowly covered a sandbar which was normally high and dry. Singularly however, humped against a convenient stump was a fisherman with his line dangling in what appeared to be the shallowest part of the eddy.

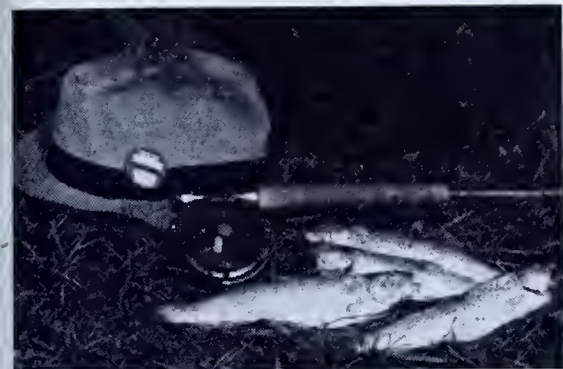
As I approached the lone figure his rod suddenly lurched downward. "Wow," I absently cried, "that's a fish!"

The fisherman got slowly to his feet, kicked his legs a couple of times to take out the kinks and then concentrated on his quarry.

"Must be a sucker," I observed.

"Maybe," came the laconic reply as the fish





George managed to lure this fine quartet of Caldwell Creek Browns from murky water with Bucktails.

dashed for deeper water on the other side of the stream.

"Couldn't be a trout, it's too big," I incredulously came back.

"Maybe," he repeated as he expertly swung the fish back into the eddy.

Because of the shallow water the fish fought nearer the surface, rolling for all the world like the big redhorse suckers that I had frequently hooked in nearby French Creek.

I was about to reiterate my observation when the fish rolled again, this time exposing a part of its flank. I gasped.

"Sucker nothing!" I exploded. "That's a big brown."

The fisherman merely grinned.

Without losing any time he began applying pressure and soon had the spent fish within reach. I looked on, rooted to the spot.

"I don't have a net with me," apologetically remarked the angler as the big fellow was dragged closer.

"Here, here, take mine," I replied, suddenly snapping out of my stupefaction.

In a twinkling it was all over and the fish spasmodically pounded the leaf mold with its broad caudal.

After dispatching the magnificent specimen by severing the backbone with a long-bladed knife inserted through the mouth, the stranger returned to his post.

"Why not take a whirl at it?" he asked as he swung the worm-baited hook into the water.

"Well," I hesitated.

"Maybe you don't fancy using worms?" he quickly added with a grin.

"If you don't mind I'll try it right here," I said, selecting a spot alongside of an alder bush at the tail end of the eddy. After getting set I extracted the tin of worms from a pocket of my fishing jacket.

"Oh, you've got worms?" asked my new friend in surprise.

I nodded and he smiled approvingly.

"I figured that a fellow decked out like you wouldn't so much as look at them," he chuckled.

"I use them on occasion," I admitted. "Can't say though that I've ever used them in water any thicker than this. It's beyond me how the fish can see anything."

"They don't. They just sort of grub around until they blunder on to the bait. When they take hold you won't believe it."

I didn't know what he implied by the last so I said nothing. My assumption however, was that the fish struck viciously.

Some minutes after wetting my line my companion turned to me and asked, "Can you see my line moving?"

After a brief scrutiny I admitted that I couldn't.

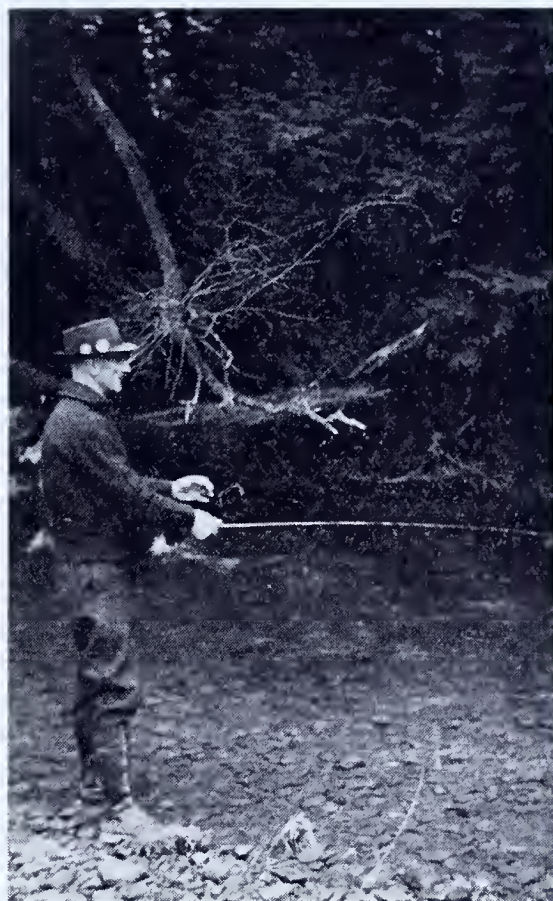
"Well, believe it or not, there's something fooling around my bait. If this one runs true to form he'll be at it for several minutes. I completely muffed my first two by striking too soon."

"How did the big one act?"

"Just like this one. More'n likely they're afraid to scoot around too fast in this soupy water."

While he was talking I noticed the almost imperceptible movements of my line. Under ordinary conditions I would have attributed it to gentle subsurface currents. But what I had heard plus my observations placed me on my mettle.

There is a thrill in the fervid strike of a trout when it smacks a fly from the surface. The small-mouth's predatory rush as it seeks to annex a surface lure has quickened countless hearts. A spring-run sucker's gentle play with the bait has tightened the throats of many expectant anglers. But the patience involved in out-waiting a brownie's sluggish sampling of a worm-baited hook in sullied spring waters is warranted to test the soul of any Waltonian. It calls for patience plus.



Fish Warden Ross Bailey who showed us where a big one lurked in the Caldwell, Warren County.

Vague as they were, the infinitesimal movements conveyed by my outfit were unmistakable. There was doubtlessly something alive fooling with its business end. However, I had some misgivings. A crayfish worked in much the same way.

By this time my companion had swung into action. He had hooked his fish and now it was cavorting about in high-handed style. The lack of enthusiasm in its strike was made up in its fight. A ten-inch fish, yes, even a trout, is nothing to crow about unless it justifies the crowing by its tactics. This one did.

In the meanwhile, those electrical twinges pulsating through my outfit continued. My companion's enthusiasm was contagious, and if a crayfish was tampering with my bait he was in dire danger of losing his front teeth.

The smart strike met momentary but surprising resistance. And it wasn't a crayfish. I glimpsed a broad, silvery back. The cry of delight which surged to my throat died there. The fish had thrown the hook and I retrieved a limp line.

"Didn't give him enough time," observed my friend as he expertly banked his ten-incher.



Whether using worms or flies the Trout angler should be equipped for any emergency.

By the time I got set again George appeared on the scene. Of course he was duly regaled with what had transpired, and the stranger, who turned out to be a fish warden from one of the southern counties, obligingly showed him his big fish. The result was that George got down to the business at hand. Worms were the order of the day.

George is one of those pent-up unfortunates who craves constant action. So, I was surprised to see him take to still fishing. It was the first time that I know of that he had broken over.

While George prepared his tackle the warden connected with another brown. What is more, something was again playing about my terminal tackle. I bided my time. After the warden had creeled another ten-incher I set the hook in my quarry. The fish arched from the water in as pretty a leap as was ever executed by any rainbow. But it was another brownie as its subsequent netting revealed; ten inches of well-conditioned fish.

By the time the warden and I had taken a total of five and four fish respectively, George blew up. "What in the Sam Hill ails my bait? I'm between you two guys," he growled.

"Maybe you have something on and don't know it," jibed the warden.

"You say what?" flared George. Then, "Whoops, there is something on at that!"

"Let him have it," we both advised.

"As some one else said 'I'll let him have it 'til it reaches the end of his subsequent anatomy,'" he grinned.

And he did. Indeed, he had to be reminded that his victim had in all probability digested the bait.

With that he tentatively tested the line. "There's something on, but it can't be very big," he dubiously muttered half to himself.

"Watch out," warned the warden, "my big one acted like that."

"But, I can feel this one and his wiggle or whatever it is is mighty feeble."

"Perhaps, that's a big fellow licking that bait," I put in.

"Anyway, here goes," cried George as he heaved on the line.

"Don't you feel anything now?" I asked as he wound the reel.

(Turn to Page 18)



# Small Stream Companionship

By R. L. WATTS

ALL of us of the angling fraternity delight to whip the larger open streams, with very few trees or other obstacles along the banks to interfere with free casting. In recent years, it has seemed that such streams have become especially popular and that the number of fishermen to be found on the smaller streams has steadily declined.

An experience which I enjoyed this summer on a very small mountain brook may be of interest to readers of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER. The stream flows through a narrow valley, with a dense stand of thrifty young beech, birch, hemlock, hornbeam and other species which provide ample shade and assure cold water throughout the summer for our most beautiful American fish, the native brook trout. Because of the dense shade, only a few small areas of the stream receive any sunshine.

On a hot afternoon in July I was lost from the world in mind and body in this little God-made fisherman's paradise and woodland temple. How good it was to be all alone with the knowledge, too, that no other fisherman was working the stream. Most of the pools were difficult to approach and even more difficult to reach with a fly without frightening the fish. But that didn't matter very much for I soon found myself lost or deeply absorbed in the charming and fascinating environments of the stream. The ferns appealed to me as being unusually luxuriant and beautiful. Dainty, delicately colored wild flowers were speaking to my seeing eyes. The trunks of the larger trees were so straight and grand and I could almost hear them say, some day you will need us but we hope not for war purposes. Small currents of pure, crystal clear water hurried over and around moss covered rocks into quiet pools, homes of speckled beauties. A couple of grouse startled me and a deer protested our trespassing in this splendid domain of superb wildlife. Truly I was in a temple not made by man and in a spirit of worship, too. Though all alone I was not lonesome, for I found warm and satisfying companionship in the environments of a lovely little woodland brook.

I am certain that anyone who has been patient



enough to read the foregoing comments, is ready to inquire, well, how about your fishing? In the first place, may it be known that I do not belong to that class of fishermen who claim they can have a perfect day on a stream without catching any fish. Although an ardent lover of all that's beautiful in nature, I must admit that the netting of a few speckled beauties is necessary to give me a perfect day. But my intense love of nature does add tremendously to the enjoyment of the day.

Late in the season, especially through July, brook trout seem to take special delight in flashing around your flies, just teasing you or pretending that they are hungry. Twenty-five fish rose in one pool but not one of them seemed to touch the fly. Of course the same fish might have risen several times. After trying various dry flies two or three legal fish were taken on Cahill.

Late in the afternoon the rumbling of thunder in the distance sounded good. Many times I have made fine catches during thunderstorms. A number 12 wet Cahill was substituted for the dry fly and it didn't take long to catch enough trout to satisfy an oldtimer. The fish were small, typical mountain stream specimens, but they gave the thrills which all anglers enjoy when taken with light tackle. Though most of my body was delightfully wet, I was as happy as a small kid as I followed the trail back to the car.

The policy of the Fish Commission is sound in restricting stocking mainly to the larger streams which rarely go dry during protracted drouths. But, let us not underestimate the great importance of the smaller tributaries which some people like to fish and which are essential for the maintenance of satisfactory conditions for aquatic life in the larger waters.

## GREAT OUTDOORS

### The Big One That Got Away—A Fish Story With a Twist

By HARRIS G. BRETH

THIS is the time of year, when the last days of the fishing season heave into sight, that avid anglers feel the urgent need for just one more jaunt, just one more try, just one more day along a stream before the long eight-and-a-half-month waiting period begins until the next legal trout period comes along. It seems to matter little whether the streams are low and clear, the water and the weather far too hot to augur well for luck, confirmed trouters have that yen to take their tackle and take their chances.

For some fortunate ones, the chance will be well taken, and they'll come home with the satisfactory feeling of success, perhaps a few trout resting in the bottom of a creel of hemlock twigs. Others will have their fun one way or another, even though lacking trout to show for their trouble.

#### The Hidden Places

Among most experienced late season fishermen, it is quite established that the place to go for this one last fling is not to the banks of the large, better known creeks and streams, but back into the hinterlands and the hills, where wee, tiny creeks splash and gurgle on their way down the mountains. These so-called "feeder" or headwater rivulets often can produce astounding luck, and a great percentage of them seldom feel the crunching steps of an angler after the first few weeks of the early season.

High and cold then, plenty of trouters crash the brush in the rush to take out those lovely, plump, fall-and-winter-fattened "native" speckled brook trout, the prized little "hemlock," with the beautiful fins and pink bellies. But in a short month, most of these tiny creeks have the wilder-

ness to themselves, as anglers turn to larger waters for bigger (but not better) trout, and room to exercise their fly rods.

Then finally, when the "big-stream" trout fall into the summer doldrums and anglers fail to inveigle them into hitting even with minnows and flies and live bait and the entire kit and kaboodle of lures, once again a few wise trouters turn back to the wilderness for sport . . . often with many startling happenstances.

#### A Strange Tale

Such as my friend, Rudy Schrot, of Clearfield near a summer camp of which he is a member, he decided to investigate a tiny babbling brook running down the hollow and fed by the camp spring. It was joined by the water from other mountain springs, and near the bottom of the hollow created a series of small pools among the tree roots and stumps and rocks before it entered a well-known trout stream. Imagine his surprise when he sighted a huge trout idly fanning itself in one of these wee pools!

Rudy was accompanied by his 4-year-old son, and great was the excitement for both when he



tendered a lure and the big trout took it. After a short, snappy battle, it was soon out on the bank, the largest trout Rudy ever had taken, a 20-inch beauty!

Leaving the fish in the custody of his little boy, Rudy took his basket and walked into the woods to make the right kind of a nest for it by gathering evergreen twigs. When he turned to return, he was just in time to see the young lad bend over, pick up the trout and give it a toss back toward the water. Although Rudy rushed to save his prize, the trout had other ideas, and, after landing on the edge of the creek, flopped quickly a few times and landed in the water, making good its peculiar escape.

#### Kid's a Sportsman

Now, most of us might have been severely disappointed to have that happen. But not my friend. Rudy is the proudest of father-anglers, because he says his young son is a real up-and-coming sport-fisherman, who at the tender age of 4 already has found 20-inch trout too small to bother with . . . and throws them back to become big enough for him to keep!

*If you fall into the water, no matter how cold the weather, build a fire, if possible, take off all your clothing, wring it as dry as possible, and then put it back on. You will be warmer afterward and may avoid a cold.*



A scene typical round about a Blue Heron rookery (breeding place). The partly digested fish regurgitations (vomit) tells its own story of the damage to fish liked by the Heron. The young were leaving the nest at this rookery at the time these photos were made by Robert Ford, Wildlife Photographer, of Homestead, Pennsylvania.

## WITH ROD AND LINE

By CLYDE ROLLER, Harrisburg Evening News

SOME unusually large fish have been taken in this area recently, and the catching of such specimens can be expected to stir up discussions regarding various matters having to do with fish life. One of the points that is likely to be taken up when such discussions get under way is that of the fish's age. It is rather interesting to speculate as to how long it took for some particularly large fish to attain the proportions that set him apart.

There is satisfaction in knowing that if it becomes necessary to establish the age of a fish, perhaps in order to end a debate on the matter, there is a means available for so doing. This method may seem somewhat familiar to those who have learned the age of a tree by counting the growth rings to be found on its stump, as it

involves a similar process, that of counting rings to be seen on the fish's scales.

However, perhaps it should be mentioned that computing the age of a fish by this method is likely to be a bit more complex than figuring a tree's age by its rings, because the markings are as a rule less distinct. This point is brought out in an article written some time ago by Jack Welch, writer on outdoor topics.

"To the naked eye the ordinary run of fish scales appear to have ridges running outward from the center rather than circular rings," Welch wrote. "These are called radii. However, under a microscope the concentric rings, or circuli, are plainly visible, and that's the way the counting should be done.

"Technicians are aided in this sort of research

by photographing the rings through a microscope. Strange as it might seem, the fish scale, like the cross section of a log, presents both Summer and Winter rings, and for the same reason. During the Winter, when growth is very slow, the circuli are crowded, while the greater growth during the warm season is indicated by a complete circle, which joins the ends of the incomplete circuli formed during the Winter."

This circulus, Welch goes on to explain, marks the completion of the annulus, or annual ring, and the age of the fish is learned by counting the annual rings made up of incomplete circuli and the circulus. The process of learning the age of a fish may be a little more complicated than this would indicate, but that's the general idea.

It has been established by scientists that not only can the age of a fish be learned by counting the ring scales but also most fishes can be identified by their scales. For instance, the scales of a bass are considerably different from those of a northern pike.

Incidentally, upon knowledge of such differences may depend the outcome of a court case recently reported as having been begun in Minnesota. A defendant in this case was charged with spearing northern pike out of season. He protested that he was spearing suckers, which would have been legal, but a warden testified that in grass nearby he found northern pike that had been speared.

The warden said he removed scales from one of the pike and also from the spear used by the defendant and sent them to the State fisheries research bureau, and the chief of the bureau testified that all the scales came from the same species of fish, with the annual rings proving the fish to have been four years old. As yet, we haven't learned the result of this court case, but the testimony indicates that the scales of a fish provide a key to considerable information for the person who is inclined and equipped to uncover it.

The oval or pear-shaped spinner is the favorite of most anglers. Those with long blades are more exact imitations of minnows, and the larger spinners have greater resistance to the water and must be fished much more slowly than the smaller types.



Falls at Ellendale Dam—Stoney Creek in Upper Dauphin County



# DDT—It Can Be a Boon or a Menace

By EDWIN WAY TEALE

IN THE MINNESOTA CONSERVATION VOLUNTEER

Condensed from NATURE MAGAZINE, this article will start you thinking

ON THE SHORE of a lonely lake in the Adirondacks, last August, I sat talking with a man who had just arrived in camp. Dragonflies were sweeping back and forth along the water's edge. Wild bees hummed from flower to flower. Butterflies fluttered in the sunshine. And from the forest trees behind us came the medley of the songbirds. But the newcomer was oblivious to all this wildlife. He was bursting with news, news of a magic dust—the wonder-killer, DDT.

"If," he told me enthusiastically, "if the state will only appropriate funds after the war, this whole Adirondacks region can be turned into a vacationist's paradise. Airplanes could spray the area repeatedly with DDT. Every fly, every mosquito, every pestiferous insect from one end of the region to the other could be wiped out!"

And so they might. There is no doubt about it, DDT has opened the way to wiping out insects over great areas. Given sufficient insecticide, airplanes and lackwit officials after the war, and we will be off with yelps of joy on a crusade against all the insects. Unless something is done to halt it, we are heading for a bug-blitz binge that will leave behind it a conservation headache of historic magnitude.

Yet, make no mistake about it, all the past monkeying with Nature's buzz-saw has produced nothing even remotely resembling the disaster that would attend the widespread and indiscriminate annihilation of these small and common creatures.

DDT—a name derived from the first letters of Dichloro-Diphenyl-Trichloroethane—is a compound introduced in 1939 by the 180-year-old dye and chemical house, J. R. Geigy, A.G., of Basle, Switzerland. The whole story of this potent dust is romantic and spectacular. It reached the market just in time to save the Swiss potato crop from the ravages of a newly-arrived army of Colorado potato beetles. Single-handed, it stopped in its tracks an epidemic of the dread typhus in southern Italy. In the Pacific, it wiped out local infestations of malarial mosquitoes. DDT, in one military emergency after another, has provided invaluable aid. It has proved itself one of the chemical heroes of the war. All this is true; yet, all this does not lessen its peacetime menace if wisdom is not employed in its use.

Unlike other insect poisons, DDT is not washed away by rains; it remains active for weeks. Moreover it is a two-edged weapon. It kills both by contact and as a stomach-poison. Just how it produces death is still something of a mystery. Flies walking across a sprayed strip of tablecloth begin to twitch, lose control of their limbs, have convulsions, and die. Because of the violence of the convulsions, one writer suggests that DDT might well stand for Double-Delirium-Tremens. Apparently, the higher nervous system is attacked. The same effects are noticed when larger doses are administered to fishes, frogs, and even to warm-blooded animals. Doctors of the U.S. Public Health Service have issued a warning that DDT may prove a health hazard and should be used with care. At this writing, government agencies are studying the

possible effect of the poison on bird-life. The compound has no warning color or taste, and its toxic effect is cumulative—that is, within limits, small doses add up into larger and fatal doses within the body of the victim.

Ralph Waldo Emerson once visualized a perfected Earth as being a place without spiders. Those who, today, would remold the world nearer to their hearts' desire with DDT, visualize their paradise as a realm devoid of this insect or that insect. They cherish an old, old illusion. They still imagine—in spite of a thousand bitter lessons to the contrary—that they can pull out threads here and there from the fabric of Nature without otherwise changing the web. If, and where, DDT can be used to combat specific injurious insects alone, it is likely to prove of great benefit to agriculture. But where it is broadcast indiscriminately, cutting a clean swath of insect life, its potentialities for harm are immense. In other words, DDT must always remain a "rifle" weapon instead of a "shotgun" weapon. It must be aimed at a specific bullseye in its peacetime use and must never be turned loose on a countryside. Dusting a field or wood from the air will have all the judicious foresight of machine-gunning a throng of friends in order to kill a fleeing bandit.

There are, among the more than 625,000 species of insects known to science, only a very small percent that are harmful to man or his possessions. A few years ago, when the U. S. Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Entomology listed all the insects that were then praying on the men, the domestic animals and the crops from one end of the country to the other, that list had a total of only 235 species! That is less than one-half of one percent of the species known to entomology. Besides the well-publicized injurious insects, there are immense numbers that are working day and night to help us. They are fighting endlessly on our side. And they would be among the first casualties in any bug blitz.

Besides the honeybee, other insects are invaluable as pollinators. It is the long tongue of the bumblebee that perpetuates red clover. When red clover was introduced into New Zealand, it failed to produce seed until bumblebees were established there, too. This relation of bumblebee and clover is so well known that Darwin pointed out, in an often-quoted paragraph, that there is a direct link between old maids in a village and the yield in clover-seed in the neighboring fields—old maids keep cats; cats catch field-mice; field-mice are enemies of the bumblebees and where their number decreases the bumblebees increase and the red clover flourishes. Such links run through the whole web of life. Yet, where DDT is turned loose on a large scale, the bumblebees, flies, butterflies, moths and other insects that pollinate the blooms of orchard, garden, forest, and field will be wiped out.

Besides the pollinators, there are infinite varieties of parasitic insects doing valiant battle in our behalf. Probably far more than fifty percent of all the insects prey upon other insects. Parasite-chains are numerous. An insect that preys upon another has a secondary parasite preying on it, and it, in turn, has a tertiary parasite dogging its footsteps. The insect world is a realm interminably divided against itself. It

is held in balance by a vast system of checks and balances that keeps any one species from running amuck. By planting immense areas to cotton, wheat, potatoes, and corn, we have ignored Nature's own system of diversified farming, and we have provided ideal conditions for the multiplication of such insects as the boll weevil, the chinch bug, the Colorado potato beetle and the corn borer. Under Nature's conditions, they never would have become important pests. With the application of super-insecticides on a wide scale, this upsetting of Nature's balance will be increased instead of diminished—for the predators and parasites, our invaluable allies, will be wiped out. Good and bad insects alike will go by the board.

In some instances, the good will go and the bad will stay. For example, in the Hood River region of the Northwest, orchardists who treated their apple trees with DDT discovered that, while they killed the codling moths, the woolly aphis began multiplying at an alarming rate. The compound apparently does not kill aphids. But it had killed the syrphus flies, the lace-wing flies and the hymenopterous parasites, which normally keep the plant-lice in check.

Almost invariably unexpected by-products make their appearance when man tries to interfere with the balances of Nature. Textbooks on ecology are filled with examples. In our ignorance of the interrelations of natural life, we are continually jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

Today, if you mention the need of conservation of insects, you will be greeted either by an incredulous stare, a long laugh, or a snort of derision. The present attitude toward these numerous creatures, most of them harmless or beneficial, echoes the attitude of pioneer America toward all wildlife. It is well to remember that early writers confidently predicted that the wildlife of America was sufficient to feed the whole world forever! That is something to ponder on in these days of dwindling species. The super-insecticides and the improved techniques being developed in this war can mean to the insects what the invention of gunpowder, the gasoline-engine, and the match have meant to larger forms of wildlife. Perhaps we could spare the passenger pigeon and the buffalo; but we cannot spare the insects. Eliminate only a very few kinds of insects, and the world as we know it would alter immeasurably.

At the rate of more than 500 acres an hour, after-the-war airplanes can scatter DDT over the countryside. But such a plane would leave behind it far more than the fine particles of insecticide settling to earth. Its effect, if carried to its ultimate conclusion, would alter the whole face of the earth beneath its wings. If the insects, the good, bad, and indifferent insects, were wiped out in a wide area, the effects would be felt for generations to come. Songbirds, depending upon insects, or on seeds mainly produced by the pollinating activity of insects, would flee the area. A winter stillness would fall over the woods and fields. There would be no katydids, no crickets, no churring grasshoppers or shrilling locusts, no bright-winged and vocal birds. Trout and other gamefish, poisoned by the DDT or starving as

(Turn to Page 18)



## Clean Water and Fish

Williamsport Views Proposed Fishways—from the Williamsport Sun

Sportsmen down on the lower reaches of the Susquehanna are circulating petitions asking that fishways be built around the great power dams near the mouth of the river, so that migratory fish may have access to the upper portions of the stream.

There was a day when shad came up from the Chesapeake, reaching points far up the stream. Michael Ross, for instance, when he laid out Williamsport a century and a half ago, placed such great value upon the shad fisheries that in selling river front lots, he reserved to himself and his heirs the right of taking such fish. White bass were another of the fish species formerly migrating from salt water into the Susquehanna.

The big dams downstream are not the only impediment to such migration. Pollution plays a big part in keeping the ocean fish out of streams into which instinct would naturally lead them. If fishways are built around the dams to allow fish to get around them, little benefit will be gained unless the river is freed of pollution so that the fish can survive a journey through its waters.

The state shows evidence of its intention to enforce stream betterment legislation and it may be that the condition of the Susquehanna may be so improved that the building of fishways will be worthwhile. Anthracite mine owners are being made aware that the state means business in the matter of eliminating or reducing the silting of streams, while municipalities are also learning that the state is in earnest in its insistence that sanitary sewage be eliminated from public waters.

Williamsport, it is revealed, is making plans in awareness that a sewage disposal system will be a postwar construction requirement, and municipalities which are indifferent to the state's notification to get busy with plans are to be called into hearings to explain their neglect.

If we get our rivers in such condition that it is really worth while to provide facilities for the migration of salt water fish species, we'll have accomplished something great for Pennsylvania, even though no fish avail themselves of the facilities.

## FISHERMEN FIND GREAT SPORT HELPING WARDENS STOCK STREAMS IN PENNSYLVANIA



Last Fish Stocking Expedition into Stoney Creek by Rail. L. S. Holtry (on truck) is transferring Trout in cans to Howard Roberts, Gilton (Tiny) Prosser and Group who placed them in stream above the dam.

*HATS OFF!*

*SLEEVES ROLLED!*

*WE WELCOME*

*THE BOYS—BACK HOME!*

## A FISHERMAN'S CATCH

A fisherman went fishing  
With his hook, and line and pole,  
He started out at misty dawn  
With music in his soul.

When he returned at twilight peace,  
His net was empty-handed,  
A little boy, inquiries made:  
"Please, Sir, what have you landed?"

"What have I landed? Nothing, Son,  
But I have caught a lot."  
"I'm sorry, Sir, I see your net,  
No fishes have you got."

"I caught the early sun, my boy,  
As it was waking up,  
I saw it stir the woodland folks,  
And dry the butter-cup.

"I caught a glimpse of the sun beam  
Dressed in a yellow frock;  
I caught the rhythm of a brook  
As it beat against the rock.

"I have a little knowledge, too,  
That nature love has taught;  
It isn't what your hands can hold—  
It's what your mind has caught."

—LOLA ALENA RAUCH, Dayton, Ohio

Arthur Fox, Sec'y Federated Sportsmen of Lancaster County assists in planting trout

Bob Greener, State Fish Warden of Lancaster, gets fine cooperation down Lancaster way





## PYMATUNING LAKE DEVELOPMENT DUE

DAM PROVIDES GOOD WATER SPORTS

Plans for the development of the Pymatuning Lake section in Crawford County as an extensive recreational area are being studied by the Pymatuning Lake Association and chambers of commerce in that territory, says the State Department of Commerce.

The lake, which has a shoreline of approximately 50 miles in Pennsylvania, is ideal for sailing, swimming, fishing and other water sports.

### Private Cottages Built

Many private cottages have been built in the vicinity and recently the State Legislature passed a law permitting the use of motor boats of limited horsepower on a great portion of the lake, reserving the one end for a wildlife sanctuary.

The State Fish Commission now is engaged in constructing a hatchery for the propagation of warm water fish which will further augment its present big program of recovery of warm water fishes from the lake.

### State Owns Shoreline

The State owns the entire shoreline in Pennsylvania which land is under the jurisdiction of the State Department of Forests and Waters, ownership ranging from half a mile from shoreline to more than a mile.

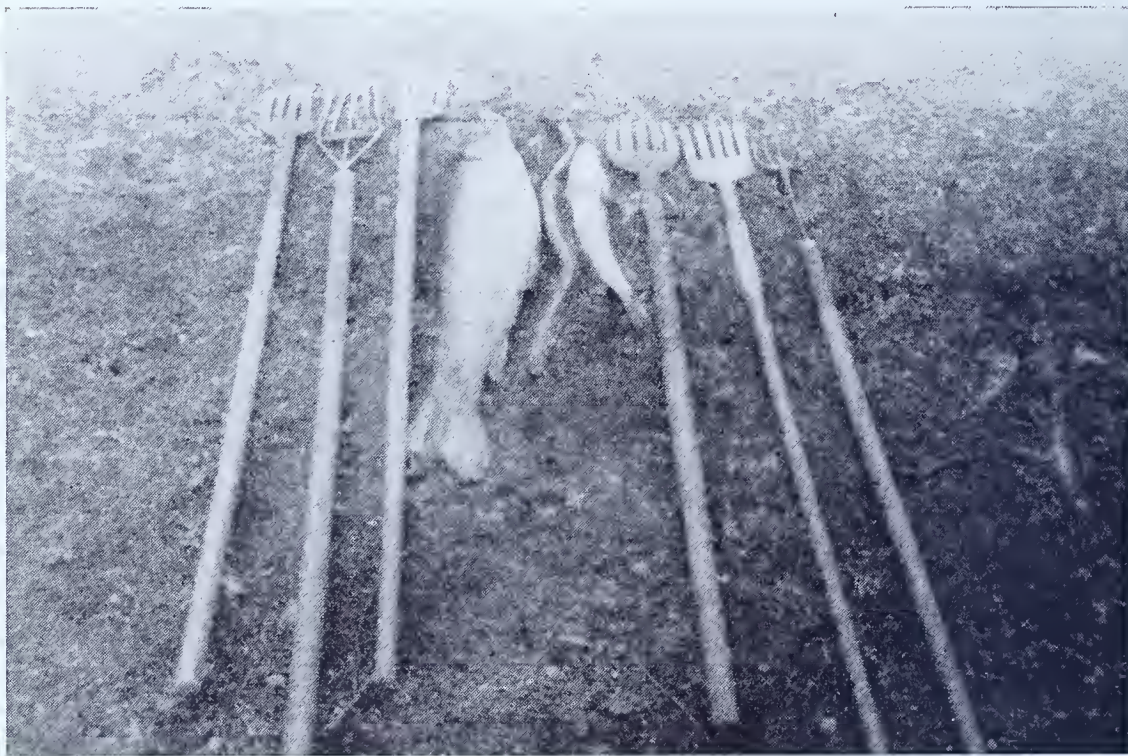
Business interests in Greenville, Jamestown, Espeyville, Westford, Linesville and other communities are at work on the plan.

Recently a meeting of interested groups was held in Greenville which meeting was addressed by a representative of the State Department of Commerce who had spent the entire day with leaders on a tour of the lake country. Other meetings are planned for the near future to make the area a still greater attraction to visitors and to provide sufficient accommodations.

7-lb. Catfish from Lake Erie off Shorewood Beach by "Chuck" Emerson of Erie



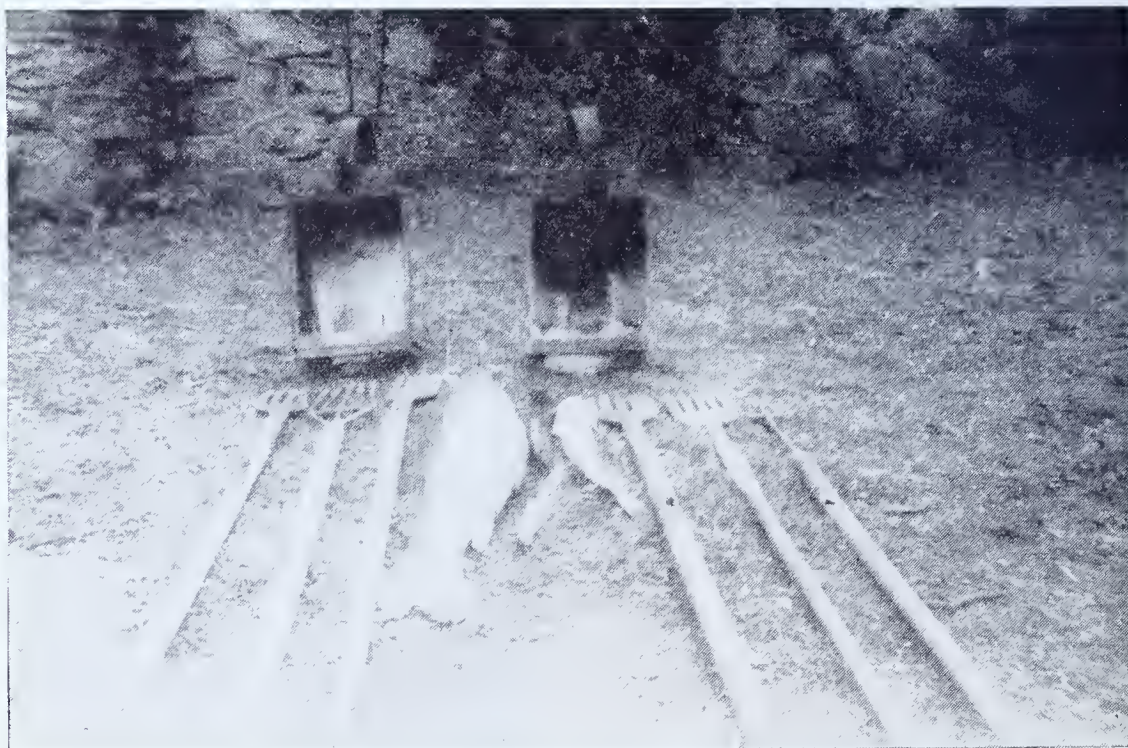
## WITH THE ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION



## Home-Made Equipment Confiscated by Warden Pyle

When State Fish Warden Horace A. Pyle of Coatesville and Deputy Fish Warden Hugh Ellis of Media apprehended three violators of the State Fish Laws recently, they brought to light some rather unique and interesting devices. For gigging and spearing fish in Crum Creek, James Alfred Weaver and John Burns of Broomal and Clint Wyatt of Media R.D. were haled before Justice of the Peace Collins of Broomal where the trio pleaded guilty and paid fines of \$20.00 each with costs.

Note the use of discarded oil cans and candles used for lamps, they and the spears were made by Burns upon his own admission. A carp, sucker and eel are pictured between the gigs.





# WATER, THE ORPHAN

## ARE WE TO BE COMPLETELY DAMMED?

By KENNETH A. REID, EDITOR—OUTDOOR AMERICA

### KILOWATT HOURS GOING TO WASTE

Perhaps so from the narrow viewpoint of the hydromaniac; but G. I. Joe will be more interested in the trout than the kilowatt hours.

IN OUR various Federal land agencies we have pretty good management of these lands in the interest of the whole American public. True, the management is not perfect and on occasion, we have to take issue with certain policies where private uses conflict with broad public uses; but, the central theme of management is to administer these Federal lands in the best interests of their owners, the whole American public, with private uses regulated so they may not seriously interfere with or subordinate broad public values.

But, with water, no such policy exists; yet water is more truly public than any other natural resource. *There is nowhere in our Federal Government any coordinated national water policy. Amongst the various agencies having jurisdiction or control over water, not one is charged by statute, or by settled policy under that statute, to give first consideration to the public values inherent in natural waters or to give them any protection.* On the contrary, such agencies as the Army Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation are authorized and directed by law to exploit certain artificial or new values in water for the benefit of special interests without any provision for protection of existing natural values and the public's right to their use and enjoyment.

The Bureau of Reclamation was created by Congress in 1902 for the purpose of irrigating desert areas of the public domain so these lands might be passed to private ownership capable of supporting human life. For all practical purposes, that job was completed some years ago at great expense to the taxpayers of the Nation, for the great majority of government irrigation projects have never repaid the government investment in them. Today, and for a number of years prior, the activities of the Bureau have been directed toward irrigating private land at public expense. Also today, after 43 years of scouring the country for the most attractive and feasible irrigation sites, those that remain to be developed are much less desirable and their cost per acre correspondingly higher. Accordingly, in order to continue to develop projects which are known in advance to be incapable of paying out, the Bureau is advocating the philosophy that irrigation projects benefit the whole country and therefore should be paid for by the whole public!

Long before the creation of the Bureau of Reclamation, the Army Engineer Corps was given jurisdiction over rivers for protection and development of water transportation and, secondarily, hydro-power and flood control. It is charged by Congress primarily, with maintaining navigation, and as we were informed by one Army Engineer at the hearing on the upper Mississippi River some years ago, they would discharge that duty to the letter even if it meant killing the last fish, the last muskrat and the last duck in the Mississippi River! Under the statute also, the Engineer Corps and the Federal Power Commission are authorized to file upon any sites on any of our rivers for the so-called "higher use" of hydro-power development. Similarly, under the Reclamation Act, irrigation is given a preferential status by authorizing the Commissioner of Reclamation, with the approval of the

Secretary of the Interior, to file upon any sites for the so-called "higher use" of irrigation. Under our antiquated laws favoring special interests, there is in fact no legal protection for broad public values in water. Consequently, the public is obliged to fight its own government to protect its own rivers from ruthless exploitation.

This legislation and the water management policies stemming from it are apparently the outgrowth of a narrow minded and ignorant philosophy that a natural river is of no value and its water is going to waste unless it is "harnessed" by man to generate kilowatt hours, diverted to irrigate desert lands, or canalized as an avenue for boats. We need to remove the blinders from our governmental mentors so they may recognize the biology of water as the primary function, and the rights of the whole public to the use and enjoyment of the resulting aquatic resources.

were no roads, no railroads, no automobiles and no aeroplanes. With the river systems constituting the only transportation system through the great bulk of the country, inland water transportation richly deserved the green light it received then. Today, with the greatest network of highways in the world, with railroads paralleling practically every important stream, and with air transportation rapidly assuming tremendous proportions, the picture is totally different. Yet the same old green light continues to clear the way for inland water transportation.

The Ocean, the Great Lakes and the larger rivers that are normally navigable and need only minor improvements and maintenance to make them navigable in fact, will probably always remain an important means of transportation, especially for the heavier, low-priced tonnage. Such water transportation is truly cheap trans-



Fishing Contest for children. Sponsored by the Izaak Walton League, Chapter No. 67 and the York Recreation Commission. Kiwanas Lake, York, Pa. Fish (Carp) furnished by the Penna. Fish Commission. 500 children attended. Prizes were awarded.

A review of the major utilitarian uses contemplated by the great engineering developments proposed for America's rivers from coast to coast may help in a clearer understanding of the public problems they present.

### Navigation

Navigation is described in law as the first use of water. At the time of the Continental Congress it was properly given the green light over other uses so nothing would be permitted to interfere with these vital arteries of commerce. Except for a few short roads on the eastern seaboard, there

portation; but, the idea that all water transportation is cheap is wholly erroneous. It is cheap only when the public absorbs the enormous capital cost and the annual maintenance of the elaborate inland water developments. We will wager that, if the carriers using the upper Mississippi were obliged to repay the capital investment with interest on a 40-year basis and to pay for the annual operating costs of locks, dams and overhead—all of which is now absorbed by Government, and that means all taxpayers—it would prove to be the costliest form of transportation

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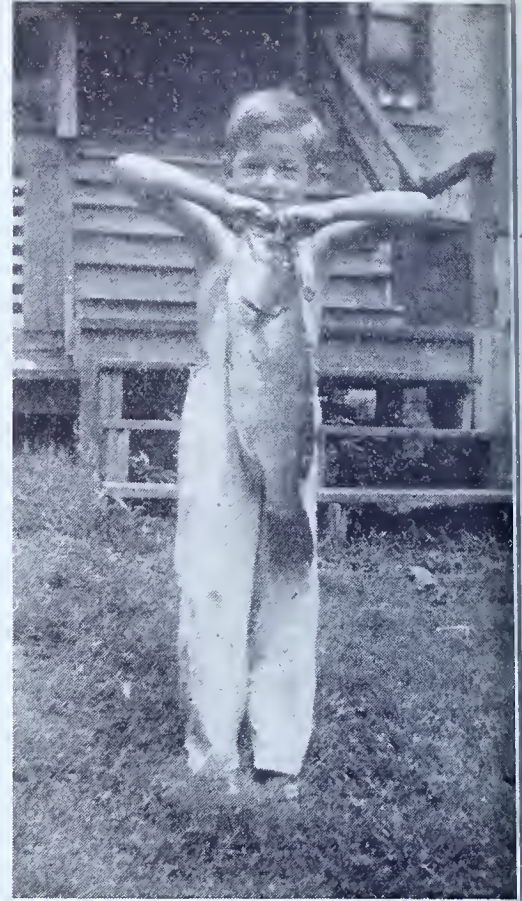
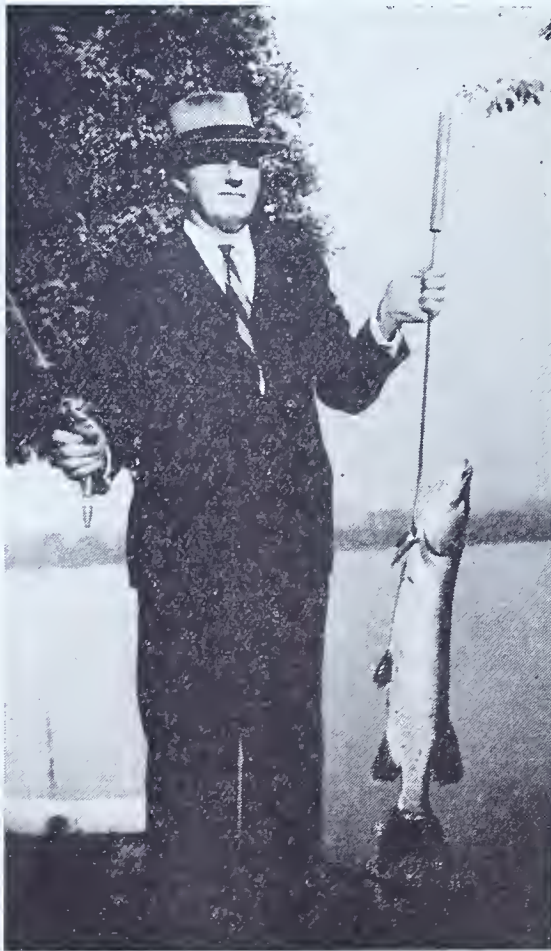


Albert "Birdie" Franko measures this 51-inch, 34-pound muskellunge he landed in the Shenango River at Slackwater opposite the Western Reserve Club grounds in Clarksville. Franko, fishing out of a flat-bottomed boat with Robert Young of Clarksville, Penna., was using a five-foot casting rod with a six-year-old pikey-minnow plug when he got the strike. Expert maneuvering of the steel-bottomed boat by Young enabled the angler to bring his prize to gaff after a 25-minute battle. However, the "muskie" exploded when the gaff hit him, and tore away, suffering a large gash in his side. Another five-minute battle resulted before the fish was brought alongside the boat and this time the two men landed him. Franko said the fish went straight to the bottom and laid there for several minutes when he was first hooked. He said the "muskie" broke water six times during the course of the battle. The fish is one of the largest ever reported caught here.

Ralph Lehman, York R. D. 2, and fine Susquehanna Walleye taken at Boeckels Boat Landing, Susquehanna River, York County side.



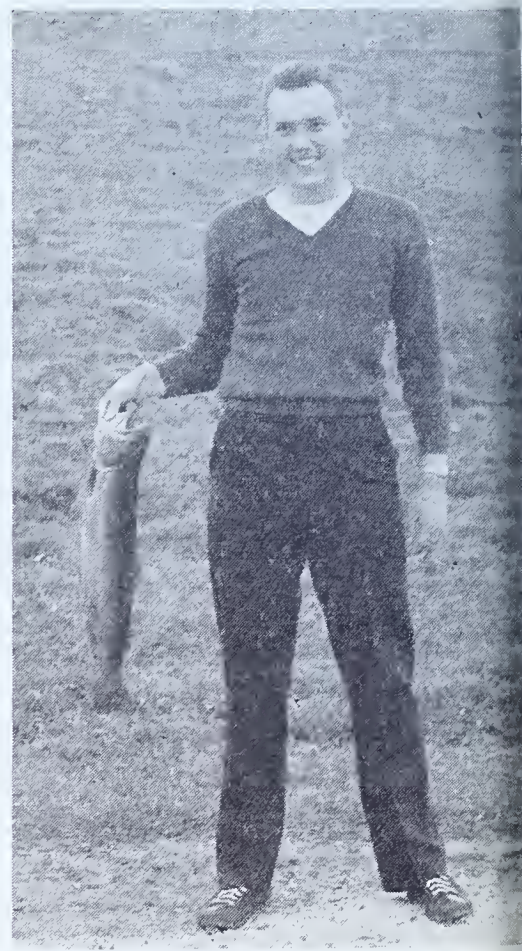
Fine 8 lb. Muskellunge and measuring 33 in. taken by H. C. Ellis of Marienville at Edinboro Lake.



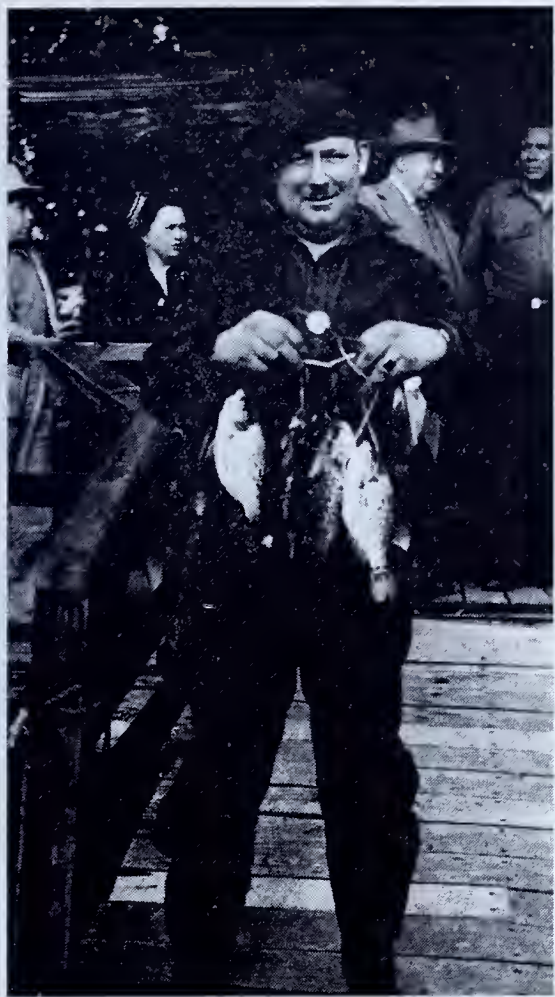
3½-lb., 19½-in. Smallmouth Black Bass Conneaut Lake, caught by Charles W. Van Miller, 109 5th St., Dravosburg, Pa.

## THE FIS

Lt. Warren B. Hopkins, former patient at V. Forge Hospital and 7¾-lb. trout he caught in V. Forge Veterans Pond.







Fine catch of Calicobass taken from Peninsula State Park Lagoons by E. Hutchinson 250, Penn Ave., Turtle Creek, Pa.

## G PARADE

Blue Gills and Rock Bass by B. M. Garner, Newcastle R. D., taken from Misery Bay, Lake Erie.



Nine-year-old George Taylor and 21-inch Trout he caught on improvised tackle—tree branch, piece of string and a worm—near Sharon, Pa.

Looking up-stream from Boeckels Boat Landing toward Holtwood Dam on Susquehanna River, York County side





# "SHORT SEASON"

By ARTHUR H. HEMZE

FOR 18 months previous to April 1944 I had been assigned as chief mechanic on the Air Force Training Program at Williamsport Municipal Field. April the 14th ended that pleasant stay. I had been re-assigned as a mechanic with the 59th A.A.F.F.T.D., Primary training school at Helena, Arkansas, and was expected at the base on April 22d.

My whole Pennsylvania fishing season, was planned by yours truly, to be jammed into two days of trout fishing with my two flight instructor pals, Harlow Thompson and Ed Blews.

Harlow and Ed were a pair of the most enthusiastic sportsmen I have ever encountered, among the hundreds of pilots I've come across in my four years with the Air Corps.

When the training planes were grounded due to bad weather, one could always find Harlow and Ed in the corner of the ground school classroom, tying a new fangled trout fly. They had hundreds of gorgeous trout flies and alongside of them, my meager stock of about a dozen patterns, looked pretty crumbly. Ed had an unquenchable thirst for pretty feathers and was continually on the hunt for them to build up his fly-tying stock.

Harlow's students would tell me that at 4000 feet while using one eye, he could spot a bass jumping in the Susquehanna, a deer browsing on Bald Eagle Mountain or a low flying mallard winging down the river. The other eye being constantly focused on his pupils' flight maneuvers.

I was determined to go to Rock Run or the upper Loyalsock for my opening day's fishing but those two schemers baited me with their glib tongues and finally persuaded me into accompanying them to "Fisherman's Paradise" on Spring Creek.

Now I didn't relish the thought of Spring Creek and its enormous "First Day" crowd of anglers,

but since our days of fishing together were few, I reluctantly decided to make the best of it.

Came the early pitch black hours of April the 15th, the pre-dawn hours that found hundreds of Pennsylvania homes being lighted up by its enthusiastic hoards of trout fishermen. The usual early morning hustle and bustle dispensed with, we were on our way. In the dark, damp air of the opening day morn we motored through Lock Haven and swept down the Bald Eagle valley to Bellefonte. The faint early morning dawn outlined the trout fishing metropolis and we drove along Spring Creek to "Fisherman's Paradise."

An early morning sprinkle of rain had dampened the countryside but not the enthusiasm of the multitude of fishermen clustered along the milky waters of the stream.

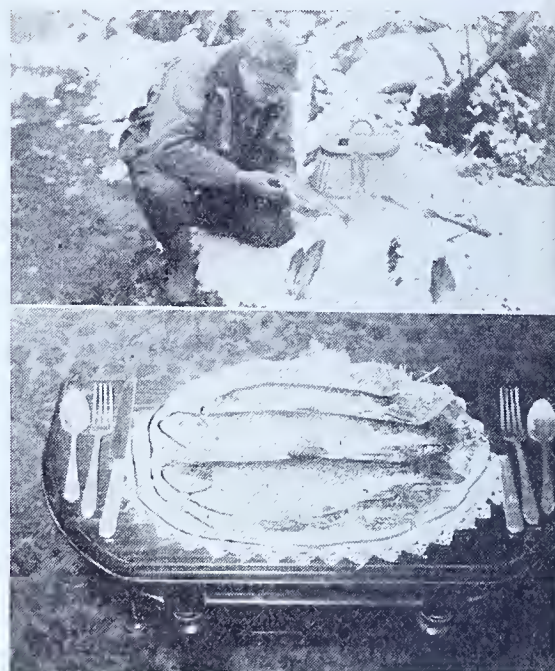
Fishing below the project limits on Spring Creek confines anglers to the regular Pennsylvania fishing laws and his 10 trout limit, but in the project special rules limit the angler to artificial bait with barbless hooks, a legal size trout must be 10 inches and to top it all no help from the audience in landing a whopper. But brother you should see those whoppers that the Fish Commission keep in that stretch of water. They make goose pimples rise on your flesh when they rise for your fly.

Driving through the entrance I parked among the dozens of cars and after assembling our tackle we registered for permission to fish the project.

Really and truly I can't remember a more enjoyable morning. I didn't make more than a couple dozen casts because I was so busy watching those kids, oldsters, coal miners and what have you land or lose those speckled beauties.

The enthusiasm of one angler struck me in particular. He really had a nice Rainbow on his line but the 18 inch beauty was bringing out the

Art Henze, and three Rock Run Trout



3 Rock Run Rainbows as Dad garnished them

amateur in the old boy. The angler slipped on the muddy clay and sat in the edge of the water. His casting rod lay under a few inches of the murky water. Hurling cpitlicts in Polish, grasping and fumbling he recovered the line and ran up the bank skidding the poor fish out of its habitat. It was a stout musky line and of course as you suspected that barbless hook was swallowed and our hero was all wet!

Occasional showers pattered over the stream but the rain-coated and rubber-booted fishermen kept at their favorite spots.

Of course Harlow and Ed tired of my gaping and gabbing had struck off by themselves. When I finally located them they shamed me into some more energetic fishing by their display of two beautiful Rainbows. The fish were almost twins and measured about 20 inches in length.

"Come on Art snap out of it and get yourself a couple of these whoppers," said Harlow. "Now use this black streamer I tied especially for this trip, and roll cast to the opposite bank." Choosing a likely looking spot I began to roll cast my fly to avoid the overhanging branches which adorned this thickly wooded part of the project.

Well sure enough my efforts were rewarded and in about 20 minutes two Rainbows lay in my fishing basket. The trout measured 16 and 18 inches in length and I was plenty well satisfied. This redeemed me as a fisherman, but of course Ed and Harlow took out a couple more beauties that dwarfed mine and copped the day's fishing laurels.

Toward late afternoon we headed into Bellefonte and had our dinner. Bellefonte is famous for its mammoth trout that lurk in Spring Creek which cuts through the heart of town. Now you few anglers who have never fed those monstrous trout have a real treat coming. But don't get any ideas of fishing that spot because it's strictly taboo. You would need a derrick anyhow to get those yard long trout up over that wall. It's a great race to see the Mallard ducks and big Brownies or Rainbows rush for a tasty morsel. Quite a few times the duck's head reached in the cavernous mouth of the trout for a morsel and miraculously jerked out before the door closed.

A perfect day ended, we headed for home. On the drive up the Bald Eagle valley plans were formed for the following day. This time I spoke up and had my way. "OK you fellows had your way today, now tomorrow we're going to Rock



Harlow looking over the Loyalsock

Harlow and Ed at Rock Run





Run and get some privacy in our trout fishing." No objections were raised to my ultimatum and we discussed plans for my last trout fishing trip of the season.

A few hours of shut eye and a couple of fishing nightmares later, found our trio assembled at the Airport. We didn't get away quite as early as the first morning but nevertheless we were eating up the distance between the Airport and Rock Run, before the street lights went out in Williamsport.

Rock Run is one of the prettiest trout streams I have ever fished in. It's a masterpiece of deep gorges molded by the rushing torrents of high water and Father Time. The stream drops hundreds of feet from its lofty tributaries and stretches of beautiful falls are in abundance. Imagine a cool deep gorge that the rays of the sun never penetrate; a swirling whirlpool with a back log of deep black water; large water-carved boulders and long flat cement-like rocks to walk on. That is walk till your feet decide to go on their own and leave you surprised and chagrined several yards farther on and a little closer to the rock.

It's quite an uphill grade to the upper waters of Rock Run and the narrow dirt road runs pretty close to the edge at times. I took the two jittery pilots up the twisting course like a dirt track specialist and what they had to say can't be written with anything but an asbestos pen.

"Pull over under that group of hemlocks, Art," said Harlow, after I had just rolled across a small wooden bridge.

Ed and Harlow as usual were outfitted and gone before I had my boots on, and as usual an exciting diversion popped up with yours truly chasing a fat old porcupine around the trees for a snapshot.

Pulling on my boots and rigging up my tackle I walked out on the bridge and peered down into the quiet waters below. You know how your eyes sort of focus like a pair of binoculars and you sort of have to peer into the depths a few seconds to eliminate that mirror surface of the water. Well lo and behold a dozen nice size Rainbows were lying motionless, in the usual head up-stream formation.

Determined to see what they were feeding on I stepped back and tossed a worm up stream, a dozen yards, and watched it sweep down into range of the Rainbows lurking below.

A silver flash and the worm disappeared. That's all I wanted to know, so detouring the hole I worked back down to a ledge of rock above the tumbling falls that fed the home of my intended victims. Keeping my silhouette out of the skyline I dropped my baited hook in the swirl of the falls and fed out line from my automatic reel. The worm went home like an express train and was gobbled up by a surprised Rainbow. The tussle was on and he really bent that fly-rod, but the firmly imbedded hook couldn't be spit out and I kept that slack up so he wouldn't have a chance to do it. Mr. Rainbow finally saw things my way and by careful maneuvering I worked him up to where my meat hooks claimed him for that ever present fishing basket. The trout measured 15 inches in length and was every inch a scrapper that makes trout fishing tops in my book.

The fish in the pool were no doubt disturbed so a sandwich was consumed to kill a little time. My packed lunch rarely ever lasts beyond 9:30 A.M. for either hunting or fishing trips. After 10 or 15 minutes I repeated the same casting formula and presto a 14-inch Rainbow was soon bunking with his buddy. Another sandwich, and, yes you guessed it, a 12-inch Rainbow made it a trio. "Boy is this easy," I muttered to myself. "I'll

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## FISHING FACILITIES FOR VETERANS AT DESHON HOSPITAL, BUTLER



OFFICIAL PHOTOS—U. S. ARMY

## STOCKING THE POND AT DESHON GENERAL HOSPITAL, BUTLER, PENNA.



Here, Troy Burns, Butler County's Sheriff is emptying a can of fighting beauties for the Soldier Boys.  
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New thoughts and peaceful relaxation

## Four-Pound Bass Leaps into Boat Near Liverpool

Bass Rock in the Susquehanna River, near Liverpool, Perry County, is a fisherman's paradise of a sort, and, it was disclosed, has produced the best fish story of the current bass season.

A number of anglers were trying their luck there recently when nine of the 15 guests in the nearby Edgar McLinn cottage, Shamrock, struck out from shore in a large rowboat "poled" by McLinn, of Progress, father of Sammy Mc-

Linn, widely known in football circles.

As fishermen wading the stream waited in vain for a strike, a bass weighing almost four pounds leaped out of the river and plumb into the boat.

The boat was scarcely three feet from shore at the time and the leaping fish barely missed causing a panic.

### LANDS LARGE TROUT

Ed Haugh, veteran fisherman of Milesburg, landed a 23½-inch brown trout while fishing at the Milesburg bridge, where Spring Creek enters Bald Eagle Creek. He was using a night-crawler as bait and it took Mr. Haugh about thirty minutes to tire out the trout and bring him to shore.

### LET'S SEE YOU BEAT IT

We had the pleasure of seeing the largest fish caught in Cameron County this year, says *The Cameron Co. Press*, when Ed Hartman of Cameron displayed a mammoth brown trout that measured 24½ inches and weighed well over four pounds.

Ed caught it on a soft shell crab in Hunt's Run a hundred yards above his sister's home early Monday morning. Young Billie Treese witnessed the battle and is still full of awe and wonder at the spectacle.

Ed also caught another in Hunt's Run a couple of weeks ago that measured 22 inches and weighed 4½ pounds.

### BOY GETS BIG FISH

Leroy Shipton, 14, caught a five-pound muskellunge while fishing in Sandy Lake. The fish measured 28 inches. In recent years Sandy Lake has made a fine comeback as a game-fishing resort with good catches of muskellunge and bass.

### LITTLE BOY, BIG FISH

A proud lad is Billie, 7-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Atlee Treese, of 801 Butler Street, Tarentum, Pa., who caught a fine trout, 24½ inches long in Clear Creek, near Emporium. It was a brown trout and weighed more than four pounds. It was Billie's biggest catch, of course, and now he's a confirmed disciple of Izaak Walton for life. Billie's mother was with him when he hooked the giant.

### 29-INCH TROUT REPORTED AT WILLIAMSPORT

A 29-inch brown trout, caught recently by Lester Schmohl, of Steam Valley, was reported to be the largest fish taken in Lycoming County this season.

He caught the fish at Blair's Dam on Loyalsock Creek.

### CAUGHT THIS TIME!

"One time that the big one didn't get away," says Private Chester H. Wagner, of Shrewsbury who caught a 14-pound carp last week in the Susquehanna River at York Furnace. Private Wagner, home on a 30-day furlough from the United States General hospital at Camp Pickett, Va., where he is convalescing as the result of wounds he received while fighting in the Po valley in Italy on April 19. Wagner has been in the service of his country for about a year and a half.

### BRADFORD ANGLERS LAND 47-INCH "MUSKIE" AT CHAUTAUQUA LAKE

Three Bradford anglers, Julius Rogalsky, John Picrotti and Phil Wolfe, are all smiles as the result of landing a forty-seven-inch muskellunge in the waters of Chautauqua Lake recently.

The "Muskie" is one of the biggest catches of the current season thereabouts.

### CAUGHT LARGE TROUT IN DONEGAL CREEK

Paul Farmer, East High Street, Elizabethtown, caught a 19½-inch German brown trout in the Donegal stream this season. It is believed to be the largest trout caught in this vicinity during 1945.

### SPORTSMEN PLAN FISHING PARADISE

Headed by Ex-Burgess, Harry Leyh of Jeannette, a committee representing the Arlington Sportsmen's Club, the Penn Rod and Gun Club, the Y Club and the McCullough and Claridge Sportsmen's Club met recently with J. A. Kell Secy. Forests and Waters with the idea of providing the Jeannette area with a "fishing paradise."

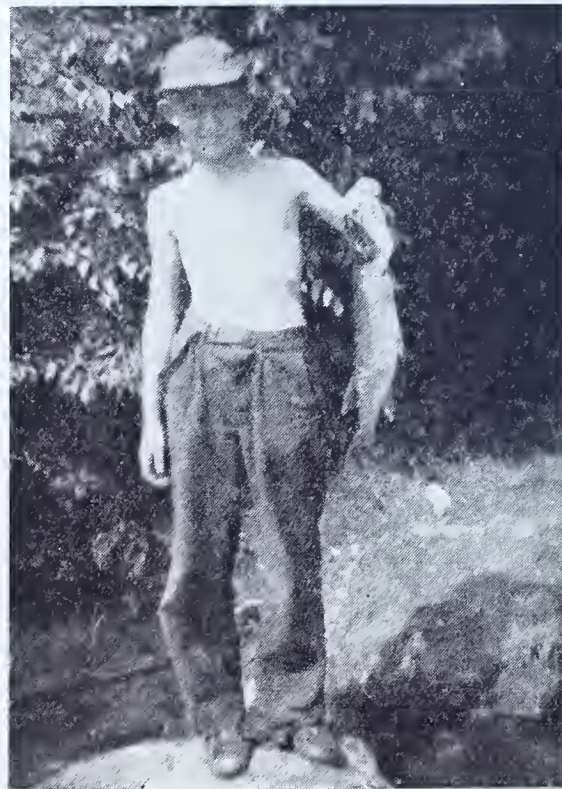
It was suggested that the dry dam north of the Elliott Co. be converted by filling it with 6 or 8 feet of water, stocking it with fish and providing a spot for the devotees of rod and line.

Mr. Leyh states that an appropriation of \$25,000 has been granted Bushy Run Park and with proper support, these plans can become a reality.

It was also suggested that land belonging to the state in the same valley as the dam be planted in trees and shrubbery and made into a game reservation annexed to Bushy Run.

The committee: Bill Miller, Bucky Walter, John Starcoski, Dominic Getto, Edw. Metollio, Geo. Dietz, John Laudadio, Bert Kepple, John Supansic, Andy Rizzardi, Jimmy Communal, Pete Albertoletti and John Numerick.

Billy Gouba of Shen, Pa. and fine 21-in. Pickerel he caught on a plug in Lake Wallenpaupack





## WATER, THE ORPHAN

(Continued from Page 9)

known to man as well as the slowest. By comparison, the proposed development of the Missouri River for navigation is more fantastic.

### Hydro Power

The picturesque falls and rapids of our rivers where a great volume of water drops to a considerably lower level in a short distance form the most attractive power sites. That is why so many of these natural beauties have already been destroyed by diverting the water around the falls or rapids to power houses below. However, the "Niagaras" located within a reasonable distance of a market are gone, and current hydro developments usually require large and expensive dams flooding great areas of river bottom above them which must be purchased or condemned in order to provide artificially the head and the volume of water needed to generate the power. Here again the idea that power is cheap simply because it is generated by water is quite erroneous. The great majority of power sites that government is now seeking to develop at public expense are those that were passed up by the private power companies in the past for the very good reason that they were not economically feasible. And meantime the efficiency of steam generation has been greatly increased.

Power dams have important effects on the rivers on which they are located. Where the power dam from which the water is taken to the turbines is supplied with auxiliary storage dams above, a reasonably constant water level may sometimes be maintained and, in that event, this impoundment may have important aquatic values. The auxiliary storage reservoirs, however, are practically worthless for anything except to supply additional water beyond the normal stream flow as needed for power generation, because their water level by such operation will vary from full to practically empty during each year. The effect on the river below is often equally bad, especially when hydro is used, as it commonly is, for peak load generation supplementing steam plants which provide the normal or base load output. The result of such intermittent use of hydro is alternately a flood or a trickle in the river below.

If we would reverse the process, installing smaller hydro turbines and using them for base load production with a constant flow throughout the 24 hours, and use the steam plants for the intermittent or peak load, the flow of the river below could be made more uniform than its natural flow with important benefits to aquatic resources while helping to level out both floods and droughts. But, from the single consideration of power, this reversal of steam and hydro is not as convenient and would entail some loss in efficiency. For instance, when the peak load demand comes with the opening up of big factories in the morning, it is met in the hydro plant by the mere throwing of a switch; in a steam plant it would have to be anticipated by perhaps half an hour of firing the boilers. However, the public benefits of the more even flow in the river below would more than compensate for this slight loss of efficiency in power.

### Reclamation

The very term is a misnomer. You can't "reclaim" something that never existed. Here the theory is to divert the water out of the river on to desert land to change it into irrigated farm land. In this process, many fine western trout rivers have been ruined by flooding from releases of storage dams above the diversion and by droughts in the river below. Also, where the irrigated

water seeps or flows back into the river, the temperature is often raised beyond the point required for the trout native to these streams. A particularly bad feature of some irrigation projects is the transcontinental diversions, where the water is permanently lost from its natural drainage.

As with hydro power, it is fair to say of irrigation that, after 43 years of developing the most favorable sites, the present and future irrigation proposals will not stand on their own economic feet. Capital mortgages of \$200 or \$300 an acre plus the annual water rentals thereafter to put water on the land are not at all uncommon, and on some projects this figure runs considerably higher.

### Drainage

After the sad record of drainage promotion through the middle West in the early part of this century, with thousands of acres of desert land in their wake, because much of the land drained proved unsuitable for farming or because drainage works were too expensive to maintain, one would think we had learned our lesson on drainage. Yet, we find further drainage one of the objectives in the Missouri Valley Authority bill, and the Bureau of Reclamation trying to expand its activities into the drainage field in which the Army Engineers are already too heavily engaged. Elimination of hundreds of thousands of acres of shallow lakes and swamps through drainage has been a potent factor in aggravating both floods and droughts by eliminating nature's sponges for absorbing flood waters and letting them out gradually. *It is utter nonsense for the same agency to be talking flood control when it is practicing drainage on an extensive scale in the same watershed.*

We couldn't help but think one day, when viewing the head of one very large new reservoir that would flood thousands of acres of existing farm land with shallow water, that if the Lord had put a natural lake there, such as will be created by the dam, the engineers and the promoters would not be happy until they had drained it to "reclaim" this valuable farm land!

### Flood Control

Flood control, within reason, has a proper place in any sound conservation program; but, the concept that floods are man-made and therefore man should eliminate them, is quite erroneous. True, man's activities in cutting the forest, clearing and tilling the land, building his cities, his roads and transportation systems, to say nothing of his wholesale drainage projects, have aggravated floods, and to the extent that he has aggravated them, it is proper to attempt corrective measures. Practically all of man's activities in agriculture, industry and transportation have aggravated floods, but we must not forget that floods are a part of nature and much of our richest farm land in the alluvial flood plains of the rivers are rich farm lands today because natural floods in past ages deposited their rich silt on the land. That floods are a part of nature is attested by De Soto's diary when he came up the Mississippi from the Gulf in 1541 and recorded "floods to the height of the tree tops for miles back from the river."

We once heard an Army Engineer pertinently sum up the matter as follows: "When we are honest with ourselves and get down to the bottom of the flood problem, about 90% of perennial flood damage is a result of man's damn foolishness in building his roads, railroads, factories, houses, farms and whatnot on land that plainly

belonged to the river. When he built there, the evidence that the river had used that land for flood purposes was plainly visible, and when that evidence is there you can be darn sure the river will again flood that land. *It would be much simpler and more economical to retire from human occupancy and use these perennially flooded river bottoms and give them back to the river for flood purposes.*"

The way to correct man's artificial aggravation of floods, is to go up on the watershed back from the river and correct those abuses—by restoration of swamps unwisely drained, reforestation and revegetation of denuded areas, gully check dams, highway runoff check dams, and thousands of small breather dams utilizing the natural dams formed by the fills of roads and highways to slow up the runoff of water from the land to the streams. These works would be attacking causes; the great concrete flood control dams on the main rivers are dealing with effects; and these latter are justified only after the former have been attended to.

Furthermore, in flood control plans we need to balance very carefully the value of the land permanently taken out of all agriculture and use under the fluctuating bosoms of these great flood control reservoirs, with the land in the valley below that is expected to be protected by these works. Large areas of our most fertile farm land have been permanently flooded in this manner for very questionable or occasional benefits to down river land. If we will do our work back from the watershed, slowing up the runoff of water before it gets to the river and checking the silt before it gets to the river, this great loss of valuable farm land will be minimized, and we will find that many of the main river dams will not be necessary.

### Multiple Purpose Dams

This term has been conveniently adopted by the promoters of large river developments as the economics of hydro-power and irrigation developments become less and less favorable at the leftover sites. The theory is that the same large dam, constructed we will say primarily for irrigation, will be of considerable benefit for hydro-power, navigation and flood control, so that under the multiple purpose title sizeable percentages of the cost are charged off to these other three purposes, materially reducing the cost left to be charged against the irrigation project. Since no cash return to the treasury is contemplated in government expenditures for navigation and flood control, this furnishes a very convenient method of bookkeeping, making it possible to justify on paper an irrigation or a power project that could not stand on its own economic feet.

As a matter of fact, one large dam could serve to a limited extent all four of these purposes, if its operation for the major purpose were sufficiently modified to permit it; but, in that case, its value for the primary purpose would be so seriously reduced as to be of little value, and an honest and accurate revision of the bookkeeping would bring about the same result as a frank statement of the costs and benefits to the one major purpose.

The principle of irrigation is to divert the water out of the river onto the land, thereby reducing the flow of the river, and sometimes eliminating it, below the diversion. The principle of navigation is to get all of the water possible drained into the main river channel as an avenue for boats. Obviously, the two interests are diametrically opposed.

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## THE SPORTSMEN'S CORNER

More on Fly Fishing for Bass Floating Lures Being Developed to Bring Action from the Small-Mouth

By DICK FORTNEY

**R**OUNDING out the discussion of fly fishing for bass, we turn today to consideration of the floating fly—and bump into a problem.

For while almost any pattern of wet fly will take bass, experiments quickly reveal that the dry fly is quite a different matter.

It is true, of course, that the trout angler often catches a bass, frequently a large one, while fishing for trout with dry flies—but the trout fly is not a consistently good bass fly.

### Action Is Necessary

The bass demands action in the dry fly, and that is scarcely possible with the small, delicately hackled trout dry flies. The liking for action, incidentally, seems to explain why streamers and flies fished with spinners are outstanding artificial lures for the small-mouth.

Designers of bass flies have solved the problem of a fly that will produce action and still remain floating. They build bass dry flies much larger than trout lures and manufacture them out of cork, deer hair, and balsa wood to give them floating quality.

The bassbug and hair frog are examples of this type of lure.

### Smaller Flies Goal

But the bug and frog are heavy lures and not exactly pleasant to use, and in recent years smaller floating lures have been devised. These are made of the same materials as the others, but they are much smaller and consequently lighter.

Some progress also is being made with dry flies of the same patterns as trout flies but considerably larger in size. The bivable Royal Coachman, the Cahills, and the Black Gnat have proved to be popular lures of this type.

And constant experiment is being conducted on new patterns of floating flies—patterns that will

some day probably be as popular and widely known among bass anglers as are the select dozen or two of the more than 600 recognized patterns of trout flies.

### Where to Fish Flies

Quiet pools, where there is just enough current to keep the lure in motion, are the best for dry fly fishing for bass. And the evening hours, when large insects are abroad and when bass can be seen bubbling the surface with their rises, is the time to fish.

But here again the technique differs from that used in trout fishing. The trout angler casts his fly and allows it to float with the current without any interference.

But the bass angler tries to make his floating fly look alive, causing it to flutter on the water or to skip over the surface in short hops by manipulation of the rod and line. The free floating fly often catches bass, of course, but best success results from a fly that is given some extra motion by the angler.

### Bass Are Free Strikers

The bass strikes freely at the floating fly, when it is used properly and the fish is in the mood, and usually takes it with a sucking sound that is music to the ears of the fisherman. And, since the bass is hooked only in the lips or mouth, it puts up a real battle before it is led to the landing net or regains its freedom.

Spot fishing is fine sport. That is, the angler watches a pool until he sees a bass rise, then drifts his fly over the spot. The bass usually will take the lure with a rush.

Finally, there is this consolation. If the bass are off their feed and refuse the lures (even as trout do at times), there are rockbass ready and willing to take the fly and put up a darned good battle for their liberty.

## Fuel Oil Which Ran Into Creek After Crash Kills Fish

The aftermath of an auto accident at the old toll gate on the New Holland pike recently was written in a report to the Fish Commission.

It recorded the death of a number of minnows and crayfish caused by fuel oil which drained into a nearby run after a tanker upset. The run, which empties into the Conestoga Creek, passed beneath the highway near the toll gate.

Fish life in the Conestoga Creek was also affected by the estimated 4,000 gallons of oil that was lost in the crash, but no dead fish were observed.

Fish Warden Bob Greener made the report after investigating reports that dead minnows were seen in the run and in the creek.

## FINED AFTER CHASE ON RIVER

Samuel Ortman, sixty, Washington Boro R1, was fined \$25 and costs for fishing without a license and \$20 and costs for fishing with an outline following a hearing before Alderman Wetzel of Lancaster.

Prosecution was brought by State Fish Warden Robert Greener who testified he pursued Ortman in a rowboat for an hour before apprehending him on an island in the Susquehanna River. He said Ortman was using an outline about 200 feet long and containing 30 hooks. Green added he would recommend that Ortman's fishing privileges be suspended for an indefinite period as a habitual violator.

## 13,762 PERSONS FISHED IN PARADISE THIS YEAR

Fisherman's Paradise closed a very successful season Saturday, July 14th, with a total of 13,762 fishermen for the season. This figure represents that many individuals and does not include more than one trip.

In the season just closed there were a total of 19,373 fish caught, of which 6,683 were killed and taken home.

Despite the large number of persons who fished in the project, only three were caught violating any of the rules and barred from the project for the season.

The record attendance was set in 1941 when 20,412 persons registered at the booth. Last year's attendance was 12,300.

## BOUNTY ON SNAKES

The Blair County Game, Fish and Forestry Association recently announced that it will pay a bounty of five cents each on all water snakes killed.

The offer is being made in an effort to reduce the number of snakes which are reported taking a heavy toll of fish.

There is no point in still-fishing with minnows unless they are kept alive while they are on the hook. The bait should be hooked just under the fin on the back, or through both lips, and in either case it will live and swim about for a long time.

*An old friend gives a tip on getting a leader to sink while fishing with a dry fly. Take the trouble to rub the slime from the body of a fish on the leader, and it will sink readily.*

## Bristol Fish & Game Association Sponsor Fishing Contest

NICK HUBINO Is the Winner at Event at Silver Lake LANDS 3-POUND BASS

**T**OP honors and a five-dollar prize went to Nick Hubino, 837 Pine Street, Bristol, when his 3-pound, 5-ounce large-mouth bass won the annual open fishing contest sponsored by the Bristol Fish & Game Protective Association at Silver Lake.

First prize honors in the juniors' division went to Paul Gerhart, Bensalem township, with his 1-pound, 4-ounce catfish entry.

About 350 men and boys participated in the contest, and, according to the committee in charge of the affair, it was the most successful contest ever held at the lake, with more fish caught than in any previous year.

In spite of a week of rainy weather, the lake was in very good condition. The afternoon shower, however, caused many of the fishermen to call it a day.

Hubino's record catch was made at five o'clock in the afternoon. Until that time Jerry Kelly, 806 Pine Street, was leading the adult division with his 2-pound, 15-ounce bass.

The winning entry was taken on live bait. Kelly's fish was taken early in the morning on a plug.

Paul Gerhart, winner of the boys' contest, rode his bicycle four miles to be on hand at 8 o'clock, the opening hour of the contest. He was still fishing as the contest closed at 7 o'clock. In addition to his winner, he caught a number of other fish.

All entries were weighed in by Ollie Hobbs, special fish warden, and chairman of the committee for the contest.



## "SHORT SEASON"

(Continued from Page 13)

get my limit and laugh in Harlow and Ed's face for the rest of the day."

A meatball sandwich and then a looping cast. Nothing happened! Over and over I repeated my worm drowning formula but to no avail. After several hundred worms drowned I climbed back on the bridge and peered into the waters. Sure enough the trout were still in the same formation. So back to my perch, but my further efforts proved fruitless. I tried every fly, spoon, worm and sandwich I had on me but the Rainbows were plenty smart and kept their mouths shut.

After 3 hours my patience ran out and I walked down the tumbling stream in search of my elusive fishing partners. Sure enough I found the two sprawled out on a large flat rock beside a deep dark pool. "Art my boy," said the crafty Harlow, "I can tell by that smug look on your mug that you have accidentally caught a small trout or two." This retort caused me to flap open my creel and display my prize. Harlow and Ed not having one trout between them were forced to admit I had been a bit lucky.

After a short slightly exaggerated story with all the motions thrown in we trekked back upstream to the old fishing hole. By golly the 3 of us spent the whole afternoon trying to outwit the trout but to no avail.

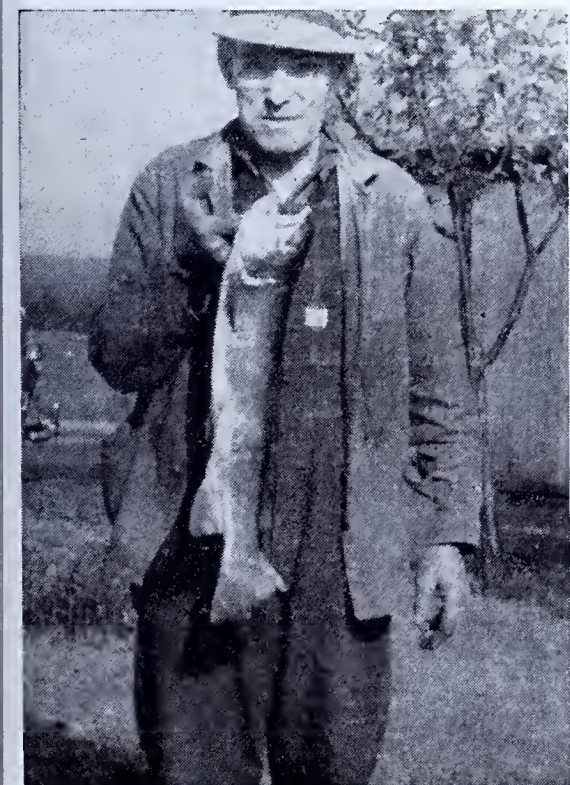
Toward four o'clock our gang left Rock Run and we had a try at the Loyalsock near Little Bear Creek. The water was a little high and roily so dusk ended our fishing with the day's honors going to yours truly.

That evening a grand fishing trio was dissolved and with a great deal of reluctance I bid all my old pals goodbye and loaded up the car for the first leg of my jaunt to Arkansas.

The season may have been "short" but it was "sweet"—and even after a year in the South I can still picture those Rainbows waiting for me, under that little bridge on Rock Run.

*Use of a gang hook in worm fishing does just one thing—it helps to hold the worm in place properly. The gang hook definitely has nothing to do with hooking the fish.*

Twenty-four inch long Rainbow caught by Chas. Boyd in Laurel Creek, Somerset County



# PICKEREL PICKPOCKETS

By LEON H. WALTER

EDITORIAL NOTE: *The short, short Pickerel Pickpockets is one of twelve original stories with a woodsy tang and unexpected endings, written and published by Leon H. Walter formerly of Pennsylvania. The volume entitled—"Outdoor Chuckles" is well worth its nominal cost.*

*Some twenty pages of well-written words of humor about fishing, hunting and trapping, beautifully presented and holding a charm of humor for the outdoorsmen of America.*

To—Leon H. Walter, 564 Madison Ave., Akron (2), Ohio—we extend our best wishes for success.

—J. A. B.

IF IT hadn't been for a pickpocketing pickerel from Promised Land Lake in Pike County I might be a plutocrat instead of a pauper.

Several years ago, before Lake Wallenpaupack became what it is now, I was out of a job but had about 600 smackers to tide me over until the tide turned my way again.

In fiddling around between fishing trips I answered one of those "blind" advertisements in which you write to a box number in a certain town and play hide and seek with somebody. This advertisement set forth that a prosperous, progressive mid-western firm was in need of a snappy young fellow for personnel director and efficiency expert and that in view of the great allure, the responsibility, the fine salary attached, the large number of expectant applicants and the necessity of shutting out just plain, trifling job seekers it would be necessary to post a bond of \$500.

Now I considered myself a pretty snappy young fellow and surely to gosh I had to be an efficiency expert to have more than 600 smackers salted away. I never had been much of a personnel director and never had tried my hand at efficiency experting but I did have the 500 bucks for bond and did need a job.

Come to think of it I'm pretty efficient too for I can even get the license papers into that little tin pocket, something like a concealed button-hole, on the back of the fishing license badge. I didn't tell them that but wrote my qualifications to that business firm in a business style.

I might have told them how I went coon hunting in strange territory on a black night without a compass and got all turned around but was efficient enough to get back to the car again—I followed the dog. I might have told them how I got the biggest buck in camp one season—it tried to jump between the crotch of a divided tree and got stuck. I might have told them how I got the limit in heavy bass one day—my hook brought up a fish bag that had got away from someone. But I was fair and honest and did not mention these things.

Pretty soon I got a letter back from the box number, still no name given, stating that I had high qualifications for the job and was being considered. Would I please send proof of ability to post \$500 as bond? And so I had my banker set that jack aside where even an efficiency expert like me couldn't get at it and he gave me a sworn slip showing that I had the wherewith.

Along about that time my brother got his vacation, decided he was just plain going to pieces, got the fishing bug and argued that we should go far afield to make some mighty catches. It was the first time in years that we had a chance to vacation together. After all he is my only brother and I wasn't doing anything much and I like to fish anyhow and he was willing to bear most of the expense so I could still keep that \$500 on ice. And so he told me to pick the place and we would get going.

On my road map of Pennsylvania I noticed a lot of small lakes marked in Pike, Monroe and Wayne Counties. In Pike County there was one pretty large blue spot which did not have any main roads leading into it, according to the map. I got a more detailed map and found that the spot was named Promised Land Lake—and I liked the name. Then I hunted around to get data on fishing conditions in that opposite end of the State and found that pickerel, bass, perch, catfish, etc., abound in those lakes for the taking—if you can take them.

And so I told my brother and he liked the idea and pretty soon we were off. But before we went I wrote a letter to that box number and told them I had been called East on some efficiency business and that my address would be Hawly, Pa. And then I wrote a postcard to the postmaster at Hawley, telling him that I was expecting urgent mail and that I could be located at Promised Land Lake between certain dates.

In those days the pair of tracks leading into the lake from the main highway on the west sported large rocks and stumps in the center, which stuck on the bottom of the car but we were hunting a place not easily reached and had found it. Arriving at Promised Land Lake we found that a better road led in from Hawly, that there was a boat livery and store at the lake, a forest ranger station and free camping ground.

All that day, that evening and the next day we cast and trolled plugs, spinners and spoons in an effort to lure pickerel into the boat. We got a heavy coat of sunburn, saw deer come daintily out of the woods and wade along the shore to feed, spent a lot of time trying to cure the hunger which gnawed constantly, admired the stump dotted expanse of water, surmised there might be fish in the lake, wished we had some and saw natives with nice strings of pickerel.

We did dig some worms and get some of the scrappiest, heaviest perch that I ever connected and got some highly palatable bullheads, but nary a pickerel plinked our plugs. Those pickerel, or lack of them, had us provoked and peeved.

There was one fellow in particular who had a nice catch every time he went out so we decided to study his methods and watched where he fished. We found he used a long, fairly stiff bamboo rod, anchored where there was current through the stumps and weeds and fished with live bait. Accordingly we put away the casting rods and lures, rented Pike County fishing outfits at the boat livery and bought minnows. The bait man showed us how to hook them under the skin of the back fin to leave them swim natural.

We borrowed that native's favorite stand and the action started right way. But we kept catching perch and missing the pickerel and found

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## FISHING TO CATCH

(Continued from Page 3)

But he didn't answer. His eyes as well as mine literally popped as a grotesquely puffed little form came to the surface. It had a cherubic little face and wing-like pectorals. It was a Johnny darter not much more than three inches long, and hanging onto a loose end of the worm with all its tiny might.

I thought George would blow a gasket. "Well, I'll be a so-and-so if I didn't go and catch myself a blasted sea robin," he finally exploded.

The warden and I roared.

"And it serves me right for using a worm," added the erstwhile fly fisher. "Worm fishing for trout—bah!" he concluded.

As George indulged in his tirade he absently permitted the four or five feet of line from which the impaled worm still dangled to drop back into the water. Subsequently, upon pulling out imagine his feelings to find another darter or possibly the same one, grimly hanging to the worm.

"This is enough," he fumed as he gripped the little fellow and tossed it none too gently back into its element.

At the precise spot where the diminutive fish hit the surface there occurred a sudden splash. A broad back flashed momentarily in the bright sunlight and then tipped back into the water. Coincidences are common but that is one I shall never forget.

"If that minnie had been on the hook—wow!" eloquently exploded the warden.

George had had enough. Picking up his outfit he started upstream mumbling to himself.

The stream cleared rapidly. By four o'clock it had subsided to nearly normal spring height while its water was sufficiently clear to permit the use of light-colored lures. I might mention that most streams in this section (and I suppose in others too), carrying sand sediment clear quickly. Clay is the stuff that confounds anglers.

Anyway, when I again encountered George he had a quartet of browns that were positively beautiful.

"Caught 'em on bucktails too," he said proudly as he laid them out on the fresh turf for me to admire. And the copy-book maxim that surged to my lips froze there, for I knew full well that he would have been as proud had he caught them on worms.

## DDT

(Continued from Page 6)

the insects disappeared, would die in the lakes and mountain streams. Wildflowers, in all the infinite variety of their forms and shades, would gradually disappear from the openings and the hillsides. The landscape would become drab, clad in grays and greens and browns. Sweeping across the gardens and orchards of the area, a mysterious blight would cut the yield. Pumpkins and squash, apples and peaches, all the produce which depends upon the pollen-carrying work of the insects, would suddenly skyrocket in price. Seed would become worth its weight in gold and the value of farmlands would plunge downward. No drought, no flood, no hurricane could cause the widespread disaster that would follow in the train of the annihilation of the insects.

And that vacationist's paradise my acquaintance in the Adirondacks spoke so glibly of—what of it? It would be a paradise without blooming plants; without the perfume of flowers on the night air. It would be a paradise without the flash of a songbird's wing or the bright lilt of a songbird's voice. It would be a paradise without trout leaping from the brooks and lakes. It would

be a paradise without the color of the butterfly's wing or the swift grace of the dragonfly or the busy hum of the wild bee. It would be a paradise without the distant croaking of the frogs or the long spring trill of the hylas. It would, it is true, be a paradise without gnats and mosquitoes and flies. But few people would notice this for they would be taking their vacations elsewhere. The DDT-produced paradise would have become an ex-paradise standing as a monument—a drab and dreary monument—to man's unteachable folly.

(The complete article, of which this is a condensation appeared in the March, 1945, issue of *Nature Magazine*, published at 1214 16th Street, NW, Washington, D. C.)

## WATER, THE ORPHAN

(Continued from Page 15)

For hydro-power, the optimum condition is to have a full head of water behind the dam as nearly all of the time as possible. For maximum efficiency in flood control, the idea is to have the dam as nearly empty, as nearly all the time as possible so the storage capacity will be there to catch the floods when they come. So, hydro-power and flood control are also diametrically opposed. The most important function of the "multiple purpose" dam is to provide a convenient method of bookkeeping for economically unsound projects and hide the actual facts from the public which pays the bills.

### The Old Shell Game

The present system of promoting gigantic river developments is an adaptation of the old shell game; but in the new shell game there are four instead of three shells, labeled hydro-power, navigation, irrigation and flood control; and the victim in this case, as the promoters adroitly shift the engineering pea from one shell to another depending upon which way the wind of public sentiment seems to be blowing, is the whole American public rather than a single individual. Hydro-power is the real motive underlying many proposals presented to the public under one or more of the three other banners.

### Effect on Aquatic Resources

A large dam may be either a public asset or a public liability depending on a number of factors. First and foremost is the value of the river in its natural state. Is it a clear, perennial stream, rich in aquatic and aesthetic values, or a muddy, silt laden, intermittent stream, very low in the scale? If the former, important public aquatic values will doubtless be destroyed and it is unlikely that the impoundment itself will compensate for this loss. In the latter, where there is little to lose or destroy, it is quite possible that aquatic values resulting from the impoundment, if proper consideration is given to maintaining reasonably stable water levels, may be greater than before.

In general large dams and diversions in mountain and forested areas will be destructive of important aquatic values, and in many cases these values are paramount to any new values created by the dam, even if the plans are modified to give them every consideration. Clearly, in these instances, no dam should be built. The proposed trans-mountain diversion of the Gunnison River in Colorado, the proposed dams on the Rogue River in Oregon, the Salmon and the Snake in Idaho and many other western rivers where the runs of salmon and steelhead would be exterminated thereby, are a few examples of this type.

Generally speaking, the rivers in the planes area east of the Rocky Mountains would fall in the second category. Here many of the proposals with proper consideration for aquatic resources in their planning, construction and operation, may well be expected to enhance rather than diminish these values. But on the other hand, impoundment of heavily silt laden streams in advance of erosion control measures on the watershed to check the silt, is of dubious value because the accumulating silt deposits will fill and destroy the reservoirs within a comparatively few years.

### Demand and Supply

But entirely aside from the effect on aquatic resources and the economics of the construction costs compared with the expected benefits, these dam building projects should be required to answer affirmatively the question: *Is the project needed?* The assumption seems to be that bringing additional acreage under agriculture and producing additional power will unquestionably be a fine thing for the country and bring happiness and prosperity to millions of people. But will it?

As to farm land, America today with her present farm acreage has supplied the Nation's food needs, the needs of our armies abroad, supplied untold amounts to lend-lease, and has built up huge military reserves. What in the world would we do with the additional food from the additional land when the abnormal demand of war is over and war torn countries will be back on the soil producing their own food? Do we want to deliberately invite over-production so we can again pay farmers not to raise crops?

Similarly, present power production facilities have taken care of the abnormal war demand. What would we do with the power from hundreds of additional dams after war production ceases?

Attempts to justify *post-war* irrigation and power projects on the basis of *present war-time demand* are completely fallacious, as from two to five years would elapse during the construction period before a single acre of the irrigated land could produce a pound of food or a single kilowatt hour could be generated. By that time our problem will be to find markets for our present production of both.

### Public Protests

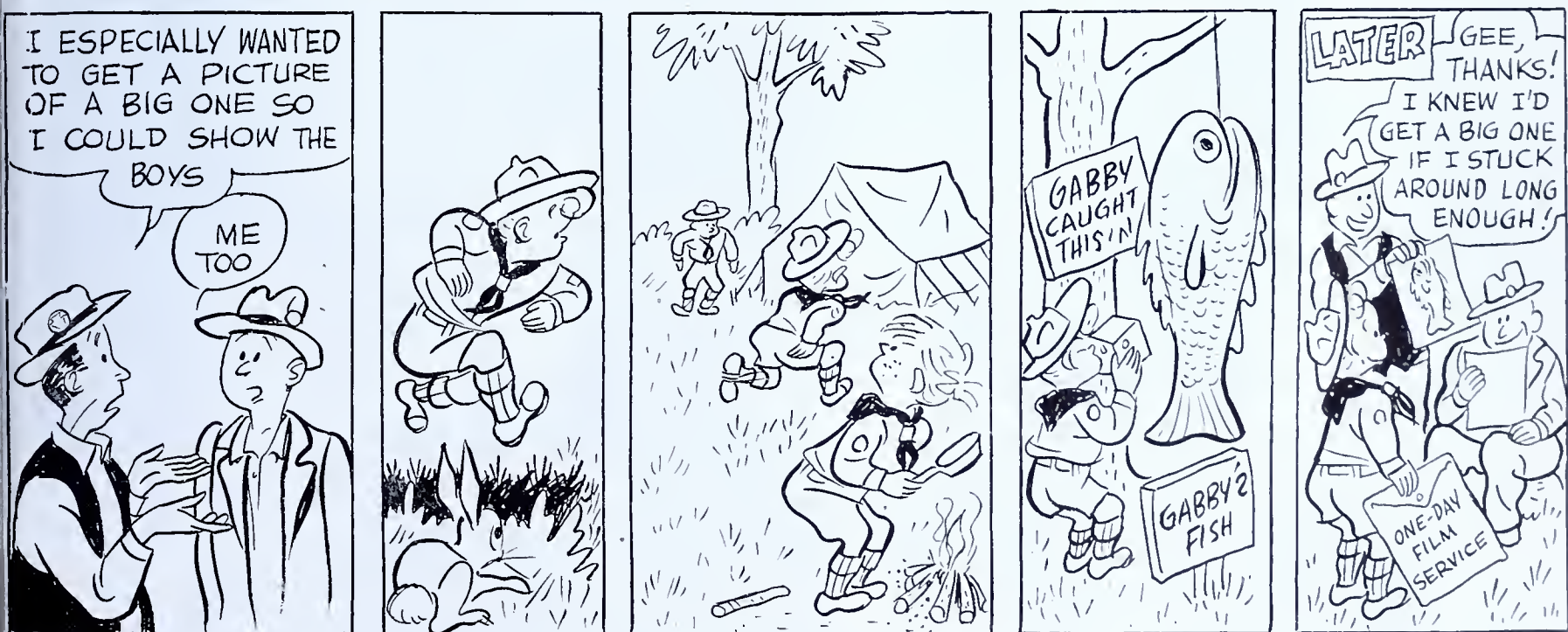
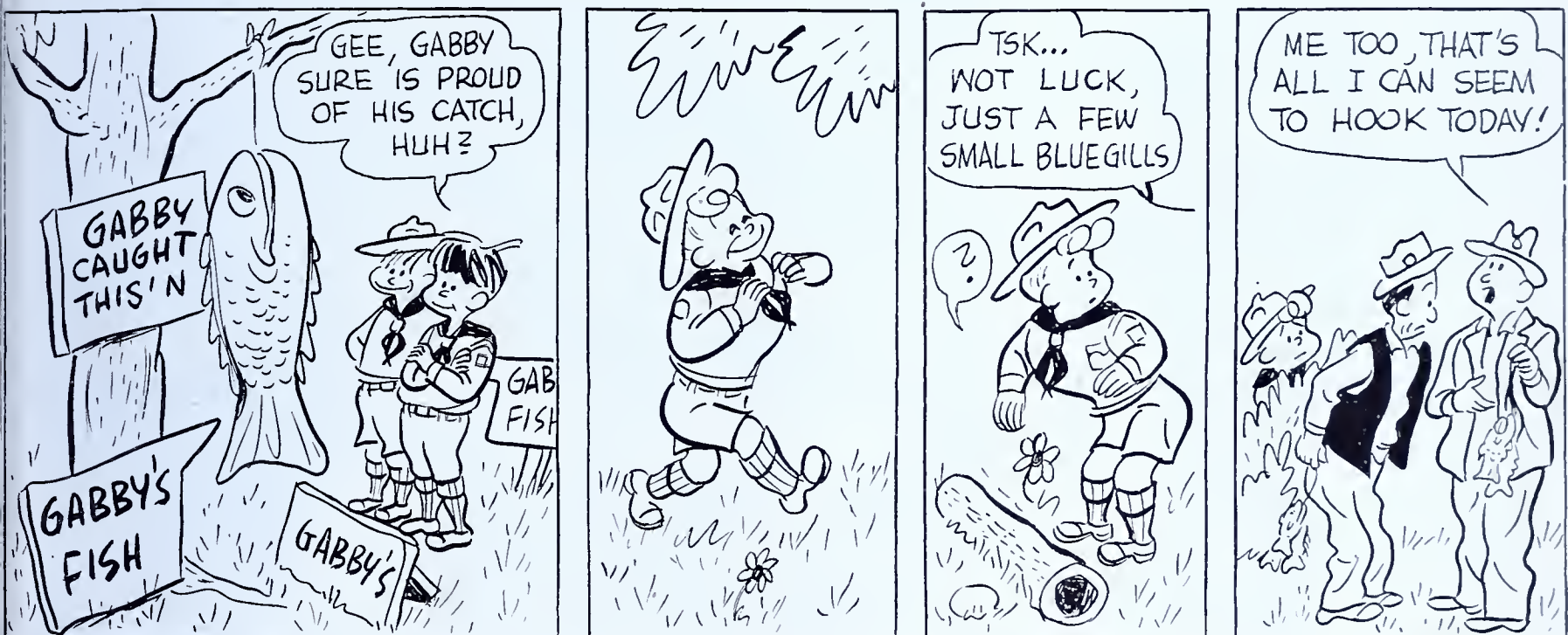
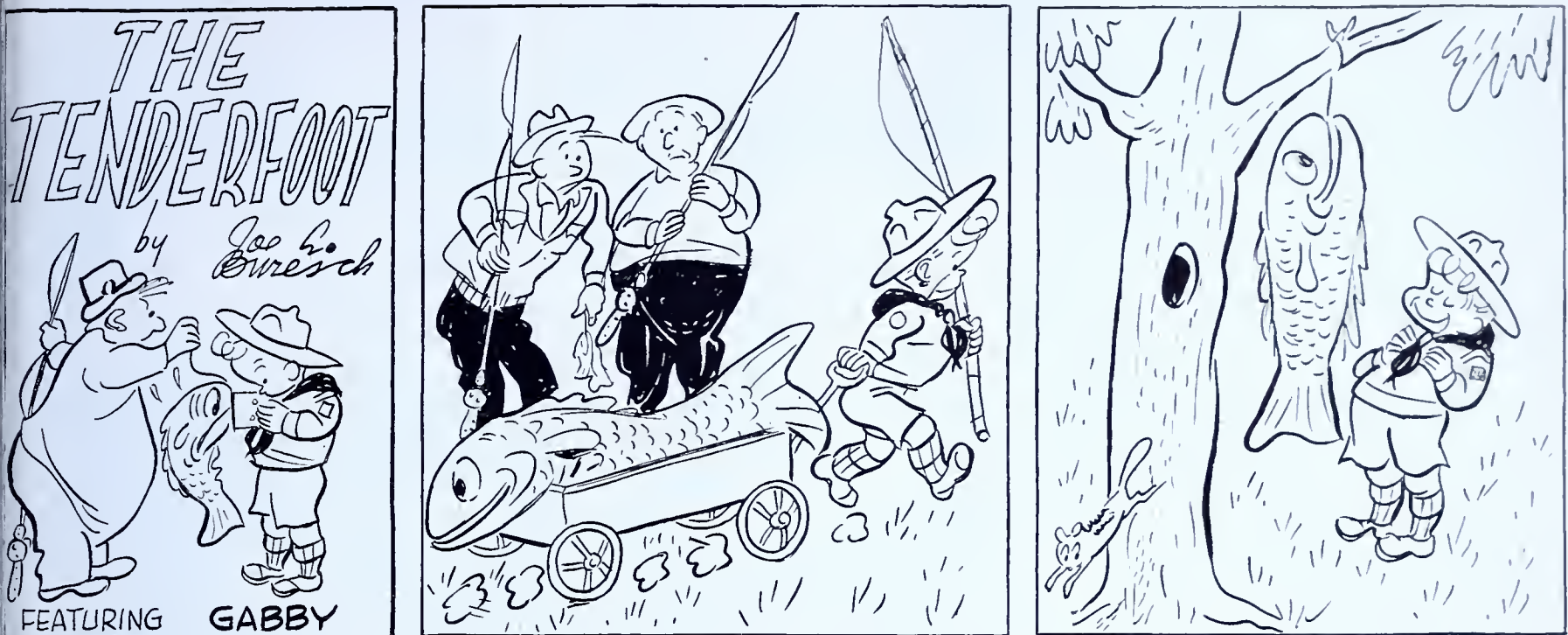
From all parts of the country have come appeals against great dams and diversions which ignore aquatic resources. From Grant's Pass and Medford, Oregon, appeals against a score or more big dams on the Rogue River, world famous steelhead and salmon stream; from all over the northwest, protests against a hundred more big dams on the Columbia, Snake, Salmon and other tributaries; from California, appeals against diversion of the Klamath and Trinity Rivers into the Sacramento; from Colorado, protests against diversion of the famous Gunnison River eastward through the Continental Divide; from Montana, appeals against numerous big dams on the fine trout rivers comprising the headwaters of the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers as well as others on the western slope, and from the Potomac Valley vigorous protests against fourteen big dams on the historic Potomac and its tributaries. These are just a few amongst the many; there are dozens of others in between.

### Why the Rush?

Why the great haste to dam or divert every river in the country? Can it be during the war-time manpower shortage that we have too many engineers on the Federal payroll? With over

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## WATER, THE ORPHAN

(Concluded from Page 18)

34,000 employees on civilian "home front" water projects in the Army Engineer Corps alone, eager to demonstrate their skill in pouring concrete in prodigious quantities, building great dams, digging great ditches and tunnels, and otherwise changing the face of the landscape, this matter might well be investigated. Perhaps the Egyptians had something when they built the Pyramids!

Like a horde of locusts, the engineers of the great dam-building agencies have descended upon our rivers, mapping every possible dam site with bland unconcern for national need, sound economics, or effect on public aquatic resources. And, when these job-hungry engineers connive with selfish local promoters and vote seeking politicians, all afflicted with the dangerous water-borne diseases of "hydro-mania," "reclamania" and "navigamania," which blind them to all values in water except kilowatt hours, acre feet for irrigation, or avenues for boats, that triumvirate is a tough combination to beat. But that it can be beaten by an aroused public acquainted with the facts was demonstrated at the hearing in Washington April 3, 1945, when the Potomac Dam proposals were defeated. May this serve as a yardstick and a heartening example to conservationists elsewhere who are obliged to fight bureaus of their own government to protect their own aquatic resources!

To paraphrase the immortal words of Lincoln, there is no more deplorable example of "government of the people, by SPECIAL INTERESTS and for SPECIAL INTERESTS," than the so-called "public water conservation" program of these Federal agencies. Much of the trouble stems from ignorance of the biology of water and the great public value of natural aquatic resources; and from the improper practice of withholding from the public pertinent information on the projects until after the promoters have built up their extravagant propaganda for public consumption.

S-924 by Sen. Cordon is designed to correct this deficiency. It provides for surveys by the Fish and Wildlife Service on a par with and at the same time as the engineering surveys; that the cost of these surveys be an integral part of the cost of the project; and that the reports of such surveys be an integral part of the report to Congress.

In our statement in support of S-924 to Senator Wallace A. White, Chairman of the Senate Special Committee on Conservation of Wildlife Resources, we have suggested that the base for the surveys be broadened to include along with the Fish and Wildlife Service, representation from such Federal bureaus as the Soil Conservation Service and Forest Service, and cooperative participation by the state conservation departments affected. This would insure consideration of all values and provide the needed complete balance sheet for intelligent approval or rejection of the various projects by Congress.

Every sportsman and conservationist should actively support this "Magna Charta" for aquatic resources by making his wishes known to his own senator as well as to chairman White or other members of the Committee, which has the bill under consideration. The members of this Committee are: Senators Harry F. Byrd, Josiah W. Bailey, Scott Lucas, Guy Gordon, Pat McCarran, and Homer Ferguson. The address is Senate Office Building, Washington, D. C.

Together with the Mundt-Myers Bills (H. R. 519 and S. 535) for Federal control of pollution, S. 924 represents the most important conserva-

tion legislation before Congress. Let's give "Water, The Orphan" the protection it has long deserved by CLEANSING OUR RIVERS BEFORE WE DAM THEM, as provided in H. R. 519 and S. 535; and then dam them only when the comprehensive biological surveys provided for in S. 924 conclusively prove that such impoundments are in the broad public interest.

## PICKEREL PICKPOCKETS

(Continued from Page 17)

there was a decided trick to hooking one of those long, slim shadows. By and by my brother connected and brought up a pickerel which was trying to turn itself into a pretzel. With the long pole he swung it clear over the boat and into the water on the other side and lost it. We finally caught one 12-inch pickerel that day before we lost all our minnows. But we had found out how it was done.

As I had always liked to fish with a bobber and wanted to go into Hawly anyway and see the postmaster about the letter that I expected we drove into town the next morning. That road from Promised Land Lake to Hawly those days seemed to be holding all the mud in the world, even in a hot summer, but we kept at it. On the way we came to a deep and long ravine in the hills with a small dam and power house below it, the present site of far-famed Wallenpaupack.

At Hawly we got our big corks for bobbers and I found out there was no mail for me. I told the postmaster I could be reached at the boat livery at Promised Land Lake if that highly important letter came through. And then we stocked up on groceries and went back to camp.

Next day we went at those pickerel again and found the bobbers worked fine. When a pickerel hit the corks went under with a plop while a perch just made them travel around. We got so we could tell the difference and take the minnows away from the perch and save them for the pickerel.

Now that we had a hooking system we also worked out a landing system. When one fellow's cork went under with a pickerel plop he would holler and the other fellow would stand up in the boat. The fish would be whacked against the fellow standing up and would fall off on the bottom of the boat. Then we would pounce on it and it would go on the stringer. We lost very few that way and had some nice 14 to 18-inch fellows.

We got so it would go like this: plop, holler, scramble up, whack, flop, pounce and splash. One afternoon we were hard at it when a fellow

coming out from the boat livery rowed up alongside pretty close and asked me if my name was "Penn Points" and I told him it was and he said he had a special delivery letter for me from Hawly.

Boy did I reach for that letter and thank him! And about that time my brother hollered and it was my turn to act as backstop for a flying pickerel. I stuffed that precious letter part way in my side pants pocket just as my brother heaved that fish at me.

His aim was poor due to the other boat being so close and he swung that fish past me like it was going somewhere. In going past me the hook caught in that letter and a corner of my pants pocket. Pickerel, part of the pocket and that letter went into the water on the other side of the boat and down among the stumps, roots and weeds with the current.

I was pretty near as sick as the time I ate whipped cream on pickled pigs' feet for a dare. I was as put out as a birthday candle. I certainly felt like the short end of a wishbone or a cipher with the rim off. I was as low as a snake's belly in a wagon rut.

We quit fishing for pickerel and went fishing for that letter. We dragged about three-fourths of that lake, lost a box of hooks, pulled up a few tin cans and stirred up a lot of mud but we never did locate that letter.

That pickerel sure had me in a pickle. I didn't know the address of the firm the letter was from and being such a good efficiency expert I didn't dare write and tell them I had lost the letter even before I had a chance to read it. We went to Hawly in a haze and the postmaster was awful glad I got the letter he took such pains to have sent out to me. But he was awfully pained when I explained the situation. The only record he had showed the town where the letter was from but not the name of the sender. The town was the one I had been writing.

Next day we had to go home and when we got there I wrote that box number again and told them I was back home and asked them had they ever written to me about that job, for if they had I never received the letter. I never heard from them again—and that's how a pickpocketing Pike County pickerel from Promised Land Lake kept me from being a possible plutocrat.

P.S. I found out some time later that a firm in that town was being prosecuted for working a bonding racket through blind advertisements offering jobs. It seemed that the papers you signed when you posted bond gave them the right to have the money under certain conditions and those conditions always came about. So maybe that passing pickerel saved me 500 plunkers after all.

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# PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



VOL. XIV—No. 10

OCTOBER, 1945

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HUCK FINN  
By PAUL DEDERER

Third prize winner in nation-wide photo contest conducted by SOUTH BEND BAIT COMPANY, South Bend, Indiana. Photo courtesy of South Bend—A Name Famous Fishing.

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FISH COMMISSION  
HONOR ROLL



## E D I T O R I A L

OCTOBER—and Autumn leaves are falling. . .

Fall, with its tang of foliage perfume and the sharp coolness of approaching Winter in the offing, presents a most invigorating season of the year. A season, this year, free of the blistering Hell of War!

Carefree expeditions into the outdoors, into the beauty and splendor and quietude of a wonderland painted in hues of inspiring magnificence—are calling.

—And, oh yes! The bass are hitt'n! Skipping minnows and swirling waters foretell their mood; while lower water temperatures have incited the lightning lunge of the pickerel and "muskie." These are indeed fine days along the chill banks of midsummer warm-water streams.

The tang of frost in your nostrils. Lungs expanding with clean, fresh air. Minds free once more to drink to the full, the last fleeting moments of a season's sport so near and dear to the hearts of us all.

Come out!

Lay aside those worries and cares. Come out for your share of this health and life-inspiring tonic! Forget all else save pitting your wit and skill against the elusive bass and pickerel. These are the days of nature's own transition from Summer to Winter. The handiwork of the Maker is all about you and invites you to rest and relax.

For it's OCTOBER—

. . . and Autumn leaves are falling.

—THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



# FISHING THE POCKETS

When a Stream is High and Swift, Look for Trout in Every Spot Where Current is Broken

By DICK FORTNEY



Dick Fortney

MERE sight of a trout brook in spring, its waters swollen by April downpours—roaring rapids taking the place of riffles and deep runs where usually placid pools are found—is enough to cause the dry fly angler to shake his head in despair. To float a fly on such raging water is all but impossible, it seems, and anyhow it does not appear likely trout would be feeding in the torrent.

Those conclusions are true—so far as they go!

But the fine art of pocket fishing still enables the dry fly angler to enjoy his sport—and, more important, to take fish, and good ones too—even under such seemingly adverse conditions.

It is extremely difficult to float a delicate fly on water so swift and broken that the angler hesitates about wading in it. And, too, trout are not to be found feeding there either.

But unless the stream is in flood (and the angler would not be out if it were), trout are to be found and will take the fly in those numerous spots in the stream where the force of the current is broken and the fish are able to maintain their positions.

Pocket fishing is a good name for the technique of catching such trout.

The method can best be illustrated by describing an early season's trip to a small trout stream in Central Pennsylvania during the past season. Large streams in the area were bankfull of milk-colored water that afternoon, and the trout brook itself was a good two feet above what should have been its level at that time. Wading the stream was impossible, although the water along the banks was shallow enough to make it possible to cast a dry fly despite thick brush and trees.

The first pool fished ordinarily is long and flat, with plenty of large rocks scattered on the bottom and some deeper runs cut by the broad riffle at the head. A dry fly cast in the middle of the pool rode downstream like a runaway express train.

On each succeeding cast, the fly was floated a bit closer to the far shore, and finally once when it floated down about three feet from the shore line, a good trout made a mad slash at it, but missed.

The water in the brook, incidentally, was almost clear.

That first strike was the tip-off. The fish were lying close to shore, where the force of the current was not so great and where also, in this particular stream, the water was very shallow normally and quite fishable even with the stream in its present condition.

The problem was to get a dry fly to the fish! It was impossible to wade out into the water for a straight upstream cast. It would have been foolhardy to cross the creek, anyhow, and wade in the very water in which the trout were living.

The only way was to cast across and slightly upstream, with the line lying across the swift current and the fly and leader on the more quiet water along the far shore.

The problem of getting the fly to float without drag was not so difficult at that, however. The cast was made in such a manner that while the line lay straight across the current, the leader lay on the surface in several large loops. The best way to make such a cast was to aim the fly at a "target" a foot or two above the surface of the water, and it fell of its own accord in the manner desired.

The result was the fly floated for a satisfactory distance before the pull of the faster-floating line straightened out the leader and caused the lure to drag. And about every two feet along the whole far shore of the pool a trout was solidly hooked.

The biggest trout caught, incidentally, never did reach the landing net. It took the fly solidly,

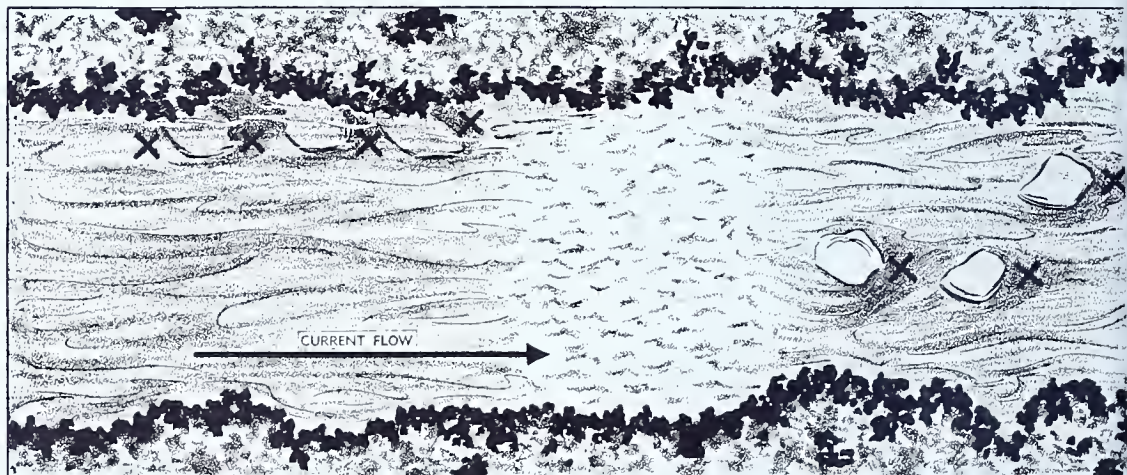
The next pool fished presented a different problem.

In this stretch of water there normally were large boulders which stand virtually high and dry, and with the stream high they still protruded a bit above the surface. The current swirled around them, but nestling against the downstream sides were pockets of quiet water.

The first cast of a dry fly on such a pocket brought a fast rise from a small trout—a response so speedy, as a matter of fact, that the fish "dunked" the fly and disappeared without even feeling even the faintest prick of the hook.

Floating the fly on this kind of water was even more difficult than the shore-line fishing on the first pool, because the area of the quiet water in no case was more than a foot and a half wide, two feet long, with strong current all around, and drag could be avoided on only about one cast in five.

But every boulder in the pool produced action. Heavy rains had washed out a large willow the next hole, and as it fell its tangled roots settled down near the head of the pool. But water flowed like a mill-race against the roots and floating a dry fly there was utterly



How two pools produced different fishing problems. At the right of the riffle the trout were lying close to shore among submerged rocks, where the current was less swift. On the right of the riffle the fish were on the downstream sides of rocks which broke the flow of the water. The spots are marked with an X.

darted into the middle of the pool, and put on a burst of speed downstream that, aided by the force of the current, easily snapped the leader point. Frequently, too, the evil of a dragging fly was demonstrated, when a trout would flash into sight for a moment, but refuse the lure that was leaving a tiny wake on the surface as the line and leader began pulling it.

You will recall mention that a channel deeper than the rest of the pool was to be found just below the riffle at its head.

The fact that trout could find refuge in this deeper portion of the water, where its very depth would provide relief from the force of the current, made it advisable to give this spot a good try.

A dozen times a fly was floated down the channel. Then from the depths came a good trout, swimming on an angle up through and against the current and meeting the lure head-on. This fish, however, was not able to use the swift water to gain its freedom.

possible. Among the roots and branches of the fallen tree, however, a bit of debris floated lazily indicating that there was very little current there and it was the logical hiding place of any trout that happened to be in that particular vicinity.

A sunken dry fly did the trick.

It worked this way: The fly was cast a considerable distance upstream, where the pull of the current would quickly drag it under the surface, then it was allowed to float (with the line fairly tight) down toward the tree roots. No effort was made to stop the fly even when it became apparent that it must be deep in the snag.

There was no strike on the first cast, but as the fly was worked back out of the tree a trout flashed once near it.

A second cast, with exactly the same procedure, got action from a fine brook trout, which was netted largely because once hooked it immediately headed upstream into unobstructed water instead of fighting for its freedom in the tangle of roots and branches.



# Hunting and Fishing to Play Major Parts in Post-War Recreation

From The DAILY DISPATCH, New Kensington

## Outdoorsman's Sports are \$3 Billion Business

HUNTING and fishing are sports which will play a far more prominent part in the recreational picture of the post-war world than they have in the past.

"These sports," an authority has recently stated, "are participative sports. One doesn't sit in a grand stand and watch the other fellow hunt or fish. If he likes these healthy sports, he does the pleasant job himself—and definitely does not want an audience. Companionship? Sure! But not an audience!"

"In peace times more than 20,000,000 Americans hunt or fish—or both, according to Nation's Business. A conservative estimate of their individual annual expenditures in the enjoyment of their favorite sports could be set (for round numbers) at \$100. This includes equipment, travel and odds and ends, the description of which would require the space of a sporting encyclopedia.

"Summed up, this means, that in peace times, the American sportsmen were spending \$2,000,000,000 a year for their favorite sports—and liking it. It is my prediction that 'when the boys come home' they'll want to relax—and hunt and fish. And they'll also be more than willing to do their share toward maintaining a goodly supply of game and fish for this and future generations.

"Wildlife has had a rest during the present war. Certain species have increased to such an extent that control measures have been necessary. This, however, is not a normal situation and when the 'boys come back' they'll be mighty happy to reap the so-called surplus crop.

"Some authorities believe that sportsmen and returning service men eager to enjoy peace-time hunting and fishing, may bring the annual post-war hunting and fishing expenditure up to as much as \$3,000,000,000.

"These figures," he continued, "may seem rather fantastic to some. The average baseball fan spends about \$30 a year for his tickets. He

doesn't need new equipment to sit in the grand stand and cheer for the home team. And he doesn't have to pay much for transportation to and from the ball park.

"It's a somewhat different story with the hunter or the angler. He is, in a major way, a participator, and in a minor way, a spectator. He has to replenish this expendable equipment every season, but the anticipation of using his new rods, lures or guns makes up for the dent in his pocketbook.

"His equipment is not the whole story. Travel, food, lodging and many other factors enter the picture of his expenditures. Items too numerous to mention—but you can bet that a larger annual expenditure by sportsmen in the post-war period is not too much to expect."

## LOCAL ANGLER CATCHES 27½ IN. WALLEYE PIKE

Albert Cole of 104 N. 7th St. had a 30-minute fight recently in landing a walleye pike which he caught in the Delaware river above Eddyside park.

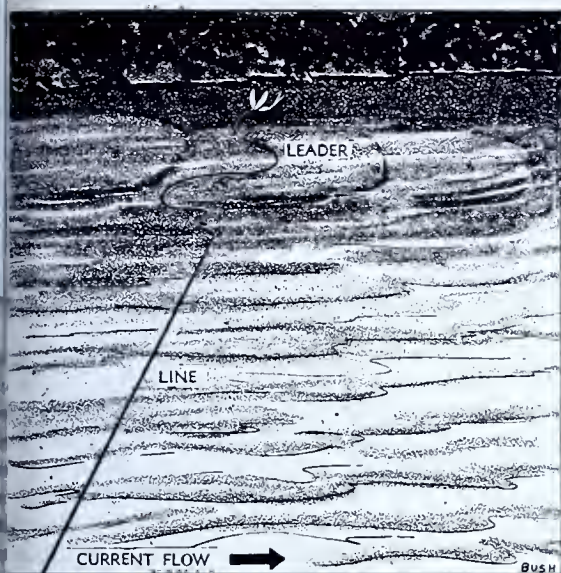
The walleye put up a fight that took Mr. Cole waist deep into the river. Twenty-seven and one-half inches long and weighing nine and one-half pounds, it was caught with a jitterbug plug.

Mr. Cole is employed at the Easton Dye Works and was taking advantage of the V-J Day holiday.

J. Brown of Milton caught a pike perch 29 inches long—stone catfish was used for bait—in the river at Camp Level above Terrytown.

Sunday, August 12—Fred Nye of Sunbury caught a small-mouth black bass measuring 20 inches long near Wyalusing—used stone catfish for bait.

*A spinner with a small, thin pork rind attached often is more effective than a fly and spinner as a fly rod lure for small-mouth bass and pickerel.*



Here is how the fly was made to float along the quiet shore pockets in spite of swift current in mid-stream. The line lies straight, but the leader is urled, so that the fly has a bit of time before the current causes it to drag. The fish were lying in the quiet water in the vicinity of submerged rocks.

So the fishing went all that afternoon. A stream so swollen by spring rains that it looked impossible to fish with a dry fly actually produced more action in those few hours than it did a whole day later in the season, when the water conditions were normal.

One final incident is worth mentioning. It seemed not all the trout were huddled in the more quiet waters that day!

We were discussing the floating qualities of a certain type of dry fly, and to demonstrate its quality I cast it on one of the 'deepest, fastest runs in the stream, a V-shaped pocket of almost white water, with the point of the V downstream. The fly did float well. When within a foot of swirling white water it brought action. In the very center of the V a trout darted to the surface, galloped the fly, and then vanished. And it was no accident! Three more times the trout came up for the fly, but it was not hooked.

Some information on the tackle used is necessary to round out this discussion. Briefly, these are the facts:

1. Any bushy dry fly attracted the trout. Bristle patterns proved best. The fly was heavily oiled, and because at the end of each cast it was submerged, false-casting was not enough to dry it. Instead, I pressed it gently between the folds of a paper handkerchief, which absorbed the moisture without messing up the hackles. With this procedure one fly was good for a lot of casts.

2. The line also was well greased—and so was the leader. I know a leader is supposed to sink in dry fly fishing, but a greased leader floating on the surface avoided interference with the fly much longer than would one that had sunk into the fast current. The leader, incidentally, was nine feet long and tapered to 4X.

3. Short casts were made—partly because the stream is small and there was no need for distance and also because a short line gave better control of the tackle in getting the fly on the water with the leader slack.

So you see that pocket fishing in the spring is not so much the matter of tackle as it is learning where trout hide—and feed!—under what appear to be adverse fishing conditions.

*Shellac is best for finishing any kind of fishing tackle. It gives a protective coating as strong as varnish, and it will dry almost instantly whereas varnish requires several hours.*



Inviting scene along the peaceful Tohickon Creek in Bucks County near Quakertown. It is along such beautiful waters that Wilson D. Charles of Quakertown writes of his unbounding experience and success as a fisherman. Mr. Charles in his paper lauds the fine streams of Bucks County and to say that his recount is interesting, only puts it mildly. His interest in boys is quite refreshing and THE ANGLER salutes a real booster of the sport provided in the streams of Bucks County.



# Fly-Tying Aid for the Beginner in Tying the Dry Fly

By WILLIAM F. BLADES

**B**EFORE explaining the details in making a dry fly I would like to mention several things that will greatly assist the beginner in selecting hooks and materials, and proportions which are essential in the floating of a dry fly.

Before tying a dry fly the beginner should have mastered the making of the wet fly and the whip-finish.

Select a light weight hook with a tapered eye; the regular weight hooks are harder to make float, which necessitates using too much hackle, and in as much as the hackle resembles the legs of a fly, one can easily see this does not help to imitate the natural fly.

Select your hackles from an old rooster; the ones that are glossy and stiff, and be sure to use the color called for in the particular fly you are making.

Hackle fibres are the best for the tails of dry flies as they are very durable and if put on in the proper place help to float your fly.

Select a fine tying silk; use a 4-0 or 5-0 on your first fly and if you desire to tie a No. 20 fly use an 8-0. I use 10-0 on some small flies. My advice is to learn to tie sizes 14 to 10 before attempting the very small flies.

Quill bodies are used on some of our well known flies such as the Quill Gordon, Ginger Quill, Olive Quill, etc. The peacock eye feather furnishes us with this quill. To make a neat body care must be taken to remove all the fuzz from the quill; this can be done with the thumb nail and first finger, or an eraser. Before winding on the quill, I form the body with very fine white silk floss, then wind on the quills so that each edge touches the other; do not overlap them; this causes humps on the body.

Fur bodies are used very much on both dry and wet flies. The fur is taken from seal, opossum, muskrat, water-rat, beaver, mink, hare, etc.

To make the dubbin, I lay a piece of fine silk about one foot long, waxed with sticky wax on my knee; then cut off your fur and mix it together by pulling it apart with your finger tips; now sparsely spread the dubbin on the waxed silk. Double the silk directly on top of the lower silk and press them together; put the thumb of your left hand on the nearest end to you, and the first finger on the other end. Commence to twist with your right hand thumb and first finger; gradually releasing the twists under the finger, and you will have a piece of fine yarn.

I then roll the dubbin between the palms of my hands, one way only; this makes it thinner and easier to handle on the small bodies.

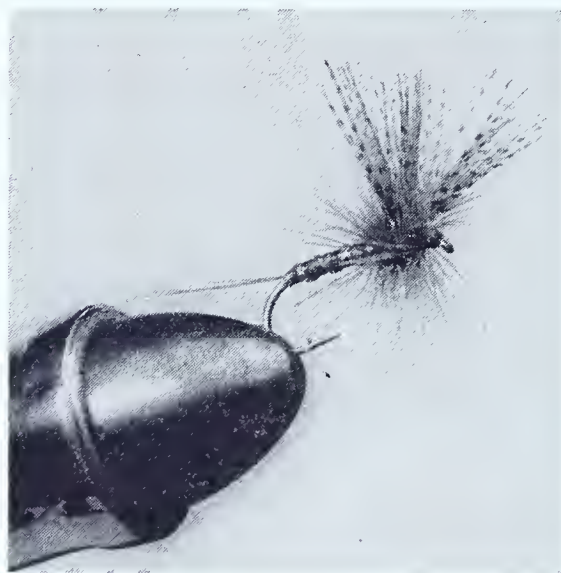
When winding the dubbin on the hook I think it is much better to use the hackle pliers; it eliminates the danger of rubbing off the hair when winding.

Putting on the wings of a dry fly is no easy task but with a little patience and practice this can be accomplished. I think hackle tips are the easiest to put on and make a buoyant and very durable wing.

The lemon sides of the wood duck are used on many of our flies; also teal, mallard and pintail body feathers. The wood duck breast feathers make our best fan wings; they are also found on the teal and mallard.

The single and double upright wings are cut from the secondary or primary wing quills from most of our ducks. The starling wing quills are exceptionally good, and make a very transparent wing. I also like them for double wings.

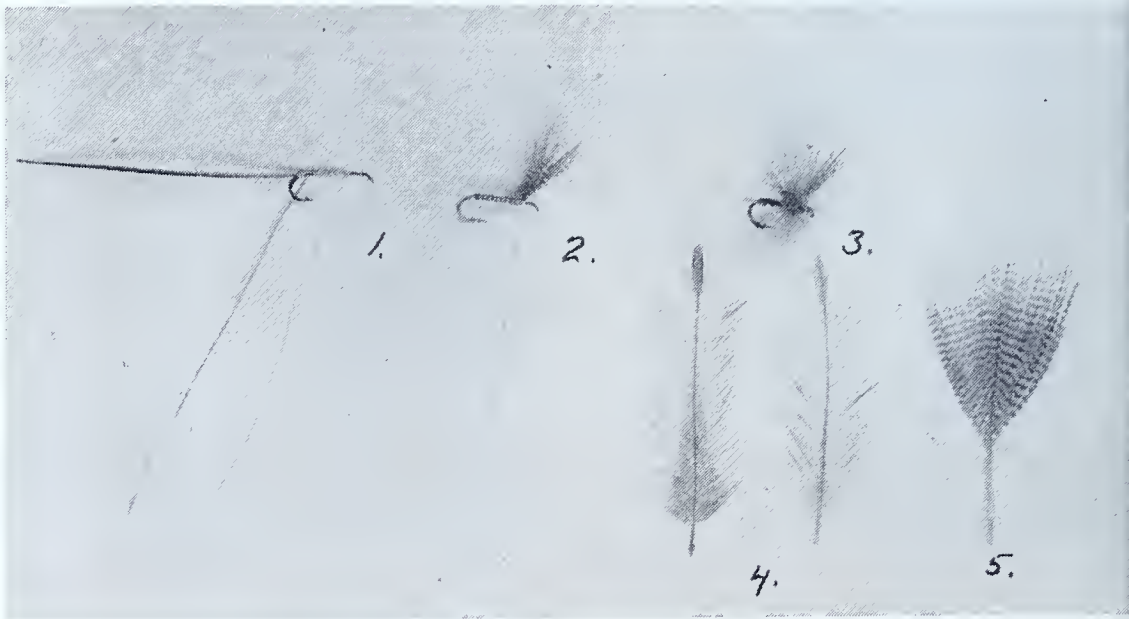
Before cutting out the feather sections follow these simple rules:



then wrap the hook down to where the tail will be tied on. Select a few blue-grey hackle fibres place them in between the thumb and finger tip of your left hand and see that the tips are close in fact the nails should be together. The next step is to put the fibres on top of the hook and bring the tying silk in between the thumb and finger tips by opening the ends, seeing to it that you not release the fibres. Now close the finger tip and come down lightly with the first turn; repeat this a second time and pull tying silk tight the time. The first finger stops the fibres from slipping around the hook on the far side and the thumb takes care of the near side. The opening and closing of these finger tips, and bringing the silk down in the proper place is the secret of a well-tied-on-wings and tails

Now trim off the ends of tail fibres and tie on a small piece of gold wire and the peacock quill bring the tying silk to the centre of the body and tie in a fine piece of floss, which I use to make level base for my quill body. Tie off the floss in the position you are to tie on the wings. Your fly will now be the same as illustration No. 1.

Select a wood duck flank feather and use the tip as shown in illustration No. 5; I believe this easier and makes a better looking fly. Tie the fibres on top of the hook, using the same method as you did to tie in the tail. Now cut off the butt and wind them down neatly; bring your silk in front of the wing, and raise them upright by winding in front of them; divide the fibres in half and criss-cross the silk in between, which will



Use a pair of wings from the same bird. Now take a feather from the same position on each wing, one from the right wing and one from the left wing. Use the lower portion of the feather; the top half will split very easily. Be sure these sections are the same width and not too wide.

I will explain my method of tying the Quill Gordon. The hook is an Allcock No. 15 light weight. First, coat the hook with liquid cement,

hold the wings apart. Put on a half hitch and pull your silk in the thread holder. I then carefully wind the quill to the right; next wind the gold wire in the opposite direction; tie off and your fly will be the same as illustration No. 2.

For the hackle I use two matched blue-dun neck hackles; stroke the fibres carefully so they are at right angles to the stem and cut off the soft base and leave a small amount on the stem;



his prevents slipping. (See illustration No. 4.) I tie in the hackles both at the same time at the back of the wings and wind two or three turns also at the back of the wings; then finish off the desired amount in front, finishing off with a whip finish and head cement, and your fly will be same as illustration No. 3. You will notice the hackles do not wind the same as each other; one becomes shorter than the other; this can be overcome by taking a new grip with your hackle pliers after two or three turns. I generally make the first few turns with my fingers, then finish with the hackle pliers.

#### Tying on the Spent Wing

Select two small neck hackles of the same size and color; trim them down to the size desired, leaving the center quill long enough for tying. Now put the wings together, glossy side to be inside and straddle the hook with the butts; secure with three or four turns of thread, then criss-cross your thread in between the wings bringing them to a horizontal position; trim off the butts and conceal the ends with a few turns of the silk. For double spent wings use four neck hackles.

#### Tying on the Fan Wing

Select two perfectly matched breast feathers from the wood duck, mallard or teal and trim them down to the desired size. Trim close to the quill with scissors; this leaves the stem rough and helps to hold the wings in place. Place the convex sides of wings together and straddle the hook with the butts; take several turns of silk around the butts, also in front and behind and in between to bring them in the proper position. Cut off the butts and conceal them with a few turns of thread.

## Sportsmen's Notebook

Bass, like trout, are sensitive to water temperature because it largely influences their feeding. In extremely cold water bass become inactive and are able to go without food for a long time, and in water that is unusually warm they become listless and not interested in baits and lures. The angler can't do much to meet either condition except to fish deep water in hot weather and sun-bathed pools when the days are chilly, as in the autumn season.

Perch or shiner minnows are popular baits for the wall-eyed pike, and lively night crawlers also are good. The worms may be fished with a spinner. But any kind of bait must get down deep in the water in order to catch these fine food fish.

The only fly or bait that catches fish is one that is in the water. Fish out every cast, thus giving the fish a maximum chance to see the bait or lure. Also, remember that too frequent casting tends to disturb the water and frighten the fish.

In crossing logs on foot keep your eye on the log, not on the water or ground beneath it. And if the log is not newly felled, test it to be sure the bark is tight and firm.

Spinners of different shapes and sizes must be fished at different speeds to make them revolve properly. It pays to take a minute to make a cast and try the action of the spinner before using it.

# LET'S GO CARP FISHING

REPRINT FROM MISSOURI CONSERVATIONIST

THE next time you are fish-hungry, or perhaps when you are looking for a new experience in fishing and in fish flavor, try for a carp. It is one of the most abundant fishes in Pennsylvania, grows to a large size, and puts up a battle of a kind to astonish game-fish addicts. Properly prepared, the flesh is very good eating.

Carp are found in practically all the larger streams, in sloughs and river cut-offs, and in some lakes. In the fast-water streams, they usually seek the deep, more quiet pools. In the large rivers, they concentrate in back-waters and eddies. During spring floods, they advance with the back-waters, working up into fields, ditches, and low spots to feed or spawn. When the water-level drops, they fall back with it, heading for the deeper channels. In sluggish streams, they like to nose around drifts and brushpiles, and against cut-banks.

Carp fishing is attended with the perversity and contrariness that accompanies any kind of fishing. They can be caught as easily as any other fish, however—when they are biting—by anyone who learns to locate their feeding grounds and to tempt them with the food they like.

Experienced fishermen use a variety of baits. Dough-balls are a universal choice, and green corn (from the field or from a can) is also a favorite. Soft-shell crayfish and worms sometimes work effectively. Carp are generally bottom-feeders, so the usual practice is to let the bait sink to the bottom where the fish can find it as they root around the bed of the pool. Sometimes they fool the fishermen by feeding near the surface, but at such times they can be found "rolling," or breaking the surface, and the bait can be adjusted accordingly.

A small hook—No. 4 to No. 6—is the rule when dough-balls are used. The ball should cover the bend and point of the hook. If large carp are known to be around, it is worthwhile using larger hooks—but very large fish, weighing thirty pounds or more, sometimes straighten out even the largest common hooks. Line should be from 20 to 40 pound test, depending on how optimistic the fisherman feels.

As with other fish, the flavor of carp depends a great deal on the nature of the water in which it was caught. Fish from muddy, stagnant pools are likely to taste like a section of the bottom on which they have been feeding; carp from clear streams are generally "sweet." Muddy-water carp should be put through a "sweetening" process. This can be done with the live fish if a spring-hole or tank with running water is handy to keep the fish in for about a week until it is conditioned. If this can't be done, the fish should be cleaned while fresh, cut into fillets, and soaked from six to eight hours in a solution made by putting a handful of salt and a dash of vinegar in a gallon of water. Before use, the fillets should be freshened in several changes of clear water.

Small carp—less than 1½ pounds—should be deeply scored at about ¼ inch intervals with a sharp knife, and fried crisp, to eliminate trouble with the many small bones. In large carp, the bones are large enough to see and remove from the cooked fish. If a trace of the muddy flavor still lingers, a hot barbecue sauce or a generous helping of horseradish should cover it and render the basic good flavor really enjoyable.—W. O. N.



Charles Reilly, Pottstown, and 34-inch Carp he caught at Safe Harbor Dam.

The equipment used varies, too. Some prefer long cane poles, equipped with a single line and hook, and a sinker and float. Others prefer a throw-line, which is a heavy line with hooks on lighter stagings dangling from it.



#### Fisherman Trick

Was fishing Bear Crick,  
When he came upon two cunning cubs.  
Trick's score fell to zero—  
For hours that gay trio  
Played tag in the laurel shrubs.

But mistaken Mr. B  
Lost the beam when he  
Decided to cub-nap the pair.  
Bruin's sudden appearance . . .  
. . . Her unique interference  
Put Trick in a wheel chair.

CARSTEN AHRENS



# THE LEGEND OF LI'L ABNER

By RICHARD ESLER



Mr. Esler, the Author fishing Spring Creek

**"TAKE IT EASY!"** The Old Master shuffled around the edge of the fight, spouting all kinds of instructions most of which I didn't have time to hear. "Watch him! Keep that right arm up."

Li'l Abner was tough. He packed a terrific wallop. I had to admit that he was the cageiest fighter I had ever stood up to. But I was confident. I had hung on to him for ten minutes. I had blocked every blow that he dished out. I followed him easily, crowding him just a little as I felt him weaken. And then, just as I had him where I wanted him,—then—

But maybe we'd better start this story at the beginning.

The Old Master and I hit Spring Creek early one spring morning. Guided by the sight of a deserted farmhouse that loomed in the middle distance, we swung down a country road to an old iron bridge that spanned the famous stream.

We stood on the bridge listening to the water at that strange moment between darkness and dawn when the sharp lines of the hills are still blurred by the soft half-light. A few broad splashes of red streaked the eastern sky. The young green leaves of the birches and maples and the dark hemlock branches hung motionless, the dew heavy upon them. There were no bird sounds, only the low ripple of the stream over its smooth water-worn stones, a murmur which seemed a part of the vast slumberous peace of Spring Creek valley.

Then a faint breeze shook the willow leaves above the water. A sun as yellow as an Indian squash pushed its edge above the eastern ridge. A jay power-dived over the creek, screaming

raucously. Somewhere, far off, a fox barked, and the world was awake.

So were we. Equipped with all the baits and lures known to the trouting brotherhood, the Old Master and I trailed down to the stream's edge. Spring Creek is only a few miles long, but, as its name implies, it is fed by a few huge springs which pump their crystal waters through the limestone ribs of the hills at an unfailing rate. This heavy flow in the narrow stream-bed has undercut the banks, carved deep holes in the smooth gravel, and bored tunnels beneath the roots of big willows and hemlocks that shade the chill currents of the creek.

Just above the iron bridge a huge willow stood fair in the middle of the stream, its roots clinging stubbornly to a little green island flanked by



Spring Creek Brownies

swift tongues of water. The frothing current dropped into a deep pocket extending under the roots of the tree, swung over a little gravel bar, and chattered down a long rocky chute into a broad pool under the bridge.

"Gosh!" breathed the Old Master. "What a spot!"

He eased into the creek well above the willow island, and a flick of his rod sent his Supervisor streamer darting into a pocket of dark water under the tree. Since the current was swift, the fly rode just beneath the surface. Its green and blue feathers glinted clearly as the Old Master worked it past the crooked roots. The water bulged suddenly, and the streamer disappeared as a brown trout about a foot long smacked it solidly.

The Old Master swiftly urged the brownie out of those strategic waters. After he creaked the fish, he promptly worked the same pocket again until he had coaxed another trout out from beneath the willow. I fished the tail of the chute where it broke into the bridge pool. There I picked up an aerobatic rainbow and lost a nice brown who had been lightly hooked on a polar bear streamer.

And so, as the morning brightened, we leisurely worked downstream. It was not until the ascending sun had drenched Spring Creek in thin yellow warmth that the hatch began. A few yellow drakes lifted off the water like motes of living sunlight, and a few trout dimpled the surface as they fed.

I came to a pool where a blasted hemlock had fallen astraddle the stream, its lower branches trailing in the water. I eased into the tail of the pool. A trout was rising steadily out of the deep water under a heavy hemlock branch which forked just below the surface. The fish was sucking in his drakes quietly. The surface rolled each time he threw his heavy tail against it to retreat into the shadow of the snag.

I lengthened my line in the air and finally cocked a pretty fly above the sunken branch. The water was so clear that I could see the fish come for it. I mentally braced myself. This was the first rise of the season to a dry fly, and I didn't want to miff it.

My fly disappeared silently. But the silence ended permanently when I set the hook. The big brown ripped the pool wide open, slashing and twisting and rolling on the surface. He beat the water into a patch of white foam above the sunken snag, then dove sullenly into its shadow and anchored there. My leader was too fine to force him into the open pool; I just hung on and hoped.

Things had reached just such a stalemate when there was a mighty crashing in the willows near me, and then a long horse-like face peered out at me.

The Big Willow





"Mornin', stranger," it said. "How're they hittin'? Git snagged on a rock, huh?"

"No," I replied, "I've got hold of a nice one, but I can't move him."

"Shucks," said the face, "all you got to do is reel him in. Hold on a spell, and I'll show you."

"No thanks," I said hastily. "Don't trouble yourself."

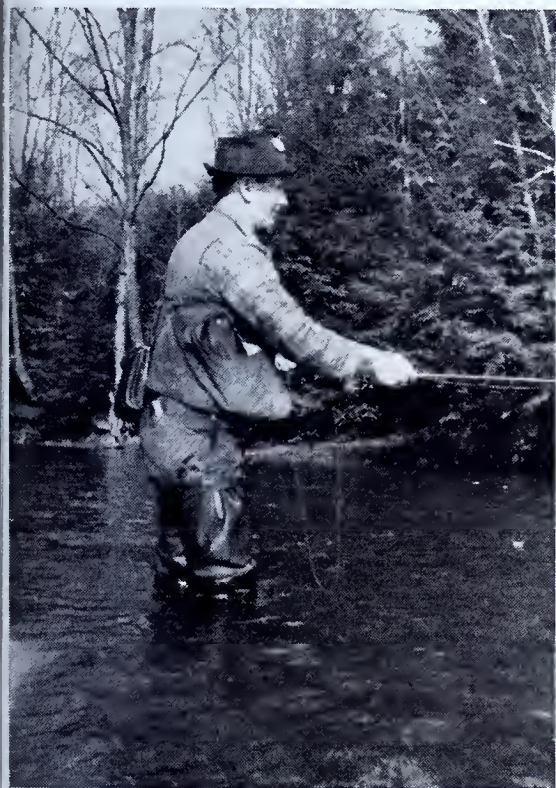
"Tain't no trouble at all," the face replied cheerfully and crashed through the last fringe of willows to emerge complete, body and all. The old fellow was tall, skinny, and loose-jointed like Ichabod Crane, and he carried a heavy homemade hickory rod as thick as a broom handle at the butt. Despite his age, he slid like an otter down the bank to the creek and splashed noisily into the shallows.

The noise of my "helper's" approach must have aroused all the devils in the big trout's nature, for he lunged suddenly against the taut line and cascaded out of his hole in a frenzy of foam.

"Jumpin' Jehoshaphat!" yelled my unknown friend. "Haul him in. He's a good un."

"Stand back," I warned, "and give me elbow room."

At the same time I yelled for the Old Master who was a short distance down the creek. The fish pounded his great heart out against the tireless bamboo. The Old Master arrived in time to scoop up the big brown as he drifted docilely downstream to the waiting net.



The Old Master

While I put the tape on his 19 inches and prepared him for the creel, our noisy stranger helped himself to a fresh cud of tobacco. Then he hefted the trout in his hand and spat emphatically.

"Man and boy," he said with an air of authority, "I've lived round these parts for nigh onto 60 years. And I'd say this here is a nice trout."

"Yes," commented the Old Master, "you don't usually hook this kind with every cast."

"Right," said our local authority, spitting expertly over the willows, "but you ain't seen nothin' yit. Compared to Li'l Abner this here trout is nawthin' but a minny."

"Little who?" I looked anxiously at the old native.

"Li'l Abner," he stated, "is the all-firdest,

dangedest, biggest bruiser of a brown trout that ever flapped a fin."

"Let's sit a spell." I scented a story. "Tell us some more about him."

I was eager to hear the old fellow's tale. Trout-fishing has wonderful possibilities when it comes to story-telling. I don't suppose that there is a single sizeable trout stream anywhere in the hills but what harbors, or did at some time in the misty past, a monster trout. The fame of such a fish grows quickly among the angling brotherhood, and even if the old hunker is caught, it lives on in the tales which it inspired. They are told and retold to generations of trouting folk, become encrusted with an incredible amount of fact and fancy, and lend to trout-fishing that mellow air of tradition and history which no other branch of angling has acquired.

"Well, sir," the old native masticated thoughtfully, "'twas quite a spell of years ago when the first can of brown trout was dumped into this here creek. She was a private stream then, you know. An old feller that made his money in oil owned this hull passel of land. Spring Creek was stocked for him and his pals to fish. I was a young un then, and the old buck hired me to keep the brush cut down along the water so as he wouldn't git his fly ketched all the time."

Our narrator squinted at a water-skipper and expertly drowned it in tobacco juice.

"Well, sir," he continued, "one day I was comin' down an old loggin' trail that cuts across the creek right below this here pool. I was workin' upstream watchin' the trout feedin' on a heavy hatch. But when I come to this here pool, nary a fish was risin'. I reckoned 'twas a mite peculiar, so I set me down to watch the water."

The old fellow paused impressively. "I must have set there under the willers for an hour afore I seen him."

"Saw what?" asked the Old Master.

"Li'l Abner," said our friend, "though he wasn't called by that name then. Fact is, he didn't have no name. Because"—he wagged his finger at us—"I was the first human bein' to discover him. He come a-slidin' up through the clear water smack in the center of the pool. Long as my leg he was, and dark on his back, with spots bigger'n quarters plastered all over his sides."

The old native was silent for a moment as if overwhelmed by his memories.

"Tweren't long," he continued, "afore every fisherman in the county knew about Li'l Abner, as folks begun to call him. A few of them hooked him. I was the first, but, shucks, you might as well try to stake out a bull with a store-string. He sure is a buster. Fact is, he's busted more danged tackle than any fish I ever seen."

"You mean he's still here, somewhere in this creek?" I asked.

The old native spat scornfully.

"You can bet your ding-busted, dad-blasted life he is," he said. "You'll find out if you ever hang into him. Hard to raise on a fly, though. That big bugger craves meat. Most times he's been hooked on worms or minnies."

He unfolded joint by joint, got to his feet, and started upstream, saying as he crashed through the willows, "The biggest, bustin'est bruiser that ever swum this here creek."

The Old Master and I looked at one another.

"Meat," he said, casually snipping the fly off his leader and rigging up for minnows.

"Pardner," I said, "that old native told a good story, but like the rest of the tales you hear in the trout country, it's only a story, a sort of local legend. Of course, there may have been some truth in his tale. Maybe Li'l Abner did rule this

(Turn to Page 19)

## COMFORTING NEWS!

BY THE "OLD TIMER"

These are a few words of comfort for anglers who have about given up hope of good bass fishing this season.

Lamentations are arising on every side. The famous North Branch of the Susquehanna River has not been fit to fish, really, since the season opened the first of July. The bass have not been striking at surface lures at night, and plugs have not accounted for many fish.

The weather has been bad, too, with frequent rainy spells that have kept some of our bass streams—Wyalusing and Loyalsock Creeks, for example—at higher than normal stages.

Even confirmed bait anglers report tough angling.

### Better Times Coming

But better times are coming!

According to the law of averages, the weather is sure to take a turn for the better. The North Branch and our creeks are just as certain to be in good condition one of these days; may even, in fact, get as low as they were during the later portion of the 1944 season. And we have just come to the time of the summer when the bass should begin surface feeding at night and stuffing themselves with bait during the day.

What is more, it's still a bit early in the year to expect good plug fishing in the comparatively small waters of Central Pennsylvania, where it takes a tang of frost to make conditions right.

You'll be safe to bet on a considerable improvement in the fishing from now until the middle of October.

### We Need Some Pickerel

While anglers in this part of the state have little about which to complain when it comes to trout and bass fishing, one fine species of game fish this section does lack is the chain pickerel.

There was a time, of course, when the so-called pike was so common in our own branch of the Susquehanna and in the creeks and ponds hereabouts that many anglers regarded the species a sort of nuisance.

It was easy to troll in the river and make good catches of pickerel, and even in recent years an angler could pick up a limit catch of nice fish by using a fly and spinner in Lycoming or Pine Creeks.

But today the pike is pretty well scattered and vanishing.

And that's too bad.

### Pike a Good Battler

The pickerel is a worthy antagonist for any fisherman. It strikes readily at bait and artificial lures, puts up a good battle when hooked, and can be turned into a table delicacy. Even in our waters it often grew to a length of better than a foot and a half.

The species does best in ponds and lakes, and there are not many such places in the central part of the state. In creeks and rivers the pike seems not to thrive as well and to multiply as swiftly, which probably is the chief reason for its decline. Besides, pike are not stocked in anywhere near the numbers that are trout and bass.

A lot of anglers who have only recently taken up the sport, as a matter of fact, haven't really a good idea of what pike fishing is.

BIND THE PEACE WITH  
BONDS!



# A Living Memorial to Annie Oakley

By J. W. STUBER



Annie Oakley at about the time she won her first shooting event in Cincinnati, defeating her future husband Frank E. Butler.

A LIVING memorial to Annie Oakley. Annie Oakley, "Little Sure Shot," world famous woman shotgun, pistol and rifle shooter of yesteryear, known better to the older generation than to shooters of today, is to be honored with a living memorial in the dedication of Coppock Park at Greenville, Ohio, which was deeded to the Archaeological and Historical Society by Fred D. Coppock, Greenville sportsman, during the Treaty Sesquicentennial, August 3d. The beautiful stately oaks, elms, maples and native trees in the park will ever be living reminders of a pioneer daughter of Darke County, Ohio, who shot her way from poverty to riches, and world fame as a headliner for Buffalo Bill's Show during the 1880's and until the early 1900's.

Plans are going ahead also by the Annie Oakley Memorial Committee to erect a statue carved in the likeness of Annie Oakley in her shooting costume. The statue will be placed near the Girl Scout camp built by Fred D. Coppock, in the park, at Greenville, and near the fire-altar where the treaty fire burns each year from June 16th to August 3d, the day the Greenville Treaty was signed with the Indians bearing the signatures of George Washington, General Anthony Wayne and chiefs of many Ohio Indian tribes.

Annie Oakley Moses (Mozee) was born near North Star, Darke County, in the late 60's. Her father died from being nearly frozen to death in a blizzard when he went to town to get food and

supplies for his family. The mother was left with eight small children. Annie Oakley, when she was six years old, helped to support the family by trapping quail, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and other game. She made traps of cornstalks, the only material she had.

When eight years old she learned to shoot a Kentucky rifle. She traded a hound pup for a gun, with which she supplied the game markets of Greenville, Dayton and Cincinnati. There were no laws then against market shooting and game was plentiful. She became an expert shot because she had to shoot to get food for the family, and to keep body and soul together, as her only brother now living, Johnny Moses, 83, at Greenville told the writer a few weeks ago. Shooting was natural for her and at the age of 15 she was taken to Cincinnati to shoot against Frank E. Butler, nationally famous rifleman.

The owner of the hotel who bought Annie's game, backed her to win with a wager of \$100. She shot her first professional event to win the match and also a husband and fame that traveled around the world. She married Frank Butler after the match. The shooting was done on live pigeons. It was before the days of clay birds.

\* \* \*

Later Sitting Bull, famous Indian medicine man and savage, who was credited with planning the Custer massacre, saw Annie Oakley shoot in Chicago. The Indian stood up and waved his arms shouting "Watanya cicilia" meaning "Little Sure Shot," in his language.

Below—Annie Oakley in her William Tell stunt. She shot apples from the head of her setter and favorite hunting dog, in one of the Buffalo Bill's Show stunts.



Later Annie Oakley became the star of the Buffalo Bill Show. Many of the stunts seen by the older generation, were learned in the woods when shooting game. As a girl she would whirl completely around when a grouse flushed and then kill the bird. When a rabbit jumped, she would toss her gun in the air, put it to her shoulder and kill the rabbit on the run. You who have seen Annie Oakley in Buffalo Bill's Show will recall that she shot glass balls from the back of a galloping horse, shot with blinded sights, and how she ran and jumped over a table, grabbed a gun and broke glass balls, after the flying target was released and almost never missed.

Years before World War No. 1 when touring Europe, Annie Oakley, at his imperial request shot a cigarette from the mouth of Kaiser Wilhelm II. When World War I broke out she wrote the Kaiser saying she was sorry she had hit on the cigarette and asked for another shot. He never replied. History might have been changed by that event . . . who knows?

She shot before Queen Victoria and her court with many of the crown heads of European countries present.

Annie Oakley made lots of money but spent most of it in educating relatives or to assist those in need. She was always helping someone else.

\* \* \*

Crippled in a railroad wreck while with Buffalo Bill's Show, she came back to shoot almost as well as ever in her later years. Will Rogers was very fond of Annie Oakley. After visiting her while an invalid some time before she died in 1926 in Dayton, he wrote:

"Just think of a frail little gray haired woman who spent her life with a wild west show, remaining in your memory as being just about the most perfect thing you ever saw next to your mother. Whenever I think of Annie Oakley I stop and say to myself, 'It's what you are . . . and not what you are in, that makes you'."

As a gray haired woman when they laid away her unfinished embroidery and her needles, before she died, she still retained her love for her guns. Hour by hour she would relate her experiences from a backwoods cabin in Ohio, to Royal Courts.

WITH pride, the ANGLER publishes herewith a re-print of "A LIVING MEMORIAL TO ANNIE OAKLEY"—by special permit of Oliver Hartley, Editor of the OHIO CONSERVATION BULLETIN: It is indeed, a most refreshing revival of one's memory to bring to the readers of the ANGLER this authentic story of the one and only ANNIE OAKLEY who inspired and thrilled the world in the days of yesteryear. A great shot, a lovable personality—a gentle lady.

—J. ALLEN BARRETT, Editor





Buffalo Bill (center), Annie Oakley, left. The girl on the right is said by Mrs. John Moses, Greenville, to be Buffalo Bill's daughter, but positive identification was not available on this valuable old picture, the only one of its kind in existence.

of Europe, when talking to old friends who could understand and appreciate. The name Annie Oakley rides on a Victory Ship launched at a Pacific Port in September, 1944.

Now don't you remember . . . you older sportsmen who saw Buffalo Bill's Show in the Gay Nineties or up until 1910 . . . the clear voiced announcer and the blare of trumpets and symbols: "L-a-d-i-e-s and Gentlemen! We now

call your po-lite attention to the c-h-a-m-p-e-e-n king-gun and rifle shot of the w-o-r-l-d, the feature ex-tra-ordinaree—"Little Sure Shot" the G-r-e-a-t-one and only—Miss Annie OAKLEY."

A thunder of applause. Necks stretched. The show crowd on its feet, Indians howling and then with a roll of drums, Annie Oakley, with a hop, skip and jump, a mass of brown hair falling about her shoulders, raced to the center of the arena to



Fred D. Coppock, sportsman and public spirited citizen of Greenville, who helped make the Annie Oakley Memorial possible. He is a member of the Sportsman's Association at Greenville and is an ardent conservationist.

greet her audience with a low bow and a broad sweep of a star spangled sombrero. The feature attraction of Buffalo Bill's "Carnival of All Nations" was on.

WHAT BUFFALO BILL is to the Boy Scouts, Annie Oakley will be to the Girl Scouts according to Fred D. Coppock, donor of the memorial park.

August 26th the Miami Valley Outdoors scheduled a big field day at the A.T.A. grounds at Vandalia. . . . It was Annie Oakley day in Ohio.

To the shooters of yesteryear, our dads and granddads, Annie Oakley was a "sweetheart."

## LYKENS-WICONISCO SPORTSMEN DOING BIG JOB

THE Lykens & Wiconisco Fish Game and Forestry Association with headquarters in Lykens are really up to their neck in a program of likes of which was never heretofore attempted in the Upper Dauphin Community. With a membership far in excess of former organizations of its kind, the club is not only planning but putting into material existence some of the finest work ever attempted.

The Charles Bohner farm west of Lykens and lying in Wiconisco Township has been leased and will be converted into a game refuge and haven for the uninterrupted propagation of game animals and birds. Then too—a memorial to the sportsmen of the vicinity, both fishermen and hunters, will be erected. This bids to shape into a veritable shrine surrounded by a grove of sturdy oaks and will be appropriately symbolized and embellished with the names of the service men who will not return.

Rattling Creek a fresh mountain-spring stream which flows through the community will be up for vast improvement. Already work has begun on the section flowing through the property of Dr. Gordon Smith and the plan calls for the development of a "Fisherman's Paradise."

The Committee in charge is headed by Leo Sholley and includes: Alois Platzer, Web Keen, Walter Shuey and Joseph Faust.

### GOOD FISH'N DOWN NORRIS- TOWN WAY

*These fine catches were made in the Perkiomen Creek:*

Lee Kalany; small mouth black bass—20½ in. 3 lb. 4 oz.

Jim Musselman; large mouth black bass—18 in. 3 lbs.

Charles Bortman; small mouth black bass—19½ in. 3¼ lb.

John R. Miller; small mouth black bass 18½ in.

Carl Godshall; large mouth black bass—17½ in.

Mrs. Carl Godshall; large mouth black bass—17½ in.

George Creter; small mouth black bass—19 in.

Jack Dale; small mouth black bass—18 in. 3¼ lb.

Dick Hunsicker; small mouth black bass—20¼ in. 3 lb. 6 oz.

*From the Canal at Morrisville:*

Howard Hackenberry; large mouth black bass—21½ in. 4 lb. 9 oz.

*From Lake Warren:*

William Quintrell; large mouth black bass—20 in. 4¼ lb.

*From the Neshaminy:*

Herbert Claus; small mouth black bass—19 in. 2 lb. 8 oz.

*Schuylkill River:*

Carl Bass; small mouth black bass—20 in. 4¼ lb. (An unusual fine specimen)

**BUY BONDS!**



# Little Journeys into Yesteryear Powell's Valley—



J. Allen Barrett

**B**ACK into the days of yesterday—days crammed full of delightful expeditions into the great outdoors in Pennsylvania. Splutz-wagon tracks with deep ruts in a narrow mountain road lead into the valley at the "Hand Board."

"Cat-Tail Run" back of the "Speckti-cup" and back as far as the mouth of "Salada's Gap" was always the natural home of speckled beauties. Not big, but the descendants of the same brook trout which perhaps welcomed the arrival of Columbus. Small, thin water, but cool and protected as it coursed its way down into the Marshes to join up with "Smoke Hole" and head off into the valley as North Branch of "Powell's Creek." On down back of "Round Top" and through the "Swamp" the stream provided both home and rendezvous for some of the finest "Brookies" that "Jake Grimm", "Ben Ferree", "Jake Ferree", "Wally Wynn", "Hal Shreffler", "Dick Budd", "Willis Hoffman" brothers "Lew" and "Roy", and "Geo. Ramsey" and many others would want to catch. Remember the fallen tree foot-log, just upstream from the washed out "Corduoy Bridge" at "Parke's Sawmill" and the fine piece of dead water where those big salmoned-bellied fellows lurked? Yes, that would be a memory for it has changed and all passed away these long thirty-five years.—But deep in our memory we can close our eyes and bring it back once more. "Parke's Sawmill"? Yes!—But not just "Parke's" for there were lots of Parke's all over Pennsylvania in those days. They were to be found wherever timber was cut. Deep in the dark recesses of our mountain country here, there and everywhere thruout our great state. Here then, were place names with which one always oriented one's self, whether it was "Powell's Valley", or Patty's Run in Pfoutz's Valley, The Shingle Branch, Young Woman's Creek, Spangler's Mill Run, Cedar Run at Letonia, Jamison City, Cross Fork, New London, and endless other similar places scattered over the length and breadth of our domain.—A quiet pool in a babbling mountain stream! A spot which one always holds front in his mind as he treks along hoping to arrive there first and before someone else might disturb it, come the break of dawn or the last faint light of twilight. Here then at "Parke's Sawmill" was such a spot, one of many along the brushy course of the North Branch of "Powell's Creek" on down through

the "Swamp" and out into open country only to meet up with and receive the cool waters of "Hickory Run" opposite "Boozy-Doo".

In those days "Hickory Run" too yielded some mighty fine native brook trout and happy was the smile on "Hal Bowman's" face when you met him astream of a day when they were "hitt'n". From the Junction the stream headed on down the Valley, but let us not forget the old standby for coal oil—remember "Bordners" little store there near the "Gutschall" place just below "Pinehurst" and opposite "Gord Smith"?

On down the Valley past the landmarks and scenes one learned to love and forever store away in that little attic of memory. You close your eyes and you see and meet them all over again—there's Bill and Harry and Joe, there's Pete and Mike and Bob, perhaps you may see the thin curl of smoke

on foot, then with a hired "Dayton Wagon" from "Ben Snyder's" livery or "Bill Heckler" livery, then came the auto and with it the "Model T" including "Amos Row's" laundry delivery truck, but in the altogether we did provide transportation for the recovery of many fine frogs from the "Hunkie Dam". Seems I can still see and hear them—"Hal Bowman", "All Row", "Dave Herb", "Bob Shreffler", "Ken Snyder", "Dutch Seiders", "Len Kerstetter", "Ed Klinger" and many others.

Below the dam some mighty fine trout fishing was always to be had, as far down as the "High Bridge" where the "South Branch" or the "Forkes" emptied. Yes! Crammed-full of delight were the trout fishing expeditions in Powell's Valley in the days of yesteryear.

South of the Valley and across the ridge flowe



Robert P. Miller of 221 N. Graham St., Pittsburgh, and fine Brownie he caught in Lynn Run. 27½ inches long—weight 5¾ lbs.

arising from the smoke stack of "Ike Rutters" Cabin and imagine you feel the chill frost of the early Spring morning. You may see such places as "Charlie Miller's" then "Dan Hawk" while not far westward you might hear the early morning quacks from "Ells Ender's Duck Farm". Might be that "Harry Shomper" and "Joe" and "Nat" will strike you when you reach the "Middle" cross road. Today, you'd surely meet "Bill Loskowski" current president of the popular "Whistle Pig" Fishing club, a-standing on the bridge and surveying his domain.

The stream is getting heavier now and as we approach the former home of "Charlie Bordner" we already find the back-waters of the old reservoir more commonly called "The Hunkie Dam" where the stream hurtles itself into what was once a beautiful artificial lake but which today presents only a mud-sucking "Bog". Frogs? In those day, plenty and the frog hunting trips of years ago will forever live in the minds of many who have survived while we fondly revere the memory of some who have since passed on. First

the other branch "The Forkes". Draining a complete wildwood and entanglement of brush and timber, the Beaver found and selected it ideal for home building and many were the big deep pools formed by the labor of this thrifty little animal. Reaching it by way of the swamp back of "Round Top" or by path from "George Paulus's" or by the "Old Shingle Road" at "Boozy-Doo" and the "Ridge Road" at "Ells Enders", happily rewarded were the days spent there by many of the fishermen and natives already mentioned including "Nate Snyder" the watchmaker and his sons, "Charl", "Ammon" and "Walter" the latter of whom built a fine cottage along its banks.

Gone! Are most of the old familiar scenes and places. The wind and the rain and the slow but effective process of erosion have surely exacted its toll until today it becomes a difficult problem to reconstruct it all. But there is a place, there does remain one lone sentinel of friendliness and warmth where one may as long as it lasts, still meet up with some of the old "Cronics" and in-



dge in memoir conversation. Opposite the old Etzweiler Blacksmith Shop" or should I say here it stood years ago, remains a landmark as additional as "Carsonville" itself. The "Carsonville Store." As a little fellow many years ago can distinctly remember trudging along on a dusty road, headed for that store and perhaps a piece of licorice root or gum drops. I can still remember the "Bell" as it chattered upon opening the door to announce the arrival of a customer. The "Round-Bellied" stove and the benches and the "Spitty Box" and the coal oil lanterns hanging from the ceiling. Here with my mother, we would stop, now and then for "Fritch" "butter", potatoes, lard and of course oil. Here, too, was the gathering point for woodsmen those days and many were the exciting moments as I listened to the experiences related by men who knew their fishing and hunting. I recall correctly "Jakie Bordner" was the proprietor then but today I do know that his son "Charlie Bordner" unlocks the door each morning.

Modernization has reached its long arm way back into Powell's Valley and some changes have been made with the race of time, but still one can find the same old lingo and hospitality as in the days of yore at Charlie Bordner's. Here on a bench worn with the years and inscribed with countless initials, one can still find conversation of days that used to be. Conversation of happy recollection as we journey into yesteryear.

## GOOD FISHING AT SAFE HARBOR

### LOWER SUSQUEHANNA—ABOVE CONOWINGO DAM



## MANY FINE CATCHES REPORTED DAILY— FROM OFF THE TUBE BRIDGE

(Continued Next Page)



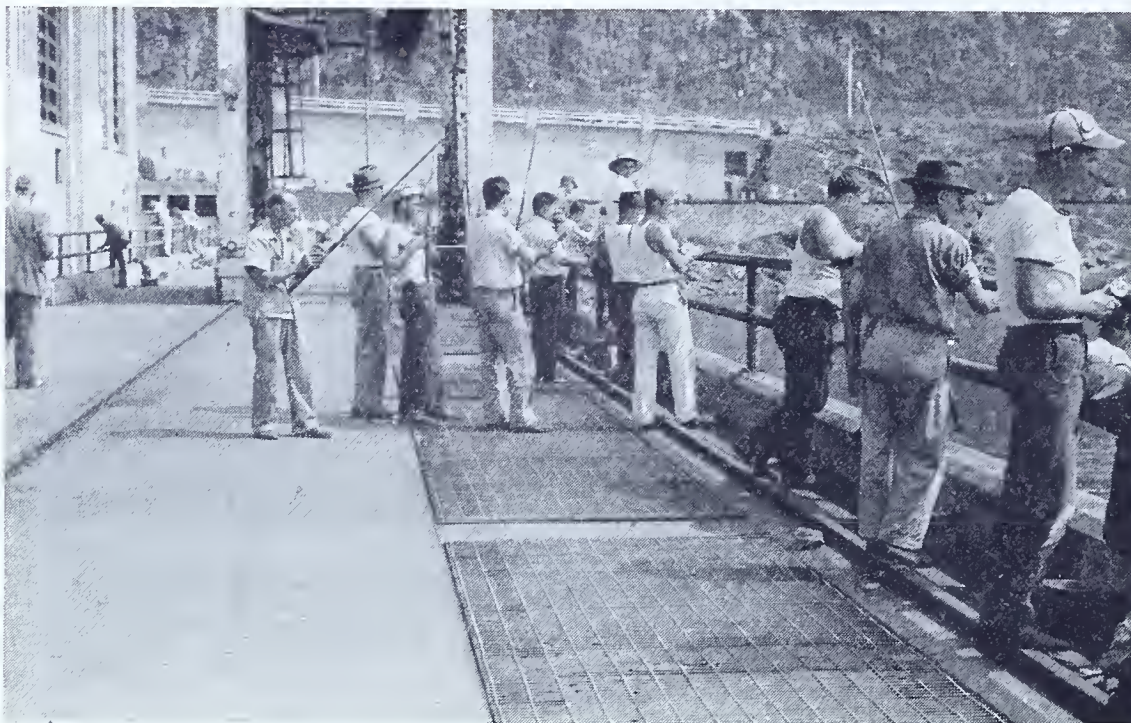
Fishermen on Draft Tube Bridge (Safe Harbor)

*Trout fishermen successfully employ the strategy of offering a trout a smaller fly than one it refuses to strike. The bass fisherman should do the same. Often a bass will only look over a plug but will immediately strike one of the same pattern but smaller in size.*

The best time to cast plugs for bass is early morning or late afternoon and night, for those are the periods when the fish move about even in the most shallow water in search of frogs, insects, and minnows. Pockets along shore lines are particularly good spots at these times of the day.







Along the Tailrace at Safe Harbor

### GOOD TIMBER

The tree that never had to fight  
For sun and sky and air and light,  
That stood out in the open plain  
And always got its share of rain,  
Never became a forest king  
But lived and died a scrubby thing.

The man who never had to toil  
By hand or mind 'mid life's turmoil,  
Who never had to win his share  
Of sun and sky and light and air,  
Never became a manly man  
But lived and died as he began.

Good timber does not grow in ease;  
The stronger wind, the tougher trees.  
The farther sky, the greater length;  
The rougher storms, the greater strength.  
By sun and cold, by rain and snows,  
In tree or man good timber grows.

Where thickest stands the forest growth  
We find the patriarchs of both.  
And they hold converse with the stars  
Whose broken branches show the scars  
Of many winds and much of strife—  
This is the common law of life.

—UNKNOWN

## Record Pike from the Wallenpaupack

### ONE FOR THE BOOK

WHAT appears to be one of the largest, if not the VERY LARGEST Pickerel ever caught out of the Wallenpaupack was taken on a fly rod. The fish measuring 32½ inches in length and tipping the scales at 8 lbs., 14 ounces was caught by E. F. Miller of 238 E. Broad St., Tamaqua. Miller used the F-6 orange flatfish lure.

Miller reports a battle par excellence and we can certainly appreciate just what a job to land a fish that big with the light tackle he used. John A. Schadt, State Fish Warden at Lake Ariel and who patrols the Wallenpaupack says—"I have always found Mr. Miller honest in his statements and I don't know of any other pickerel of that size nor have I heard of any taken from Lake Wallenpaupack. I do know of larger Walleyed Pike but not pickerel."

The Supreme Court of the State of Michigan, in a divorce suit brought by a wife against her husband held:

"It is not extreme cruelty for a father to go fishing and take his 13-year-old son along. The true lover of the 'gentle art', immortalized by old Izaak Walton, may not be discreet in selecting the time for going, and may never have heard the adage that, 'a day spent in the chase is not lost', and yet find solace even while experiencing 'fisherman's luck'." Frielink v. Frielink, 256 Mich. 472.

When in doubt use minnows, because all game fish are fond of them.

### THE UNUSUAL REPEATS

IT IS "very" unusual to do that once in a lifetime. Here are the details of my second battle with a beaver.

I went up the Allegheny on Saturday morning August 4, but found the water too high for go fishing, so being close to Tionesta creek we decided to fish there. I was accompanied by M Howard Brown and his son Arthur, of Monaca. We had been bait fishing up until about dusk then we changed to plugs. We were above the Tionesta Dam, where the bridge crosses. There were 20 or more people on the bridge at the time. I was plugging above the bridge about fifty yards when I cast out about 90 or 100 feet. I saw something swimming and when it got line with my plug I gave a yank on my rod, and the hooks caught him by that big broad tail. Well, when the people heard the splash they ran to the end of the bridge where I was, thinking I had a big Muskie, he made a great fuss and was under water as much as on top of the water. I put as much pressure as I could to bring him in and after about 20 minutes of a tussle with him I had him where I could take my hooks from his tail. He went on his way up stream none the worse for the 20 minutes of entertainment he furnished for twenty or more people. Two beaver hooked in two years is sure a "Believe it or not" for Bob Ripley.

—A. F. PEARSON, Rochester, Pa.

This fine 20¼-inch Rainbow was caught in Stone Creek opposite Ellendale Forge by Ross Crum of 2708 Lexington St., Harrisburg.





# Trout Fishing on the Big Scrubgrass

By T. BROWNELL

BIG Scrubgrass empties into the Allegheny River some seventy-five miles north of Pittsburgh. It is rugged country. Country rich, a few years back, was great oil producing and many of the old pumps are yet to be seen about the hills and valleys. A few are still working and a carelessly handled pump along a tributary stream raises havoc with the fish. At one time, at least from appearances, Big Scrubgrass had a lot of oil spilled into it and, of course, the trout were depleted. In recent years, however, the pumps have run dry or are more carefully handled and the trout are coming back. Large numbers of rainbows and browns have been stocked but the stream is not quite cold enough for the speckled variety.

The stream has a fine cover for fish, plenty of trees and in places great rocks and boulders which provide deep pools and eddies. The hardy fisherman, who wants to be by himself, can go several miles inland following the banks with no highway crossings to allow the entry of intruders. One stretch requires the better part of a day to go from highway to highway. And, unless one knows the country, it is best to stick to the stream. It is not hard to get lost in the deep woods along the banks. I recall with some humor that once I was forced to camp overnight to wait for daylight in order to find my way out.

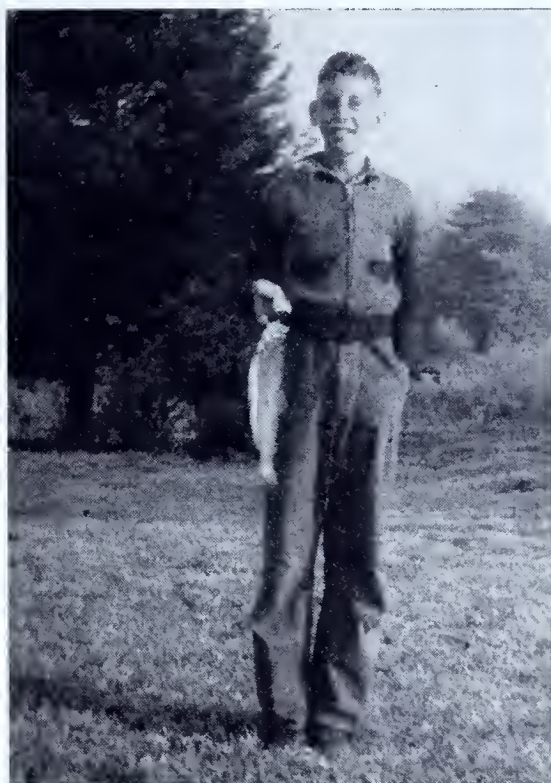
The unusual feature of Big Scrubgrass, however, is the way the Allegheny at high water backs up into the stream's mouth and thus changes the topography. Each spring one is greeted by an entirely new and changed landscape. Where a deep pool was a year ago there may now be a sturdy bank and a white beach. Big trees are often uprooted from their beds and will spend a summer along the mouth and be gone entirely the following year. But for several hundred feet from the Allegheny there is always a plentiful supply of deep pools of one shape or another. And here, at the right time with the right tackle, is trout fishing par excellence.

Many of the bigger trout come in from the river to seek cooler water and perhaps the quiet contemplation of the little stream. The Allegheny temperature must be fifteen or twenty degrees warmer. In wading with rubber boots, it is comparable to stepping from a cool shower into a hot one, when one reaches the river.

But the burden of my song is that these pools are jam-packed with trout! It is often like seeing them at a hatchery or in a museum. They are not always there, of course. Perhaps they go out into the river or go upstream. It is a case of being here at the right time.

For a year I lived within a few miles of Scrubgrass. I was privileged to get in a lot of this unusually fine trout fishing at this time. Occasionally I went down in the morning . . . the middle of the day seldom yielded anything, but the favorite time was an hour or so before sunset. Often I have arrived there just at dark and disgruntled anglers were packing up to leave, having tried in vain to hook the wonderful looking trout that were plainly visible in the pools just a few feet below them. Generally these were worm fishermen. At any rate the trout were not interested. They invariably ignored the fishermen. But if these unsuccessful fishermen could have known what sport they were missing!

I recall one night that I arrived there with my brother-in-law, an ardent sportsman. It was about an hour before dark. Three or four all-day workers were just leaving. They were obviously tired and disgruntled. We rigged up our lines. My partner used a hadger hi-visible, his own specialty which he had tied himself. I put on a black gnat. We oiled our lines well and put on fine leaders. The latter is essential at Scrubgrass. The fish just won't touch a fly that is rivalled in size by the attached leader. It is truly sport at its highest to have on a good fish knowing that your landing him depends almost entirely on your own skill and that with just a little too much pressure or a sudden jerk the prize will be gone! We fished casually for half an hour. Nothing



Russell Ace of Emlenton and a nice 15-inch Rainbow Trout he caught in the Big Scrubgrass.

stirred. There were a few rises and we could see rainbows turning on their sides down in the deep water. As dark approached they began to feed. Whatever they were feeding on, they didn't care for black gnats or badger bi-visibles. Time after time they would strike right beside our flies. They weren't vaguely interested. Finally, in desperation, I tried a small grey fly, that I had tied, on a number 22 hook. I had on a nine foot one and a half pound straight leader so there was not too much interference. At first it seemed just another fly. No response whatever. It was a dry fly but it was soon well soaked and I tried dragging it along just below the surface of the stream. You could have knocked me down with a feather. Just like that! A big one hit it and soon I had a twelve inch rainbow in my creel. A few minutes later I repeated the performance and this time with a fourteen inch fish of the same variety. I called to my companion who had been having no luck at all and told him of my latest technique. When I first threw out I let the fly settle on the water for perhaps thirty seconds,

then drew it out with short jerks. It seemed to parallel to some extent the action of the larvae on which they were evidently feeding. For a time it was almost too easy. The trout would strike as soon as the fly had settled on the water and it was started in motion. A lot of them were misses, of course, which made it all the more enlivening. We soon had all we felt we could use . . . rainbows with an occasional brown. We fished on for awhile and released all we caught. This experience I have related bears out my statement that the more trout fishing I do the keenest enjoyment is found in using the lightest tackle possible and pitting your skill against the battle which the fish puts up. It becomes almost secondary whether or not the fish winds up in your creel. First you've got to be where there are fish. Then it becomes a matter of competition . . . even salesmanship. The bait must be presented in a manner that the fish cannot resist and if you outwit them then, there is real enjoyment to be had.

At other times fishing in Scrubgrass has been successful only when using dry flies exclusively and generally only in the evening hours . . . that time when so many anglers have tried fruitlessly the greater part of the day and are giving up in despair. One evening, while I was there, I had gone through practically my whole box of dry flies as well as trying several wet ones. The trout were rising, too, not jumping out of the water but merely nosing the surface. Finally, as a last resort, I put on a small bee-like fly which resembled a yellow jacket. I had more or less disdained it, thinking it a kind of novelty fly. But it got results and I soon had several nice browns and a couple of rainbows. When I left around ten-thirty I could still hear an occasional churning of the water out in the darkness. The pools at the mouth have one great advantage. The banks run back some distance before the advent of any trees. Thus one can handle the fly as well in complete darkness as one can in daylight. But, even so, a pocket flashlight was standard equipment on these expeditions. As to my bee-like fly, it proved worthless a couple of nights later. A different kind of hatch was on.

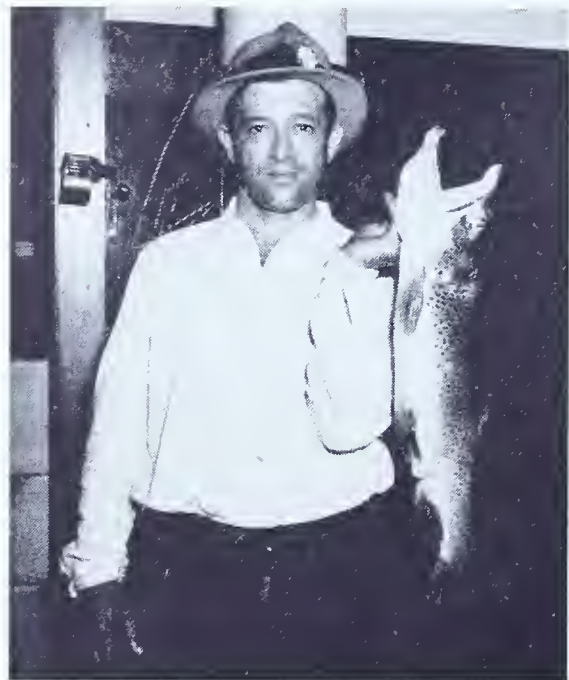
I can't help but recall another time when we were down there several evenings in succession and had enjoyed only indifferent success. We had taken a few but were not satisfied. In one backwater pool I had repeatedly seen a large brown trout jumping clear of the water. Sometimes he would waggishly come up not more than ten feet from where I was standing. He seemed entirely unafraid. We got the idea that he knew we were there and for us to go ahead with our business and he would with his. He ignored flies of any description . . . both dry and wet. He would rise up as close as six inches to what I considered an enticing looking fly. It was exasperating. He just seemed too well educated. A night or so later, as I was leaving the studio for the evening fishing trip, a huge oversized grasshopper sailed across my path. On the lookout for new baits, I grabbed him and later took him on to Scrubgrass with me. Walking quietly over to the pool where the big one usually sported, I put the grasshopper, still alive, on a number 16 hook with a BB shot sinker on the leader and tossed him out some twenty feet. I let it settle a bit and reeled

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## SNAP-SHOTS FROM THE REALM OF FISHING!

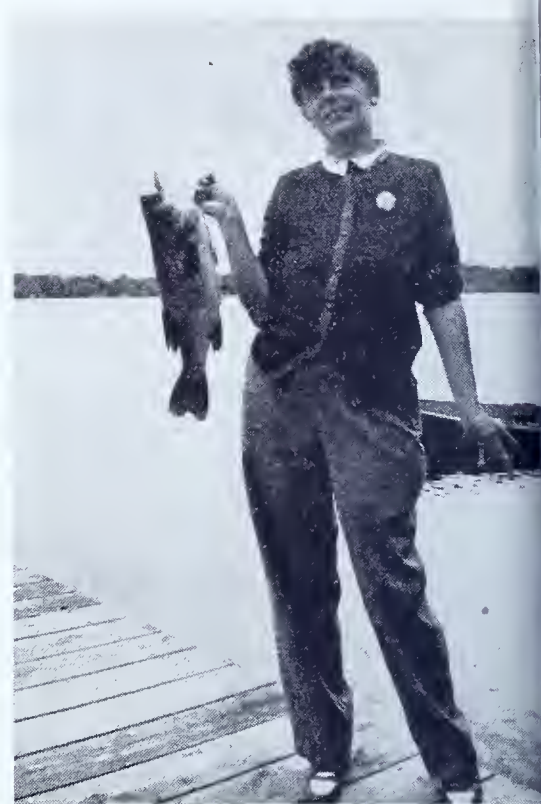
Warren Rhinehart of Strasburg and large Walleye he caught at Safe Harbor Dam



Pete Sculley of Delancy and the 6-lb. 6-oz., 26-in. Brown Trout he caught in the Brookville Reservoir. Pete used a live minnow for lure.

### LANDS 4-POUND BASS

A four-pound, 19-inch small-mouthed black bass was caught in the Susquehanna River opposite Speeceville after a 20-minute fight by Joseph M. Starr, 1327 Fulton Street, Harrisburg. Starr used stone catfish as bait. He caught three other bass measuring 12 inches.



This 6-lb., 26-inch L. M. Black Bass was taken from Twin Lakes, Pike Co. by Mrs. George Stears.

### HIGHSPIRE WOMAN GETS 4-POUND BLACK BASS

Mrs. M. A. Schaeffer of Highspire, caught five black bass while fishing in the Susquehanna River recently. The largest one weighed four pounds and was 22½ inches in length.

Fred Dodson of Kunkle, Luzerne County and his Brownie he caught in Bowman's Creek, Wyoming County. 23¾ inches, 4 lbs. 13½ ounces.

Sgt. Harry F. Carson, Lancaster and his 26-in., 6-lb. Walleye he caught at Safe Harbor Dam



Paula Marie Reigart of York proudly poses with some mighty fine Rainbows caught by Byron Gresh of Long Level.





## MORE HIGHLIGHTS FROM PENNSYLVANIA'S FISHING FRONT

Three dandy Brown Trout caught in Stoney Creek near Shanksville by Wm. R. Lohr of Stoystown

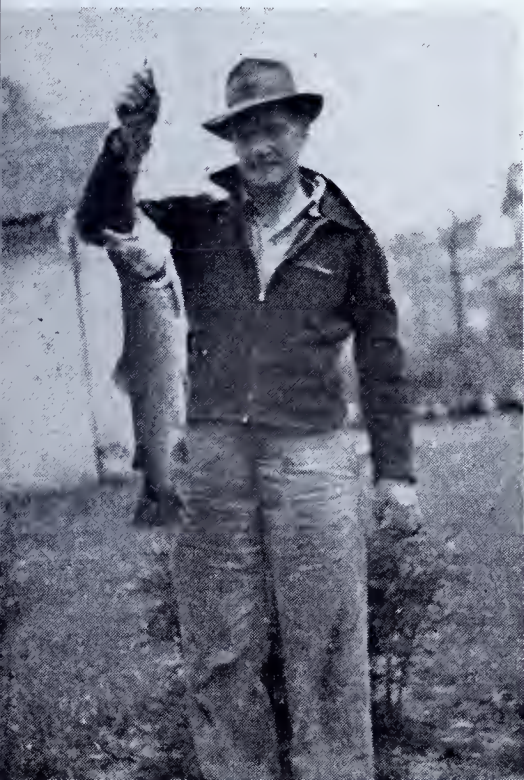


Two Walleyes taken from Pymatuning by H. C. Sutherland, Game Protector, are proudly displayed by the Protector's grandson.



Two consecutive casts at the Tionesta Spillway John Jordan (above) landed these fine Muskies. 31 inches, 11 lbs. and 33 inches, 9½ lbs. respectively. Jordan hails from Dayton, R. D. 3, Pa.

From the Slippery Rock, this fine Brownie, 26 inches long and weighing 6 lbs., caught by David Baker of Ellwood City.







## REV. A. J. KIMMEL LANDS BIG MUSKIE

Any sudden increase in the size of the congregation of First Evangelical Church of Oil City, may be attributed to an influx of those members of the fishing gentry who don't catch fish because they "just don't live right."

The pastor, Rev. A. J. Kimmel, a veteran sportsman, has a very persuasive argument in favor of the upright life to present to this group of fishermen—namely a 43-inch muskellunge.

The Reverend was doing some solo fishing at Walnut Bend recently and was walking the shoreline as he flipped out a jitterburg lure in an attempt to snag into some member of the game fish family. The big 'lunge hit about 30 feet offshore and was landed after a five-minute battle.

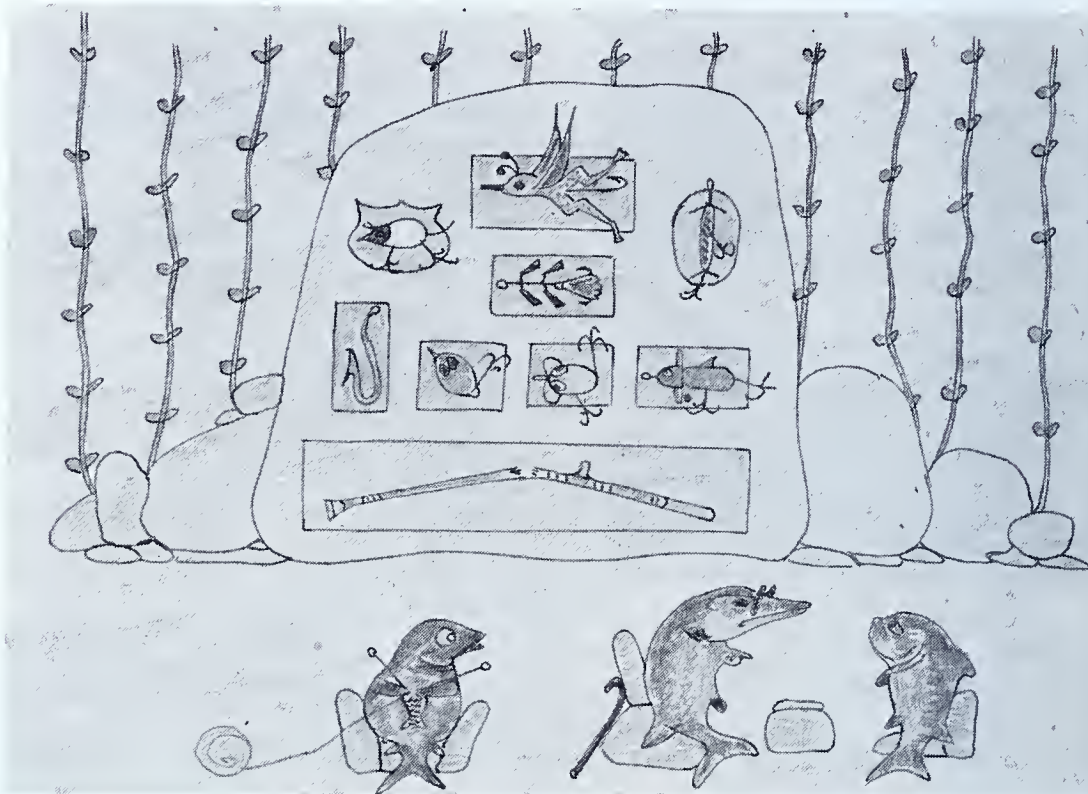
Rev. Kimmel said he was without a gaff hook and came in for some trouble when the leader was cut while the tail of the big battler was still in the water. However, the lucky fisherman wasn't losing his prize catch at that stage of the game and succeeded in shoving the fish to a place where he could be handled more easily.

The muskie is the largest reported taken hereabouts this season.

## Squalls from Lee Run Bay

By JAN DREWS

### OLD TOM, THE BLIND MUSKELLUNGE



"Yeah—I took that funny-looking bait from Fortney—summer of '45 it was—'Rocky' and I were down by the round rock in the Lee Eddy, when he and Barrett came drifting down the creek. They were gassing off about invisible bi-visibles, and weren't paying attention."

Fall is here with its fragrance of new-mown hay, sweet clover, juniper and angostura.

The John at Dick's cottage is being enlarged to accommodate the entire Quartet.

A stranger from Ellwood City was rescued from two mosquitoes back of Elliot's cottage last Monday. He was lucky. They would have carried him across to the Sandbank if they hadn't thought a big mosquito would take him away from them.

It was so windy last Saturday that the B-29 Herons had to walk from McWilliams Hill down to the creek.

It is rumored in the Lee Eddy that Old Tom, the blind Muskellunge, and his female "Seeing Eye Rock Bass will gather little pebbles in the spring.

That big Salmon bit one of the stenographers who swim in the Aikon Eddy. While she is recuperating standing up, she is reading up on how to swim without looking like a Flatfish.

## THE LOWLY CRAWFISH

By CHARLES B. REIF

Courtesy Conservation Volunteer

**I** FIRST came to know the crawfish in Ohio. There my father and I often used them for bait. We would spend a whole afternoon in turning the flat stones of the Miami river that we might be well supplied with "peeler craws" for bass fishing next day.

It was quite a trick to catch these elusive animals as they scooted rapidly backwards into muddy water or darted about among the stones. We preferred "soft craws," but the peeler craws kept better and could be peeled to soft craws when they were needed.

A peeler crawfish is one that is about to moult. All crawfish (or crayfish as they are called in some places), in common with lobsters and crabs, have their skeletons on the outside of their bodies. Thus for the animals to grow, the old skeleton

must be shed and the new one expanded while it is yet soft. The hardening of the new skeleton is effected by calcium which the animal has previously stored in its body in the form of smooth white cupshaped discs of calcium carbonate about three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. These are called "lucky stones."

In field work, I often discover crawfish chimneys. These turrets, nine inches or so high, are common along sluggish streams and in lowlands. The burrowing crawfish dig down until their tunnels are below the water table and there they stay except when feeding.

Naturalists have long speculated about these chimneys. Some persons see a purpose in them; others hold that they are merely incidental to the excavation. There had also been much dispute

over the method of digging employed by the animals until someone saw a crawfish carrying pellets of wet soil from its burrow with its big pincers, so the idea that the abdomen was used passed into discard. Certain forms of the crawfish extend their tunnels deeper and deeper as the water table subsides. Many of them plug the openings during extreme drought and resort to a modified type of aestivation, or dormancy.

In the fall and spring, we commonly catch female crawfish with eggs attached beneath their abdomens. While in such a condition the females are spoken of as being "in the berry." They remain motionless through long periods except for the swinging back and forth of the egg masses. Generally the eggs are an opaque black color but occasionally a female is found with reddish, translucent eggs. The females do not moult when in the berry and being handicapped in swimming, seek to remain well hidden.

Since the younger individuals are colorful and interesting pets, we often introduce them into our

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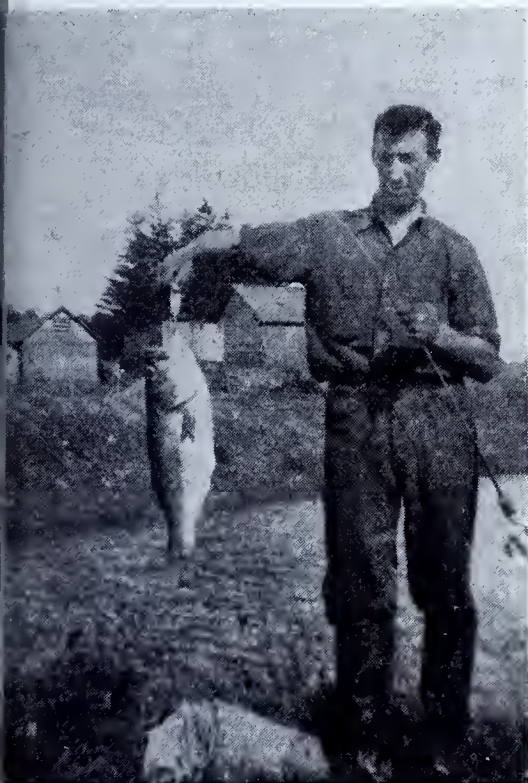
# GREAT OUTDOORS

## Pennsylvania Plays Big Part in Growth of Bass Fishing

By HARRIS G. BRETH

BASS fishing as a sport has won itself thousands upon thousands of devotees these days. In a part across the state recently it was not surprising to travel the highway along good bass streams and observe anglers dotting the big lakes in boats and waders wielding their rods in the shallow shore waters.

Up in the northeastern section of the state, which has dozens of small lakes and ponds within few miles of each other, you could see even more



Ex Vosburg and 21-inch, 6-lb., 4-oz. Black Bass he caught in Quaker Lake, Susquehanna County.

hermen. Probably because most of the waters here contain good bass fishing, also pickerel fishing, and the area attracts large numbers of fish-minded vacationers. However, residents' conversation always includes plenty of talk about the "big ones that got away," too.

This great interest is comparatively recent. Few of us realize bass were unknown, never heard of, all along the Middle Atlantic Eastern seaboard and the New England states less than 100 years ago. Records show it was not until after 1850 when the first bass, and mighty few of them, were carried overland from the Ohio River watershed and placed in some of today's finest and best known waters. The Potomac, the Susquehanna, the Hudson and all the lakes and ponds draining into them contained none of these fighting game fish prior to that time.

### New England Stocked

In 1854 bass finally were taken into New England from northern areas, likely the St. Lawrence Great Lakes, but it wasn't until 1869 they were put into the Potomac River. It makes an odd story. Efforts had been made for some years previously, but the fish died on the overland trip. When the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad line from Cumberland to Wheeling was completed, and a sportsman, Gen. W. W. Shriver, of Wheel-

ing, finally succeeded. With the cooperation of a railway conductor, he caught 30 small bass from the Ohio, placed them in a perforated pail immersed in the locomotive's water tank, and the little fellows made the long trip lively and kicking. They were stocked in the Cumberland Canal, and in less than a decade bass were found for 200 miles along the Potomac.

Eastern Pennsylvania received its first bass from the Potomac, and they were stocked in Susquehanna at Harrisburg by a few individual sportsmen about 1871, and by 1873 the State Fish Commission had obtained and stocked them in the Delaware. Water conditions were so ideal it was not long until the fighting bronzeback (they were mostly small-mouths) had found their way into the far reaches of both watersheds. From that very small beginning comes the great numbers found today, and the fine sport enjoyed by the average bass angler.

### Hatching Improved

However, while the bass did thrive when caught in its natural habitats and stocked elsewhere, it was not until around 1930 they could be successfully hatched and reared in quantities and kept to desirable size in hatchery ponds. Much of the credit for this discovery, and it was a discovery, must go to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. State fish culturists found ways to grow the right kind of natural food required by newly hatched bass, which must have live food for the first crucial weeks of life. This food is daphnia, or the common water flea. And in the past several years, even during the war, other bass rearing problems have been solved.

It is no wild prediction that Pennsylvania, in a matter of a few years, will be rearing bass to stock the same as it does trout, legal size and larger, and in almost the same huge quantities. The fighting bronzeback and his brother, the

Postmaster E. R. Sparks of Indianhead, Pa. and 18 1/2-in., 43 1/2-oz. B. Bass he caught in Indian Creek



large-mouth, are here to stay, and anglers need not lie awake wondering about the future of this particular gamefish.

While bass fishing usually catches the spotlight after the big game fishing season opens, and holds it, there are a great many anglers who have learned the wall-eyed pike makes for great sport, too. Wall-eyes aren't as smart and temperamental as the bass or muskie, nor do they excite the angler with as many antics and acrobatics when hooked and struggling to get away. Yet they are no dummies, and the fisherman who isn't wise to their moods and ways is out of luck.

A great deal can be said of the game qualities of the wall-eye, although, once snared, he performs sluggishly, and, unless of fair size, can be brought carefully to the net without too much fuss. But game fishing, and gamey qualities, in many instances do not depend on the fish but on the tackle and equipment used to handle them. Even a five-pound small-mouth bass, which grabbed a soft shelled crab or a plug viciously and with murderous intent, hard enough to set the hooks deep and well, has no chance against the sturdy casting rod and an extra-heavy line, if the angler has any experience at all. But this isn't intended to cause a round table argument about gaminess, or the "pound for pound and inch for inch" stuff. It is merely to say present and future angling and anglers will do well to cast an eye at the opalescent optics of the pike-perch.

### Wall-Eye's History

The wall-eye doesn't ask too much to thrive and multiply, and never did. He came originally from the Finger Lakes of New York, and, after being dumped into the upper reaches of the Susquehanna River, was forgotten for years. He finally appeared all over the Susquehanna and its branches, from Harrisburg up to the Juniata and west branches. He was a stranger, and natives promptly dubbed him "Susquehanna Salmon." No salmon, but a member of the perch family, he was no less tasty and early fishermen, modern fishermen, too, contend he is the best eating fish of all. (Maybe, I'll take native brook trout!)

But over the years the wall-eye has made good fishing in many lakes and big streams in the state, including the Allegheny, if you know their habits and routine. Wall-eyes hang to the deep water and lie most of the time directly on the bottom. The best method to take them is the bottom-bumping trolling rig, with a red and white spinner ahead of a worm, crab or minnow. They will take plugs also, if retrieved close to the bottom. But they are slow to hit, and often like to follow for some distances. Therefore the slowest, possible speed in retrieving or trolling is most productive, except during those times when they are on a feeding spree. Then they come in out of the deep, to the shoals or shorelines, and feed as viciously and savagely as a foraging bass, hitting hard and fast, even surface plugs. Usually they will be in schools of larger size peditions occur generally in the fall, just about cold weather time.

### Stocking a Problem

One thing prevents the wall-eye from being stocked in numbers like bass and trout. They can be hatched from the egg at a hatchery, but cannot be kept more than a few days, because the day they begin to eat they like live food and will grab the wiggling tails of their tiny brethren and must be stocked at once. Once this obstacle is surmounted and wall-eyes can be reared to desirable stocking size anglers will find new sport and enjoyment, and good eating, taking them. This means plenty of experimentation and research, but since other fish culture obstacles have been removed, as in the rearing of bass and trout, undoubtedly the wall-eyed problem will be also.



# LET'S GO OUTDOORS

With Slim  
By RALPH SIDES

**A** FISH as big as a row boat weighing as much as a man, seen last week threshing about on the surface of the Susquehanna river below Conowingo dam, is the latest sensational fish story authenticated by several local anglers who witnessed the appearance.

One chap described it as acting like a dolphin bouncing up and down under the water, showing its broad back with huge dorsal fin and tail two feet wide.

All occupants of crafts within range of the

monster were thrilled and scared. What a chance, they thought, to hook into a giant which could tow a boat. Then on the other hand there was the fearful possibility of the enormous creature flipping his tail too close and upsetting them in the treacherous waters. Tense moments of suspense had everyone tingling with excitement mingled with apprehension.

Nothing happened however and old rivermen concluded that it was a stray sturgeon which had ventured from the sea.

## What D'You Know About Angling?

By JIM HURLEY

ERIE DISPATCH HERALD

The word angle comes from the Indo-European root word Ank, meaning to bend, and has nothing at all to do with "angles" the Broadway boys are always looking for.

Angling represents man's earliest quest of wild things—even antedates hunting—when, even as now, he had to eat to live. Early in the earth's history water covered most of the globe's surface.

These waters were alive with creeping, crawling, swimming things and to them man turned for his food supply. His weapons were rough, a crude spear and sharpened flint head made his first harpoon. It was hard for man to get close to his quarry with these clumsy weapons so about the time of the Stone Age man got "smart" and began making his first "fishing hooks."

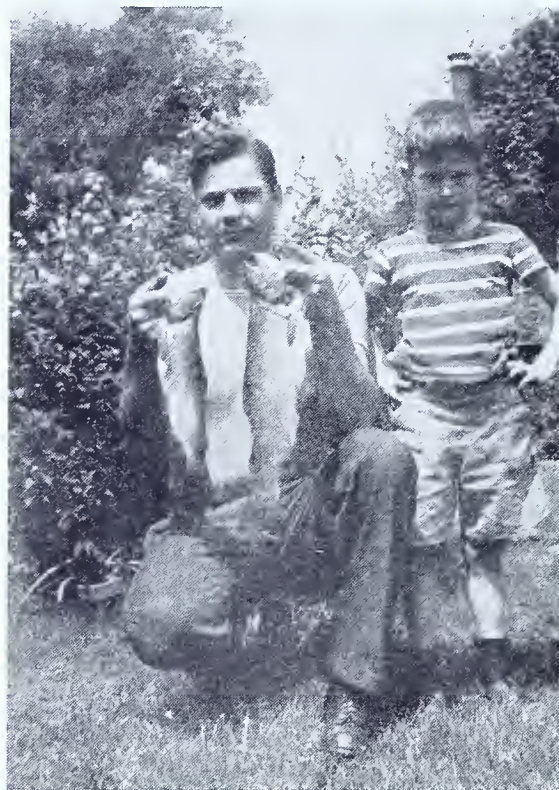
The first hook or angle was not a hook at all but a gorge, made of stone, wood or bone, with a groove in the center. Around this groove a thong was wound and the gorge was impaled in the bait. It was swallowed or lodged in the throat of the fish and the Stone Age fishermen yanked his fish onto the land.

Fishing is often mentioned in the Bible but they were commercial men; fishing was done for food in those days and not for pleasure.

First sports fishermen apparently were the Egyptians. In some of their hieroglyphics and permanent carvings we find substantial citizens of their days pretty much caparisoned for fishing as the modern sports angler is with rod and line. No reels show up in the hieroglyphics.

The Greek must have had a word for it, because many of their early historians—notably Plutarch—wrote about fishing. Old Plute did an item on a fishing match between Antony and Cleopatra, but he doesn't say who was doing the fishing and for what. Anyway, Bill Shakespeare utilized this contest in his great (they were all great, weren't they?) play, "Antony and Cleopatra."

Izaak Walton (this is his birth month, by the way; he was born Aug. 9, 1593, at Stafford, England) was not the father of angling as is



Joseph Bogle and son display two nice Trout caught on Nymphs at Fisherman's Paradise. The Boggles reside at 328 Hepburn St., Milton.

generally supposed. The first complete treatise on fishing is a Greek poem of five books.

Fly fishing was practiced thousands of years ago according to a book written by a Greek in the third century A.D., which tells of the Macedonians taking fish in their rivers.

These Macedonians, according to the early Greek writer, captured a spotted fish by using a lure made of wool and feathers. The spotted fish undoubtedly was a brown trout and the wool and feathers constituted what we'd call today a streamer fly.

Old Ike Walton was undoubtedly the father of modern angling. In his immortal work "The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation" he gives advice to his contemporaries which is as applicable today as it was in the early 1600's.

His hints on fishing for trout can be well followed by modern fishermen, and he gives a recipe for a bait for carp which you'd think came from a modern angler. You guessed it, a dough-ball!

Fish are not found all over the ocean as many people imagine. Mostly they aren't found far off the continental shelf of each continent as it goes out from a mile to 15 or farther before sloping off into great depths of 1,000 feet or more.

Of the salt water species the life cycle of the and the salmon are most interesting. So scientists contend that all eels on the western hemisphere journey eastward to and through the Atlantic to a nebulous spot in the sea of Sargasso, to spawn. The spawn works its way on a two-year trip back to America. European eels journey westward for the same purpose. Do ask us how eels in our West Coast states cross the Rocky Mountains, the desert or the prairie.

Both the East and West Coast salmon spawn in fresh water by going up rivers to do so. Adult salmon come back to spawn—just like shad do in the river in which they were born. All West Coast salmon die after they spawn, and the food of the young is the disintegrating bodies of their parents. East Coast salmon do not die after spawning, but return to the Atlantic.

## She Angles for Fish Meet Only Woman President of Fly Fishers Club

By ADELAIDE KERR

Ramble down Willowemoc river in New York and you may meet the only woman in the United States who is president of a fly fishers club.

She is Mrs. B. Tappen Fairchild, of Co Spring Harbor, New York. Pause to watch, she stands hip-deep in waders and you may get few casting points, as her line cuts the air with swish, and her fly (hand-made by her husband) drops on icy bubbles at the spot where she has seen a rise. Watch a few minutes longer and you may see her net a trout. One season she netted 199 salmon in four weeks (though she returned most of them to the water).

Mrs. Fairchild, member of a well known New York family, wife of a sportsman and mother of two servicemen, began to fish twenty-five years ago when her husband came home from World War I. Few women fished in those days.

A decade later she helped found the Women Flyfishers Club, believed to be the only organization of its kind in the country. Today the club numbers 60 women and has its own clubhouse on the Willowemoc. Husbands may go on the fishing outings, but they can't fish.

"Few women are dyed-in-the-wool fishermen," she said with a smile. "Most women fish because they want to get along with their men. That's why I think more women will fish after the war when many men now in service will want to do more hunting and fishing."

Mrs. Fairchild thinks women make first class fishermen.

"They have delicacy of touch and patience," she said. "And both these qualities are important. Incidentally, fishing is a wonderful fatigue antidote for business women."

Right now the Fairchild family interest in sports is playing second fiddle to work in behalf of service men. Mrs. Fairchild is active in several committees which arrange for entertainment of convalescent service men from Santini hospital, Sea Gate Naval hospital and Mason General hospital. About twenty-five of the men spend Sunday as lunch and dinner guests of Cold Spring Harbor families, who arrange golf, swims, country club dance and box suppers for them. During the week Mrs. Fairchild entertains hospitalized soldiers with a musical program in which she whistles like a bird to her own accompaniment. Mr. Fairchild teaches flytying at Mason General hospital.

Mrs. Fairchild is a member of the Planning Board of Huntington Township and an ardent stamp collector.



# LIL ABNER

(Continued from Page 7)

...some years ago, but now he's only a legend."

"Professor," said the Old Master, "legend or fact, I always hankered to meet up with a trout that was twenty years old or better. You never tell—"

I laughed, but nevertheless, as we worked down the creek, I put my flies away and tried worms for a while. Although the water was warm, it was cold, and the trout were bottom-feeding. I picked up a few fish on worms, and the Old Master, after he had discarded his minnow rig, hit the jackpot when he took four minnows out of a tongue of fast water on skillfully presented worms.

We reached a beautiful pool where the creek had narrowed and deepened and where the moderate current hugged an undercut bank, an ideal set-up. We were worming the pool carefully when a familiar figure emerged from the old pool that flanked the creek.

"Morning, boys," said Ross Bailey. "How're they hitting?"

Ross is the Chief Fish Warden for that corner of the state, and as such, he is a real fisherman's warden. Known throughout the hills for his good sportsmanship, he is a keen and experienced outdoorsman.

"It looks," said Ross smiling, "as if you might catch after Lil Abner."

There was that name again. The Old Master looked at me with an I-told-you-so air.

"Why?" I asked.

"He's supposed to range this section of the creek," replied the warden, "and he's more likely to take a worm or a minnow than a fly, unless it's a big buetail or streamer."

"Have you ever seen Lil Abner?" asked the Old Master.

"Oh, yes. In fact, a pardner of mine hooked him one evening. He's broken more tackle than any trout I know of."

"How big is the fish?" I asked.

Ross grinned. "Local authorities aren't agreed as to whether the trout is three or four feet long. I don't want to hazard a guess, but he is an exceptional fish, both for length and girth."

With a friendly so-long, Ross ambled upstream.

"So it was just a legend," said the Old Master. "What do you say now?"

"I say we're going to do some serious fishing," I replied.

I had tired of worm-dunking and, after we had worked the big pool, went back to my buetails and streamers.

"Lil Abner," I said, "if you're looking for a mouthful, here's something that should tickle your appetite."

I chose a big black and white streamer with a sleek polar bear body and a pair of popping glass eyes. In the water it was a very lifelike lure. Spring Creek left the big pool with a rush, buckled down a long flat gravel chute, and piled up against the bank which swung sharply to the right. At this elbow in the creek a number of big logs had jammed crosswise in the streambed and had formed a natural dam which slowed the water up momentarily and created a deep pocket full of cross-currents.

I stood so that my casts quartered downstream, and my fly was carried through the swift riffle down into the restless pocket of water among the logs.

I must have made a dozen casts before it

happened. My white streamer was easy to see, and I was watching it idly as I retrieved it. Suddenly I saw the flash of a fish behind it. As I gave the fly an extra twitch, I felt a slight tug. A huge trout swirled in the water beside my streamer. I saw his broad flank gleam as he turned and glided back under a log. He had barely humped my fly and refused it.

"Lil Abner," I breathed.

I cast again and again without raising the big trout before I decided to sit down, smoke a cigarette, and think the situation over. The Old Master came down from the big pool, and I told him about the fish.

"What did you raise him on?" he asked.

"The black and white streamer. You know—the one that looks like a minnow in the water. But I can't raise him again."

"There's your answer," said the Old Master, "a minnow. Why don't you try a real minnow?"

"Pardner," I said producing a double hook and a bait needle, "you've got something there."

He did. I hooked the minnow so that its tail was curved, and the first time it spun past Lil Abner, the big trout nailed it. When he felt the barbs, he cleared the water in a slashing leap, scattering spray all over the creek.

The Old Master's eyes popped.

"Wow!" he yelled. "You've hooked him. Take it easy! Watch him! Keep that rod up!"

Lil Abner was tough. He packed a terrific wallop. I had to admit that he was the cagiest fighter I had ever stood up to. But I was confident. So far I had him under control. He hammered around the little pool for ten minutes. I followed him easily, keeping a tight line. As I felt him weaken, I crowded him a little. And then, just as I had him where I wanted him,—then—

Lil Abner, as if he suddenly remembered urgent business elsewhere, gave one mighty flip of his broad tail and swam steadily and irresistibly away under the log jam. Almost immediately the leader fouled on an underwater snag, the line twanged like a bow string, and the rod sprang backward in my hand. Lil Abner had won another round. I sat down and lit a cigarette with shaking fingers.

"Too bad," said the Old Master, "but we'll hook him again some time."

"Yes," I said, "he's still here to fish for."

Yes, Spring Creek with its chill crystal waters is still the home of Lil Abner. Each time I fish the stream, with every cast I make, I half expect that big brown bruiser to roll up out of the mysterious depths and engulf my lure. Lil Abner is a legend among the folk of the trout country, but a legend come to life.

## BIG SCRUBGRASS

(Continued from Page 13)

in slowly . . . the current carrying it off somewhat to my left. Practically all the line came in . . . almost to the nine foot leader and I could see the grasshopper coming up to the surface. There was a sudden swirl and there was the big brown almost at my feet taking the bait! I could see the whole performance. He didn't tarry, either, for even as I set the hook he started fast for the Allegheny, running out at least sixty feet of the ninety feet on my reel. It was a royal battle but he was tired when I finally pulled him up over the edge of the landing net. That kind can't be hurried when one has on a light leader. He measured just over twenty inches which is nice trout in any fisherman's language. He bore the mark of previous battles

as his lower jaw was twisted considerably. I am sure he had been a party to some epic struggle before, and won. This particular trout went into a waiting washtub covered with netting and was hurried back to our private pool. (Concerning the building of these trout pools I'd like to write at a later date. They can make a fisherman's backyard a paradise.)

All in all for the true nature lover the mouth of Scrubgrass offers one of the most beautiful settings for trout fishing I have ever seen. Young mountains on all sides and the broad Allegheny cutting through them, and in the distance a spider-like bridge spanning the river. Often, too, in the evening the church bells from the village below ring out melodiously on the breeze. Also at times I have seen deer swimming the river and it is a good three hundred yards in width at this point. And almost always there are plenty of trout . . . sometimes in one pool, sometimes in another, sometimes in none of them. Often they are out on the edge of the big river, feeding, but not getting too far away from the colder water. It is real adventure to find them and hook them and land them. As to size, they are both large and small. From the sound of the clunking and splashing on a still summer night one can easily imagine that they are three or four feet in length. But an experienced angler knows that a trout gets to be quite a fish long before he attains that length.

## Littlestown Sportsmen Hold Outing

THE Littlestown Fish and Game Association enjoyed a corn bake, recently, in the grove at St. John's Lutheran church. Guests were members of Boy Scout Troop No. 84, their scoutmaster, Alton Bowers, and L. D. Snyder and Paul E. King, members of the troop committee. President Bernard Dillman presided at a short business meeting. The group decided not to conduct a formal flag raising at the honor roll as had been planned. The flag has been placed on the pole and is flown each day. Members of the scout troop will be in charge of the flag. The Association voted to make application to the State and Federal Government for fish with which to stock the streams. They stated that the dam at the farm of Irvin Baughman, near St. James church, is in bad condition and the association decided to make the necessary repairs. A committee, composed of Paul Snyder, W. E. Stites and Edward DeGroft, was appointed to have charge of the repairs. It was announced that at the next meeting a representative from the Game Commission of Pennsylvania would be present to show the farmers and trappers in this section how to trap a fox. This meeting will be open to the public due to its interest to the many trappers in this locality. L. D. Snyder gave an account of the recent Boy Scout hike from Caledonia to Pine Grove Furnace over the Appalachian Trail. The association will hold a rabbit feed at a date to be announced later. The following committees were appointed by President Dillman to arrange for the affair: Banquet, Walter B. Crouse, Richard Knipple and Charles M. Weikert; Food, John Bloom, George Cool, Henry Storm, William H. Renner, Charles Snyder, Edward Leister, Clarence Hall, Robert Stover, Harry Harner and Kenneth Olinger; Games, Carl Bankert, Charles W. Weikert, John F. Feeser, Irvin L. Baughman and Herman Kaler. The committee to arrange the program for next month's meeting is composed of William Wherley, Paul E. Hiltbrich and W. E. Stite.



## LOWLY CRAWFISH

(Continued from Page 16)

aquaria. They are omnivorous so feeding them is quite simple. However, they may cause unbalanced conditions in aquaria by uprooting vegetation and eating of everything they are able to catch.

Once long ago we put some peeler craws into the horse trough. Though we ourselves were unable to see them in the water, the horses refused to drink from the trough. They shied away when their noses came within a foot or so of the water. Possibly the crawfish gave off some odor which the horses were able to detect.

All of the crawfish east of the Rocky Mountains are placed in the taxonomic genus of *Cambarus*. Four species occur in Minnesota, two of which are common. *Cambarus virilis* is found in streams where it is more frequent on rocky, boulder or gravel bottoms. I have seen as many as 20 of them gathered together under an especially suitable rock. *Cambarus immunis* prefers still waters. It is the species which builds chimneys and burrows extensively. *Cambarus diogenes* and *Cambarus blandingi* are less frequently encountered.

These animals mate in the early fall and apparently are very promiscuous. The sperms are held in a packet by the female outside of her body until the time of egg-laying, when they are released and fertilization effected. Just before the eggs are to be laid the female hides herself securely and carefully cleans her swimmerets, or small abdominal appendages. The eggs are then attached to the swimmerets by means of a glue-like secretion and remain thus until hatching takes place in the spring. The young animals reach a length of several inches during their first year, and usually die in their third or fourth year.

The food of crawfish is more varied than one might suspect. Individuals kept in captivity have been seen to eat bananas, anglerworms, smoked herring, lettuce and a variety of other foods. Under natural conditions they catch fish, insects and worms, browse on algae and aquatic flowering plants. Certain forms prowl about on land at night during rainy weather and eat tender shoots of grass. Their huge craws often contain an assortment of indigestible materials which must ultimately be regurgitated.

The crawfish appears in many places in the economy of conservation. It is primarily thought of as an important fishing bait. Food studies of fishes show that it does form a large part of the food taken by bass and sunfish. As a forage animal in rearing ponds the crawfish has proven successful. The young animals which live in the aquatic vegetation supply many meals for the demanding bass and crappie fry. *Cambarus immunis* in *Daphnia* rearing ponds has been found to produce populations weighing from 50 to 250 pounds per acre annually. Under these conditions, much of this weight represents the conversion into crawfish bodies of food otherwise not available to the game fish.

Crawfish have long been used as food by mankind. In the past, various authors have described the methods of taking the creatures and different ways of preparing them for the table. The French Bureau of Fisheries has studied the propagation and distribution of crawfish to restock "overfished" waters. Travelers say that it is not an uncommon sight in Louisiana and Georgia, where the crawfish grow as big as lobster "shorts," to see them for sale along the road. Whereas in Ohio I used to watch the Negroes, with some aloofness, as they caught crawfish to eat, I have since come to know what a delectable dish I disdained.

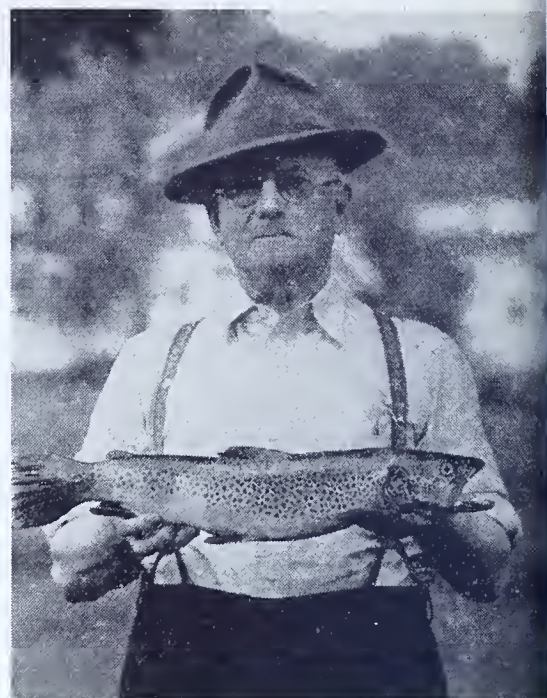
Crawfish may be taken with a baited dip-basket; some persons also use crawfish "pots." Nets of various sorts are employed and a good many are taken by hand. When the animals are boiled their skeletons turn a deep, red color and they smell exactly like boiled lobster, having a sweet, musty, calcium-like odor. The taste of boiled crawfish is a cross between lobster and shrimp. With the proper sauce and when properly chilled it cannot be told from fresh shrimp. Some persons prefer the delicious taste of boiled crawfish fried in a butter sauce.

That at least a few accept this view of the crawfish as an article of cuisine is supported by the commercial reports. The Federal Fish and Wildlife Service lists the 1937 crop in Wisconsin at 41,500 pounds, worth \$4,150, and that in the state of Oregon for 1936 at 36,900 pounds valued at \$9,559. The commissioner's report for Louisiana estimates the catch there to be over 2,193,000 pounds which brings in a revenue of about \$175,000 annually.

The crawfish, however, is also frowned upon, for several reasons. Its burrows often appear in undesirable places. They cause damage in the walls of rearing ponds and more seriously weaken the Mississippi levees where great areas might consequently be flooded. Sometimes their chimneys in low grass meadows damage mowing machines. Freshwater fishermen are often bothered by hordes of crawfish which get into the gill nets. There they not only eat the fish but become so entangled themselves that it requires many hours work to rid the nets of their bodies.

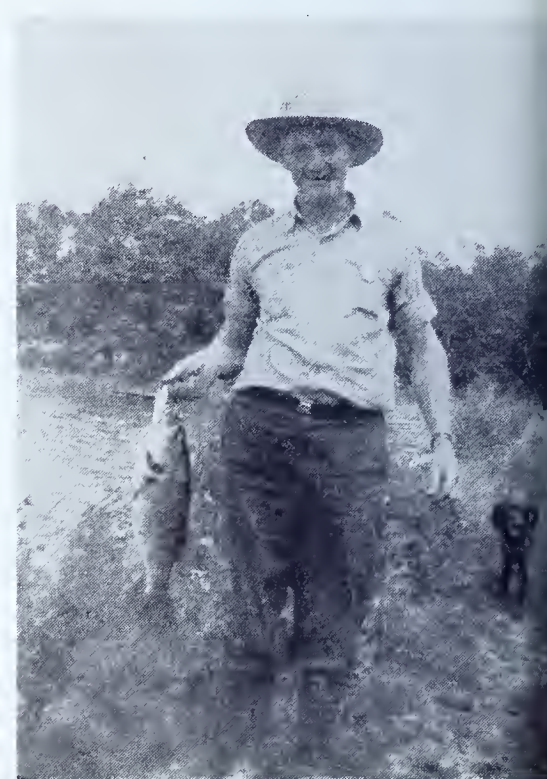
*Cambarus* also harbors certain uninvited guests. It is the intermediate host to certain parasites of the mammals which feed upon it. This fact gives the crawfish an importance in the eyes of the fur industry. If the crawfish is properly cooked, these guests in no way make the crawfish less desirable for human consumption.

One person, we may be sure, will always value the crawfish. The humble bait fishermen (though his tribe has decreased) who still-fishes for bass with a cork and line, will never forsake the soft craw.



Mr. Bond of Matamoras, and this beautiful Brown Trout he caught in the Sawkill Creek. 24-in., 5 lb.

William Quintell of Quakertown and 20-inch long, 14½-lb. B. Bass he took from Lake Warren Quintell used a plug.



### WORMS ON THE WING

Instead of crawling, the worm has taken to flying, according to the Air Express Division of Railway Express Agency.

At Carrollton, Mo., an air-minded chap decided his friend in Long Beach, Calif., could better his fishing record by using improved bait. Resorting to air express, he had a shipment of "oomphy" Missouri worms flown out to the coast.

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# PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



VOL. XIV—No. 11

NOVEMBER, 1945

## — COVER —

### CASTING—A REFLECTION!

By IKE WALTON

Seventh prize winner in nation-wide photo contest conducted by SOUTH BEND BAIT COMPANY, South Bend, Indiana. Photo courtesy of South Bend—A Name Famous In Fishing.

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By R. H. Hood

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#### FISH COMMISSION HONOR ROLL



## E D I T O R I A L

### "Day Is Dying In The West"!

Just as all good things must come to an end—just as night o'ertakes the daytime—so too, must the open season for fishing come to an end. November 31st and the mantle of "closed season" falls on fishing in Pennsylvania.

Soon Mother Nature will paint the outdoors in raiments of "Winter-Wonderland." Ice and snow reflect myriads of soft blending beauty. From the North the wind will blow, no time for fish'n and children will listen—to hear sleigh bells in the snow.

BUT the program of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission will go merrily along. Trout, brook, brown and rainbow will be stripped of their spawn. Nested eggs will hatch and millions of baby fish will be carefully nourished until the warm breath of Spring when they will be placed in outdoor ponds to grow.

A breathing spell, as it were. Just four and one-half months of "time-out."

1945 has been a remarkable year. Fishing was good with some of the finest catches in the history of our sport. From all over Pennsylvania came hundreds of photos of prize creels, creels we were most happy to publish in the columns of the ANGLER—keep them coming!

In these last fleeting moments we wish you the best of luck—but hurry, for—"Day Is Dying In The West—Touching Heaven And Earth To Rest."

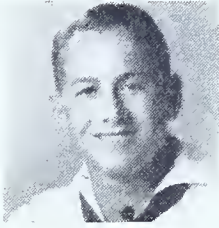
—THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



# THE DIE-HARD

By JOHN W. KORDA

AMERICAN AND CANADIAN FIRST SERIAL RIGHTS



John W. Korda

FRED WHITCOMB turned a disapproving eye on "Judge" Foley. To tell the truth, Fred was a little nettled by his friend's complacency. Judge sat there sprawled at his ease, his chair tipped back against the wall, his feet on the work bench.

"Tell you what, Fred," he said, "I'll give you a chance to crawl out. If you want to, that is."

"That's very nice of you, I'm sure," replied Fred as he watched Bill Withers repair a broken fly rod. The back room of Bill's combination sporting goods, hardware, and taxidermist shop was a favorite meeting place of the three.

"Let Bill decide," said Judge. "Put down your tools a minute, Bill, and answer this fair and square."

Bill raised his bald head and set the damaged fly rod at Judge's feet.

"Man to man now, what chance has Fred to win?"

"Why, none if you say so," agreed Bill. And he winked a mild blue eye at Fred.

"Well, then," Judge pulled off the cap of another bottle, "I'll let you crawl out of it, Fred. On account of we're such old friends I'll let you off easy. Right now. But you better take my offer quick. I may change my mind by the time I finish this bottle."

"That shouldn't be long," said Fred, and he mumbled something that made Bill smile.

"Oh, but there's a catch to it," said Judge coming up for air. "There's just a little formality first. Yessir..." He paused. "All you have to do is admit before witnesses, like well, say John Toomey—or anyone else on the 'Auburn Center Weekly' will do—admit that I'm the better fisherman. Just for the record, you know. There's—"

"Why you old goat!" exploded Fred. "You old white-headed, red-faced goat. You never even saw the day you could carry my rod. You never did and you never will. And if it wasn't for that gold-plated luck of yours, you wouldn't be so cocky now."

"Sour grapes, Freddie my boy. It's results that count. I got 'em. Now all you have to do is admit it, and I'll release you from our little bet. And that's about as magnanimous an offer as I've ever heard. You know you haven't got a Chinaman's chance any more."

"What a laugh," snorted Fred. "If you weren't still scared of losing that bet you wouldn't be so quick with an offer. I'm not giving up yet. I've still got a couple of days. All it takes is one good day—one good cast, even. So help me, I'll beat you yet."

"Ho, ho!" chuckled Judge. "A die-hard. One'll get you two you don't even get one over two pounds."

"I'll take ten of that," snapped Fred.

"Care to make it more?" goaded Judge.

"Careful now, Fred," interposed Bill. "You know they haven't been biting anywhere for weeks. Personally, I don't think there's another bass the size of Judge's in the river for twenty miles. If I couldn't snag one," he added modestly "they just ain't there."

"He probably got his in a fish market," said Fred.

"Sour grapes, Freddie. You just waited too long. The early bird gets the worm, you know. Yessir, that six and a half pounder is going to make me champ this year. It's leading in the county up until tonight. Pretty good. A hundred dollars from the contest and fifty from you. No, now it's sixty. Picture and story in the 'Weekly'—I'll be famous. This sleepy town will have something to talk about."

"He probably caught that bass in a fish trap," said Fred to Bill.

"I'll tell you what, Freddie," continued Judge, "to make it easy on you Saturday night when you come here to pay off, I'll bring the eats. Can't expect the loser to pay for everything. Let's see, there'll be five of us."

"Five?"

"Sure. You and I and Bill. And, of course, a couple of newspaper boys I know. Why, Freddie, you wouldn't deprive me of a little write-up. And my picture in the paper. Oh yes, and my six and a half pound beauty that Bill mounted so nice for me. Make it about nine and—what on earth..."

With an explosion of sound the screen door burst open and a head poked through.

"Unk! Uncle Fred. Aunt Liz said I'd find you here. Wait till you see what I've got."

The head withdrew. A moment later a car door slammed. Then the screen door was rudely thrust open once more and in came the biggest, the fattest, the most gorgeous hunk of black bass those three startled pairs of eyes had ever witnessed. It hung there, huge and pot-bellied, while the figure that held it made no comment. Dark green overlaid with a metallic sheen, its color had not yet faded. It was fresh-looking and lifelike. From the broad, powerful tail to the gaping jaw, its every line proclaimed savage fighting spirit.

The three friends in the taxidermist's workshop stared bug-eyed. It was a full minute before their eyes traveled up the string to the figure holding it.

"Good gosh, Jim," breathed Fred reverently.

"That's a beauty. Sure is," said Bill.

Judge brought his chair down with a bang.

"Weigh the fish and who is this?" he demanded all in one breath.

It was a tall young man in mud spattered dungarees who held the prize. Suntanned, his sweaty face split by a wide grin, he stood enjoying the sensation he was creating. Symbolic of conquest was a not-so-white sailor hat perched at a jaunty tilt over his left ear.

"Oh," said Fred, mastering his astonishment, "this is my nephew Jim, home on leave. This is

'Judge.' We still call him Judge although he's banker now. And this is Bill. We sometimes call him 'Stuff.'"

"He's a taxidermist," he added unnecessarily. "But where on earth did you get that—th monster?"

"Well," said Jim, handing the fish to Bill who had the scales, "it's a long story, but I'll try make it short. You see, I wasn't having much luck all day. Just a couple of little ones. So kept going upstream until I came to that swamp part. You know, around the big bend?"

They nodded.

"Well, after I got past there, I went up to bank and cut through the woods until I came a place where a sign said: 'Private Property No Trespassing.'"

"That'll be old Angus' place," said Bill.

"What the heck did you go in there for?" demanded Judge.

"It didn't say 'positively,' and anyway I don't believe in signs like that," explained Jim.

"No, no. I mean why did you go in there for what reason?"



"Oh. It was a short cut, and besides I thought I saw a lake."

"A lake? Why, there's no lake around here, Jim," said Fred. "What made you think there was a lake in there?"

"I saw it from a tree."

"A tree? What on earth were you doing in tree?"

"Getting my bearings. It was getting late, and I didn't want to go back through that swamp. It looked like a short cut."

"But there's no lake around here."

"Well, it might have been a stone quarry or something once."

"But there's no—say! That must be that old abandoned sandstone pit on Angus' place, Bill. Why, I didn't know even there was water in it let alone something like that." And Fred stared at Jim's prize as Bill weighed it.

"Neither did I," said Bill. "I haven't been across his place in years. That old skinflin wouldn't let anyone on his land for a million pounds of sugar. He wanted a month's pay just



to hunt on his property just a couple of years ago."

"Well, I got 'im in there. Almost on the first cast, too," said Jim.

"That water must be forty feet deep if it's a inch," mused Fred. "Plenty of room for development there."

"Not where I caught it, Uncle Fred. There's a good-sized shallow part where the little creek comes in."

"How much?" demanded Judge impatiently and apprehensively. "What's it weigh?"

"Six pounds and twelve ounces, Judge," said Bill. "I'm afraid it's got yours beat by four ounces."

"It looks a bit sick," said Judge enviously.

"Who's talking about sour grapes now?" asked Fred. "Fine work, Jimmie. We'll enter it in the contest as soon as Bill here notarizes it. Even your old uncle couldn't have done better."

"Even I couldn't," said Bill modestly.

"Boy, that's a sure winner," Fred went on. "You make it official, Bill. What do you say to that, Judge?"

"I've got to go now," said Judge. "Promised my wife I'd be home early." And he left without another word.

"Judge took it pretty hard," said Bill. "He figured he had the contest in the bag what with only two days to go and the fishing being what it has been lately."

"Say, that gives me an idea," exclaimed Fred. "Let's go, Jim. I've got some planning to do."

"Want it stuffed, Jim?" asked Bill hopefully.

"Stuff it? I'm going to eat it. I like fish," said Jim defensively, seeing the horror in Bill's eyes.

"Think of all the points it'll save," said Fred, waving cheerfully. "So long, Bill. Let's go, Jim."

When Fred and Jim got into the car, with Jim behind the wheel, Fred burst out with the question that had been choking him for ten minutes.

"Do you think you could find that pond again, Jim?" he asked. "I've got one more chance, Saturday evening, to beat Judge and win."

"Oh, I could find it easy enough, Uncle Fred. But what's all this about you and Judge?"

"We've got a fifty dollar bet on who catches the biggest bass. Everybody knows I'm a better fisherman than Judge. But when a man's got more luck than brains..." He shook his head. "They haven't been biting for months. Worst part of it is the papers know all about the bet. Judge saw to that. If I lose I'll take a riding that will last all winter. But I'm not licked yet. What did you catch him on, Jim?"

"On a frog. On a big green one."

"I hope that wasn't the only one."

"Frog? Why, there's millions of 'em, Uncle Fred. Millions."

"No. I mean bass."

"Oh, there's more in there, Uncle Fred. Why, I saw one jump that could have swallowed this one whole."

"That's all I wanted to hear," said Fred happily. "Home, James, and tell me all about it."

Fred was perspiring freely by the time Jim finally halted him. An hour's forced march along a winding river bank, especially right after an early supper, would make anyone short-winded. Fred's spirit was willing, but he was no longer the athlete of thirty years ago.

"Here's the tree I climbed," pointed Jim. "And there's where we take off. Up that creek bed." He pointed to a shelf of gray shale. "Up that gully for about half a mile."

Fred eyed the climb with dismay. Wiping his forehead with a gaudy red bandana, he sat on a rock to catch his breath. In contrast to Jim's blue dungarees, Fred wore faded old brown trousers and a baggy coat to match. But on his head he wore, like Jim, a natty little white hat. Looped around his neck by its strings hung a pair of tennis shoes. Besides a flashlight sticking out of his hip pocket, all he carried was his rod.

"You know, Jim," he said, getting up, "if we didn't have to sneak in like this, we could have come in by the road. The way you got out the other night."

"Want me to take those shoes, Uncle Fred?" asked Jim.

"No, I'll manage," said Fred. And despite the difference in age and agility he led the way over the slippery shale. He continued to lead for the next half hour, sloshing along the trickling creek, stumbling over fallen logs, slipping on mossy stones. He battled persistent mosquitoes patiently as he doggedly pushed his way up that narrow little valley. He was perspiring more freely now, but the damp air only sent a chill through him. He mopped his forehead and struggled on. He concentrated with all the grim determination of a man betting his last dollar.



John Appert, 10 yrs. old, and nice 13½-inch Rainbow Trout he caught in the Lackawaxen near Kimble

He never uttered a word until the gulley leveled off to a gentle slope at the top of the hill. Looking back, he could just see the top of the tall tree Jim had climbed.

"If I don't beat Judge today, I'll never hear the end of it," he panted. "I used to beat him all the time, but he got me last year. And now this. It's just luck. That's all; just luck. Oh, I don't say he's not a workmanlike angler, but he's no artist. No finesse. Why, he buys every gadget that comes out. If I had his gold-plated luck..." He walked on in silence for awhile.

"I'd give fifty dollars—cheerfully—to beat Judge. Fifty dollars, heck, I'd give my right arm. And to catch one like the one you got, even climbing over this—this commando course would be worth it."

"Here's 'no man's land,' Uncle Fred," said Jim, pointing to a triple strand barbed-wire fence. "And there's the sign. It's only a little way from here through these bushes."

"You know, this is pretty underhanded, Jim, trespassing on another man's property," said Fred as he squeezed through the strands of wire. "But doggonit, I've just got to take this chance."

"What's the matter, Uncle Fred, don't you get along with Angus? A couple of fish more or less aren't going to hurt him."

"Oh, we get along all right, I guess. Least I never had any trouble with him. He's just stingy and mean, that's all. Hates to see somebody get something for nothing. I probably could have paid my way in, but I don't want anybody to find out. I want Judge to think I fished the river. Look," he said in a low excited voice, "I see water just through these bushes."

"I see, but what are we whispering for?" asked Jim softly.

"I don't know," whispered Fred. "Hist! What was that? I thought I heard—"

"Damn," cried a voice just on the other side of the bushes.

Fred and Jim froze. Fred's face registered comical consternation and disappointment. They stood there for a moment, rigidly attentive, then Jim crept silently forward and peered through the bushes.

"Why, hello, Judge," he greeted, standing erect and stepping through the bushes.

Fred followed quickly, and, looking over Jim's shoulder, saw a very much surprised and flustered Judge Foley.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Fred.

"What are you doing here?" countered Judge. "Bring your nephew to catch a fish for you?"

"Why don't you go home?" asked Fred irritably.

"I was just leaving," replied Judge sweetly. "Although maybe I ought to stay around awhile and give you a few pointers. Not that it would do much good. There can't be anything in here. If there was, I'd have caught it."

Seeing Fred was in no mood for banter, Judge picked up his fancy tackle. "Don't forget our date tonight," he said and turned off into the bushes across the creek.

Fred stood still, a bit depressed, while the sound of Judge's crashing through the bushes grew fainter and fainter. He stood motionless for about five minutes until he was startled by a shout from the far end of the pool. Looking into the sun he saw a rotund figure waving its arm.

"Don't stay too long," shouted the silhouette. "Ha, ha! Don't fall in." The figure disappeared.

"I wish he wouldn't make so much noise," complained Fred. "He'll bring out the bloodhounds. And where in Sam Hill's he think he's going in that direction? Acts like he owns the place."

Fred looked around. "Suppose you get things ready while I reconnoitre, Jim," and without waiting for an answer, Fred pushed off through the bushes.

He found the going difficult. Blackberry bushes and ironwood scrubs formed an entanglement that taxed his patience. The tangle of bushes grew right to the edge of the pond and bulged over. It wasn't until Fred had made his way nearly to the first corner of the quarry that he was able to find a place from which he could view the situation.

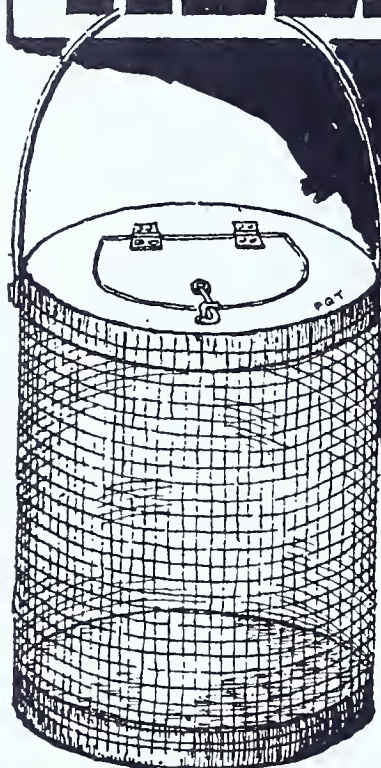
A huge elm, split by a bolt of lightning years back, slanted into the water twenty feet below. Fred groped his way carefully out along the slanting trunk until he found a vantage point from which to view the calm waters beneath. The pond was about the size and shape of a football field, walled by a rectangular, box-like vault of rust-streaked gray stone. Three sides were perpendicular. Fred quickly saw there was no place there from which to cast, including where he stood, no place except the open end where he could see Jim squatting over the tackle box. There the water was shallow where the little creek oozed in and out of the quarry.

Peering into the clear, pale green water, Fred

(Turn to Page 18)



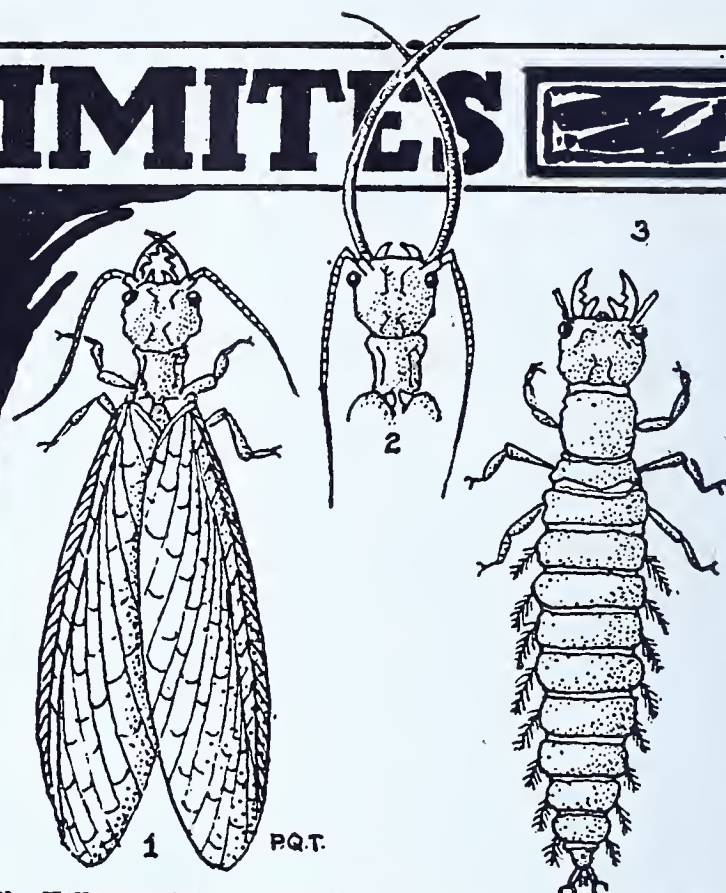
# HELLGRAMMITES



A "Hellgrammite Container"

*A  
Sure-fire  
and  
Little-known  
Natural Bait*

By Paul Q. Tulenko,



The Hellgrammite. 1. Adult female. 2. Head of adult male. 3. The larva which lives in streams. All drawings are reproduced here natural size.

A BREAK has been given to ordinary run-of-mine fishermen by publication in recent issues of The Ohio Conservation Bulletin of articles on natural baits, such as minnow farming, worm culture, leech facts—and now a discussion of hellgrammites. It is to be hoped that the artificial bait boys will be patient—could be that they might want to break over some time just for curiosity's sake.

We are indebted to the *Missouri Conservationist* for use of the drawings used in this discussion, and for much of the text taken from an article by Paul Q. Tulenko that was published in that splendid little magazine recently.

The hellgrammite is thought by many fishermen to be unexcelled as bait for almost any kind of game and food fish.

## The Larva is the Bait

THE ADULT hellgrammite, also known as the Dobson fly or Crawler, is a large, graceful winged creature about 2½ to 3 inches long which is commonly seen on May or June nights around electric lights in rural communities near fast-flowing streams. In the short period of its life, the adult Dobson Fly lays long, one-half inch wide, chalk-white clusters of eggs on leaves, weeds, pilings or bridge abutments overhanging the streams. When hatched, the larvae immediately drop into the water where they seek the safety of the gravelly and rocky riffles in fast flowing stretches. Here they crawl a little way under the rocks to make the home where they will live for approximately the next three years. It is during this larval stage that the hellgrammite is of most interest to fishermen.

## Ugly, But Not Dangerous

Taken out of its shelter under the rocks, the larva is truly a horrible appearing creature that looks like a monstrous cross between a scorpion and a centipede. When full grown it is between two and three inches long, dirty dark brown in color, and its segmented body is somewhat flattened. At the front end is a set of small pinners, which are the same size in the male as in the

female at this stage. Three legs extend on either side of the forepart of the body; and from the last legs along the sides of the latter two-thirds of the body to the end of the tapered tail, numerous plumelike appendages used in breathing give the appearance of many additional legs. Even the rear end of this creature is equipped with a small pinching apparatus.

In spite of its fearful appearance, the hellgrammite larva is not nearly as vicious as it looks and may be handled with reasonable impunity. Although it will stick to the fingers and pinch slightly, the nip is comparatively light when compared to the powerful pinch of a crowdad. The hellgrammite is definitely not poisonous.

With practice, the bait hunter can quickly develop an art for handling the creature. The best method for the timid and squeamish, as well as for the experienced, is to grasp the insect from the back and just below the head. In this grip the weapons of defense cannot be brought into play.

Hellgrammite larvae are found in almost any stream where the water flows swiftly over rock or gravel riffles. Because of its secretive habits, though, few people ever see it and this is one reason why not many fishermen use it for bait. However, the fisherman who tries it under proper conditions will never regret his experience.

## Minnow Seine Aids in Capture

In capturing hellgrammites I have found a two-man team equipped with a six-foot minnow seine to be an effective combination. Three persons are much better and less tiring, since two can hold the seine, and the third man disturbs the rocks about four feet upstream from the seine by turning them over and stirring the gravel and debris around. The hellgrammites are thus dislodged from their hiding places, roll up in balls and are swept by the current into the net. Pick 'em out often or they'll crawl out.

Hellgrammites are extremely hardy and may be carried and kept for a long time. I have developed a special container for this purpose which consists simply of a fine mesh (¼-inch or less)

hardware cloth cylinder with a wood bottom a top. This container has a hinged lid on the top and is made to fit inside a standard minnow bucket. The hellgrammites are placed in the w container with only a little water (sufficient cover the bottom of the inner container one or two inches) in the bucket. When taken to the stream the inner container should be put in the water of the stream as with a minnow-bucket. If the insects are stored between fishing expeditions, the inner container should be placed in a large tub with two inches of water and should be kept in a cool dark place. The water must be changed every other day. Under such conditions the larvae remain quite healthy and active as frequently spend as much time crawling on the wire as they do underneath the water. I have not tried to see how long they can endure such conditions, but I have kept them for six weeks, at the end of which time they appeared to be just as hardy and wiggly as the day I captured them.

## A Fast-water Bait

The hellgrammite should never be used as bait in still water unless the water is so clear that the every action of the bait and fish can be seen. The best place is below riffles at the head of eddies and also in deep chutes. These are the places where fish are accustomed to find this type of food and the force of the running water prevents the larva from holding to the bottom of the stream where he immediately would attempt to dig in.

In fastening the hellgrammite to the hook two methods are effective: one is to hook it near the end of the tail, and the other is to pass the hook down and under the stiff collar which appears just back of the head. The hook should be fastened to 6 or 8 feet of six or eight-pound level leader or a medium-weight tapered leader. When the current is excessively swift, a split shot of suitable size may be necessary to carry the bait down so that it will be near the bottom. This weight may be placed 14 to 16 inches from the hook.



## ALONG THE PERKIOMEN

here many an autumn holiday,  
Mid scenes of rustic beauty,  
Overhanging trees their tints display,  
Jack Frost has done his duty.  
Each hidden turn brings into view,  
More likely spots to try,  
Each waving ruffle something new,  
Where bass reach for the fly.  
Here walled in by the shaley cliffs,  
With scarce a whisper spoken,  
Have we a silence deep enjoyed,  
Along the Perkiomen.

Early the patient farmers toil,  
'Tween rows of waving corn,  
Or let the harvest hours spoil,  
But see each frosty morn.  
Here once along its rocky shores  
The dusky Redman roamed,  
In search of food, or fowl, or fish,  
To cheer his transient home.  
'Pak-ihmo-mink' he called the flow,  
For this he meant as token,  
The place where wild cranberries grow,"  
Along the Perkiomen.

For many miles down from the North,  
Its wide course takes its way,  
Montgomery County's fairest vale,  
You'll hear most travelers say.  
Here meet the hemlock and the oak,  
The forest interwoven,  
So tangled growth the woodlands choke,  
Along the Perkiomen.



Above Indian Head Dam—along the Perkiomen Creek

The fish hawk builds his lofty perch  
Above its rippling gleam,  
Or darts like silver flame in search  
Of minnows in the stream.  
He is not the line fisher there,  
For stands the sturdy yeoman,  
And casts his lure to the bass  
Along the Perkiomen.

The cliffs resound the small-mouth's splash,  
As he breaks safe and free,  
He loves his captor's hopes to dash  
While he turns tail to flee.  
Below the falls at Indian Head,  
Our hopes have oft been broken,  
But other lures are there instead  
Along the Perkiomen.

Sometimes a bass his freedom owes  
To fishermen as we,  
Who stand and marvel as one does  
At Nature's scenery.  
The crimson tinted sassafras,  
Its worth to man has proven,  
For these, alas, we've missed our bass  
Along the Perkiomen.

Below Indian Head Dam



The worn, slanting, slippery rocks,  
That mark its watery path,  
Have often to our friends' delight  
Caused us a sudden bath.  
The golden yellow poplar there,  
The scarlet sumac too,  
The tall, green hemlock and the pine  
Are meant to catch the view.  
Of this great valley with its stream,  
Too much cannot be spoken,  
We wait the days to wade and fish  
Along the Perkiomen.

The shaded velvet of the banks,  
At lunch time give retreat,  
The swarms of gnats and flies are gone,  
And less the tiresome heat.  
The happy faces of the men,  
Reflected in the tide,  
We know that each is carefree then  
And happier more inside.  
When I retire and look about,  
For spot to build a home in,  
There is no doubt I'll settle out  
Along the Perkiomen.

\*Indian name taken from Espenshade's "Pennsylvania Place Names."

—G. EARLE THOMPSON

Anna Fink, Millersville, Lancaster County, displays nice Walleye from Safe Harbor Dam



## SILVER LAKE PROJECT IS STARTED BY STATE

Hard-Surfaced Road to Run Along Part of the Lake—Much Grading Needed

Work has started on the new hard-surfaced road which will run for a distance of 2400 feet around the lower half of Silver Lake near Bristol, Bucks County.

Equipment and men from the State Highway Department, under the direction of County Superintendent of Roads, Edgar Smith, moved in to begin operations following completion of staking out the road by a highway department survey corps.

The road, 16 feet in width, will cut in from Bath road and follow the contour of the lower half of the lake to a point opposite Second ave. on the Bristol side of this body of water.

Specifications call for a hard black-top road which will be built approximately ten feet from the water's edge.

Much grading of low spots at the lower end of the lake is also included in the construction program.

When completed the roadway will make Silver Lake one of the finest public recreational areas in Bucks county. Bathers and anglers spend many hours here during the course of a season and the new roadway will furnish a much needed entrance that can be used safely. At present only dusty, bumpy trails are available.

## FISHING

Fishing is another word for relaxation. Out fishing is one place where a person finds himself content in mind and body. To lie lazily in the hot summer sun, with a line dangling loosely from a propped-up bamboo pole is about as near to paradise as one may get. To feel a soft, mild breeze blow in from the pond against one or to watch the amorphous clouds slowly passing each other in the azure sky adds a zest to life which cannot be explained. To feel the spring of a taut line as a fish breaks the water in his battle for life, and the quickness of one's heartbeats as he lands his prey is happiness in its greater moments. Fishing is where one finds companionship of his fellow man, rich or poor. Where a small boy yells with delight at the catching of a sunfish. Indeed, fishing is a sport which gives one encouragement to go back to face the dismal world.

—HOWARD TUNISON, Carbondale

## DELAYING "FATHER TIME"

Old "Father Time" has YOUR name on his Scroll.

He wants you marked "present," when he calls the Roll.

So, if you would stay him from taking his toll  
And at the same time find some PEACE for your soul,

Don't hurry or worry or make riches your goal!  
Wind a line on a reel, put the reel on a pole,  
Put the pole on your shoulder, then leisurely stroll

As you did in your youth—to that "old fishin' hole"!!

by—THE PERKIOMEN POET  
in—"The Sportcaster"



## CARP FISHING WITH DAD

My dad always did insist that carp fishing was the only fishing he really enjoyed. Now some people will insist that carp isn't worth catching. Of course, I must agree that mud carp isn't, but if you take the backbone out of a silver carp it's very good eating. So let no one slight the kingly carp.



Dad and his Amity Hall catch

One week end dad and I went to Amity Hall fishing for carp in the good old Susquehanna, where carp abound. Dad baited his hooks with choicest kernels of corn and then sat on the grass, lit his pipe and proceeded to enjoy life. Well sir, we talked awhile and in no time, Dad fell fast asleep. Now one of his lines was a home-made contraption consisting of a line tied around an old bean can. Presently the can started spinning as the carp tore for midstream. Dad jumped up and just as it seemed certain the carp would make a getaway, he grabbed the line which by this time was about 3 feet from the water.

Now he was wide awake as he hurried along the bank playing the fish. In my excitement I almost fell into the water but finally while dad towed him to shore I gently eased the landing net under him and we were the proud possessors of a 15¾ lb. carp.

Let who will scoff at the carp, we call it fun.

—GRACE REINOEHL  
509 Union St., Lebanon, Pa.

*Live bait in river fishing won't get results unless it gets down deep in fast water. Attach enough split shot to the leader so that you can feel the bait bumping along the bottom. That is where the bass will be found feeding.*

It's easy to cast out a heavy artificial lure such as a spinner without straining the rod and to cast bait without ripping it off the hook. Swing the rod backward and forward slowly. When the end of the back cast is reached a slight tug will be felt on the rod. Then bring the rod forward with a smooth swing, and the line and lure will shoot out smoothly and far.

# THE LITTLE FROGS

By DON BLAIR

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Going fishing. The Ford and I ambled carefully down a puddly backwoods road that September afternoon. It was wet and the air was clean and spring smelling. The early morning thunder storm had cleansed not only the air but had washed with gentle thoroughness each leaf and twig and blade of grass. I hoped that the warm water from the sky had tempered the creek so the bass would be on that last savage feeding splurge before they left for winter quarters. What a pleasant life they led; to live under the

little frogs that I could see. Their mammas had probably never seen a car, for this road had been built this last winter to serve a lumber camp. That was when they were but tadpoles swimming around the shallow water, under the ice, wondering. That is about all tadpoles see to do.

But here were the little frogs, facing a danger that uncounted generations of ancestors had never experienced, and surviving because their tiny brains triumphed over instincts.



summer sun, and sleep away the bitter months.

But a treacherous looking puddle aroused me, and as the car and I approached, judging, we saw a dozen little frogs sitting all around it. Serenely quiet, that was their habit. When the car was near enough, they jumped, raggedly, hurriedly; but amazing thing, they jumped not into the water to hide as frogs should, but scrambled into the weeds along-side and away from the road. How had they learned that a car would smash them if they hid in the water? They were only a few weeks old. Why had they not been killed when the first car came along? What would they do if a man walked down the road, instead of a car? That I found out, for I drove on a ways, parked the car, and, waiting walked back toward the puddle. They did. When I got close enough they all jumped in the water! So I went fishing.

When I had a chance I took down Darwin's books and had read a lot of interesting things before it occurred to me; shucks, there were no automobiles running up and down those back-woods roads when he wrote those books. This is one thing I will have to follow through alone. Natural selection had nothing to do with these

Slowly, that September afternoon, the ideas began to come clear in my own mind. If these little frogs could be so smart, so young; why could not the game fishes learn to outwit man's devices for capturing them? Why couldn't they live and grow and prosper in hard fished water just as well as in primitive places? If those six week old frogs could think for themselves and avoid death why not a brown trout whose ancestors had faced thousands of artificial flies since Izaak Walton's time? Did a bass, who struck a plug one night and luckily escaped, come back to grab another the next night or did the lesson stay with him? Did the fishes learn to recognize a fishing line for the danger signal that it is? The creek was low and the water clear as glass that sunny afternoon. It was the perfect place to begin my experiments.

My tackle was new and I was young and eager. Now neither of us, the split-bamboo or I, are as swiftly resilient as we were that day. The rod served me well for many years, until one day—but that is a later story. As I waded, fished and watched along that newly opened stretch of back-woods creek and saw the bass loafing in the shallow eddies; saw some of them rush twenty or



y feet to hit that shiny plug bedecked with  
ious gang hooks, I wondered if they would be  
re five or ten or twenty years later. Would  
ey be as eager to strike these crazy gadgets  
er they or their fathers had tasted them?  
ould they be capable of learning to avoid man  
d his fishing tackle and could they somehow  
ss the knowledge on to their children?

Many more than twenty years have passed by,  
d swiftly too, and everything is changed.  
at most hopeful species of man, the fishermen,  
ve multiplied by leaps and bounds. On any  
asant Sunday you can see them by the dozens,  
lling up and down, enjoying the quest; but  
ely the conquest, of the fish the creek con-  
ns. The creek and the bass have not multi-  
ed apace with the fishermen. The water  
ws in about the same volume. It is, luckily,  
ll pure, clear and clean. True, the tangled  
e-tops left by the loggers have rotted away,  
d a new forest has grown up, but the willows  
ng the banks still fight their yearly battle  
h the winter's ice and the pools and eddies  
ve changed but little. The adjacent highway  
s changed from a rutted wagon track to a  
ad paved speedway and, in the hollow by the  
dge, the stench of burned gasoline hangs blue  
d heavy on an August afternoon. Well  
mpled paths lead up and down the creek's  
nks, pointing out every favored pool and eddie.  
arlie calls it a "Sunday best" creek. What he  
ans is; you could fish along its banks via the  
ll trampled paths with little fear of snagging or  
ling your newest Sunday go-to-meeting  
thes.

So much for the fishing water and the multi-  
ying fishermen. What once was virgin woods  
d water is now a thoroughly trampled recrea-  
n ground, complete with broken glass and  
attered paper. It has come about far more  
ickly than I ever dreamed it would, that  
eptember afternoon long ago. If it could happen  
re, won't it eventually happen everywhere?  
d, although man's ability to travel hither and  
n has grown so tremendously in the years past,  
ertainly it is going to double and redouble in the  
ure. Look forward then, with me, to  
e time when no remote Canadian lake or  
askan river will be without its quota of  
hermen; when the time comes when there is  
more virgin fishing water to explore; and you  
ake up your mind that you might as well fish  
your own home creek as roam the world.  
ut it is not a condition to be afraid of, like the  
s of a friend; but something we should accept  
d study so that we can pass on to our children,  
d they to theirs some, if not all, the joys and  
rills we have experienced in fishing. And I do  
t mean that we should sit like fogies and tell  
l tales of the past. Imaginative creatures that  
fishermen are, in one or two generations—  
ow!

Because I had an inkling of what was coming  
d because the behavior of those little frogs  
ught in my imagination, I stayed at home and  
hed. I sought to enumerate the bass in my  
ek and when I caught them I returned to the  
ter all that were unhurt. As the years rolled  
and the fishermen became more numerous, I  
came better and better acquainted with the  
ek and the bass. As I watched and fished,  
me years the bass would be very scarce and  
ain I thought the creek was fished out as  
everyone said; but then in other seasons they  
uld be as numerous as ever. This intrigued me  
many years. But one fact became plain and  
id in my mind as the years rolled by and it was  
at it took an ever increasing skill on my part  
catch the bass. Many hundreds of times in



Jim Nelson (age 17) of Oil City and his 30-inch, 9-lb. 4-oz. Walleye which he caught at Walnut Bottom on the Allegheny River—congratulations Jimmy

these later years have I deftly (or accidentally) dropped my plug close by a clump of weeds or a sheltering rock only to see a bass swirl toward and then away from it as he recognized the fraud. I stole along carefully behind the willows so they could not see me and watched them lazing in the sun, unalarmed as the shadow of a kingfisher passed swiftly among them. But when the plug flew high over them the shadow of the line attached sent them racing for the depths. I watched them scurry away as I waded into the creek and then, as I stood motionless, cruise slowly back to examine me. And I never caught one who did that. But I did learn some little tricks to fool them and catch them by. Had I not learned, what a sorry thing my ego would have become if I were forced to admit that I was not a little smarter than the "poor fish." So that is what this is all about; fish do have brains and they can learn to beware the fisherman and his hooks. But they can be caught in hard fished waters and the feeling of success that comes when the smart ones are caught is much more memor-

able than that of catching fish where no other fisherman has preceded you.

For some years we maintained a hunting camp in the mountains in Central Pennsylvania. It was an abandoned farmstead. At the foot of a huge maple tree down over the bank was a good spring, no longer used, for we had drilled a well by the kitchen. One spring day some of us decided to enlarge the pool and stock it with some native trout. Half-a-dozen men with pick and shovel soon made a pool six by eight feet and nearly three feet deep. Then we adjourned to the stream nearby and caught a dozen small trout and carried them in buckets to the pool. They grew and prospered and became remarkably tame. They ate almost anything, bread and bits of meat, and it was no uncommon sight to see a knot of husky men clad in heavy boots and woollens spading the frozen December earth, hunting worms to feed the trout. But, one afternoon in summer, when the trout were mostly eight and ten inches long we showed some visiting

(Turn to Page 16)



# A PENNSYLVANIAN SHOWS 'EM HOW TO CATCH FISH IN THE SEA

By WILLIAM BOYD

WHEREVER one goes in quest of fish he's quite likely to find Pennsylvania anglers taking their full share of the catch. And this is only natural, for the waters of our great commonwealth abound in gamey fish which one must know how to hook if he's to be accounted a successful angler. What the Pennsylvania angler learns in the pursuit of his favorite sport in his own waters stands him in good stead wherever he fishes.

This all leads up to what I observed a few weeks ago on the Eastern Shore of the Del-Mar-Va Peninsula. I was there for a week soaking up sunshine, fresh air, and seafood and meanwhile trying my hand at inlet and deep sea fishing. During my stay there the most skillful and most successful angler was a native of our state, an amiable chap from Highspire.

I first observed this master of the rod, reel and line fishing from a wharf in the inlet. What attracted my attention was the happy family group of which he was a part. With him and fishing every day and night at his side were his gray-haired dad and mother, his wife, and his 12-year-old son. And as I assembled my own deep sea tackle and prepared to go into action I was struck by the fact that the Highspire man was using fresh water tackle instead of the heavy deep-sea outfits in the hands of all of the others on that particular wharf.

I had just taken in these details when the khaki-clad Pennsylvanian reeled in an exceedingly nice and active blue fish. This, in itself, was unusual for there wasn't another blue fish on the wharf or on the many stringers hanging from the wharf. Obviously none of the other score or more fishermen on hand that morning were catching blue fish. It was then I became so interested I leaned my own surf rod against the side of the wharf house and devoted all my attention to my fellow Pennsylvanian.

Back of him was a ten-gallon galvanized pail from which he was getting his bait, exceedingly live minnows four or five inches in length. The slimy squid and the odorous bunker, which was the bait of the other anglers, weren't for him. He had brought his trusty old dip net and as he needed them was scooping up minnows from the schools of millions in knee-deep water off the beach. I noted that he ran his hook through them about an inch above the tail and discarded them as soon as they ceased to be active in the water.

I further noted that instead of the four or six-ounce sinker which made a great splash when it was thrown into the water by the other fishermen he was using about a two-ounce piece of lead. I could see that he wasn't fishing on the bottom, as were the others around him, but had his lively minnow only four or five feet under the crest of the fast-flowing tide. Then I understood how it was he was catching blue fish when no one else was. These gamey fellows, accounted a delicacy by connoisseurs of sea food, weren't deep down picking food off the bottom; they were looking for live prey up above. Our fish-wise friend from Highspire knew this and was acting accordingly.

Also, his comparatively light fresh water tackle made it possible for him to hook the blue fish when they struck his minnow.

In a few hours that morning I saw him take 17 beautiful blue fish—and there wasn't another one of that particular specie caught from the wharf that day! Believe me, I took full advantage of the opportunity to point out to my new acquaintances among the seasoned deep-sea fishermen there the skill and fishing knowledge of my fellow Pennsylvanian.

The next morning the Highspire man was again on the wharf. This time he evidently had de-

cided to concentrate on flounder from which, all true lovers of seafood know, comes fillet sole. Again he was hauling them in while envious anglers watched him closely to learn how he did it. Again he had disdained squid and bunker for live minnows, although there were a few others on the wharf who were getting flounder on squid which is nothing more than miniature devil fish cut into narrow strips.

Up to the time I left for my lunch at my hotel he had taken seven of the odd-looking flat fish which makes the amateur think they are coming in on their sides when he catches his first one



The Pennsylvanian filling his basket with Sea Trout



However, this time he wasn't the sole object of various anglers' eyes for near him an elderly man looked into the biggest flounder I saw during my stay at the resort. That ponderous fish, as big round as the top of a large dishpan, must have weighed every bit of eight pounds. The fellow who had him on his hook didn't know just what to do with him. He had no landing net and boats were tied up at the wharf on all sides so he couldn't walk him in to the beach. Finally he decided to "horse him in" and attempted to lift him bodily onto the wharf. Such a thrashing and tearing around in the water I haven't seen since tagging a big brown trout in a deep pool at night. It was more than the man's line could stand and it parted just above the leader when he had the giant flounder part way out of the water. That man was so disgusted he reeled in his line, picked up his tackle box, and strode off the wharf muttering to himself.

Two evenings later I again encountered the fishing family from Pennsylvania. On this occasion they were on a fishing pier which extends 100 or 300 yards into the ocean. Sea trout were feeding at night off the beach and the long pier was crowded nightly by men and women anxious to land a mess of these colorful and excellent-tasting fish. Why it was you could catch them after nightfall but not during daylight hours I couldn't understand, but a native of the resort expressed the opinion the sea trout were attracted by the bright lights of the boardwalk.

During the week I was at the seashore hundreds of pounds of sea trout were caught from the pier by anglers who were packed so close together I observed no one had a hook fastened in his ear or elsewhere. But to get back to our man from Highspire. Now he had a surf rod, the same as his companion fishermen, and he was using the same kind of bait—squid and hunker. If you've never waited bunker let me give you a tip here and now. It's the oiliest, smelliest bit of fish you're likely to handle anywhere and it is next to impossible to get the fish smell from your hands. Only through the use of strong soap powder or disinfecting soap can you kill that odor.

As on the wharf in the inlet, the clever angler from our home state was really going to town. I'll wager he caught at least half as many fish that night as all the rest of the anglers on that pier combined. When the lights went out at 10 o'clock and anglers were compelled to leave the pier he had a large splint basket heaped to the top with sea trout. There were 69 fish in that basket and he had caught all but about a dozen of them, the others of his family getting these.

Here, as on the wharf, I was full of admiration for the chap who had learned his fishing in Pennsylvania. He was yanking sea trout up on that pier as fast as he could bait up, while those rubbing elbows with him were lucky to be hooking one every ten or fifteen minutes. Again I took time out to study his technique. It wasn't anything out of the ordinary but he was doing just what was necessary to attract the sea trout to his bait.

It was the story of the blue fish catching over again. Instead of slamming his heavy sinker and two baited hooks 150 or 200 feet out into the ocean and then letting them rest there quietly on the bottom he was constantly moving the tip of his rod so that his bait was in motion as though alive. And did the sea trout go for that! That, too, may have accounted for the fact that he was catching all good-sized fish instead of small ones occasionally as was true of the others on the pier.

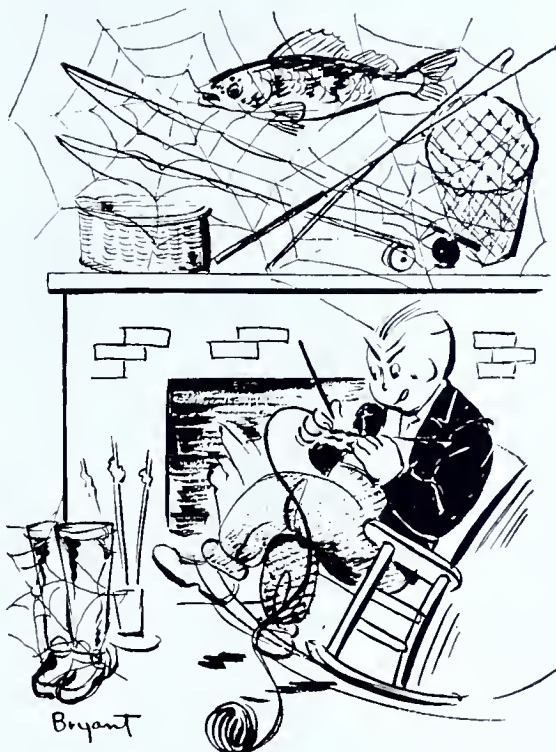
"You'd better take a picture of those if you want the folks back home to believe your fishing story," I suggested to the man's wife as she was

about to leave the pier at the close of the evening's fishing.

"Oh, we're going home tomorrow morning," she replied, "that's the reason we are stocking up so heavily."

Had they wanted to cash in on the Highspire man's ability as an angler they wouldn't have had a bit of trouble paying for their trip to the shore, for commercial fish dealers there were paying 25 cents a pound for fish which anglers offered for sale. It developed that fishing boats which go out from this particular point were having an extremely poor season so they were glad for the rod and line fisherman's help.

A man and wife from my hotel who went out deep sea fishing on a boat which took parties of 18 or 20 to a point down the coast about a two-hour voyage from the resort had such a good catch that they disposed of it for \$9.75. The trip had cost them \$5 apiece, so their fun actually set them back only 25 cents.



Said Fisherman Deht,  
"I'll snatch all I can get!  
These creel laws mean nothing to me.  
I'll ignore all that chatter  
About size . . . It's no matter—  
Isn't this the Land of the Free?"

With dynamite and net,  
He took all he could get,  
And now of his sport, he's hereft;  
Fishing's only a bore,  
He can't catch any more . . .  
There just aren't any fish left!

—CARSTEN AHRENS

## DINNER MEETING HELD BY MEMBERS OF WALTON LEAGUE

The Huntingdon County Chapter, Izaak Walton League of America, recently gathered at the Harry's Valley Rod and Gun Club in West Township, to partake of a delicious chicken dinner and to join later in a special business session held at the call of the chapter president, J. W. Matthews, of Huntingdon.

Of importance at the meeting, was the election of John W. Newcombe and C. Herbert Jackson, as delegates to represent the county chapter at the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Division of the Izaak Walton League to be held in Harrisburg on October 27-28. In respect to the annual division meeting and conservation conference

Howard Shilling, division president, indicated that plans were rapidly shaping up for an outstanding affair. Mr. Shilling announced that Paul Clement, national president of the League from Minneapolis, Minnesota, will be present, and pointed out to members of the local chapter the excellent opportunity this would afford to hear a message directly from the League's top-most official.

Of the many constructive conservation developments under discussion at the meeting on Saturday, interest centered on a plan whereby the school children of the county would participate in an educational tree-planting program to be sponsored by the chapter during conservation week each spring. President Matthews designated T. Roy Morton, C. M. Africa and S. H. Hess as a committee to plan the details of the project.

## THINGS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

The herring lays about 30,000 eggs, but there are about three females to each male.

The sturgeon may produce as many as 2,400,000.

Halibut more than 2,000,000, and the Cod has been known to lay more than 9,000,000.

Comparison can be made by laymen of the perils different species have to pass to reach maturity from these figures.

It is estimated that man takes 11 billion herrings annually, while the thousand and one other man enemies account for 200 billion, a ratio of about 1 to 19.

Herring is probably the most important food fish in the world, being the food of many other varieties of fish which eventually become flesh for man's table.

The herring is a salt water fish, not like his cousins, the Alewife or Shad who spawn in fresh water, he never enters fresh water, but spawns in the sea.

The Freshwater Eel, on the other hand, does not spawn in fresh water, but descends from lakes and ponds down stream to their spawning ground far out to sea. The breeding places of the Eel were unknown until recent years, but is now placed South and Southwest of Bermuda Islands toward the West Indies.

The depth of water here is about 1 mile. Here also in this general area come the European Eel to spawn, from which it requires about 3 years of its early life to return, while the American Eel requires only one year to reach the fresh water.

The Eels found far inland are always female, larger at maturity than males, who stay in tidal water, and also more abundant. Several years are spent in fresh water before the females again seek the sea when tending toward reproductive maturity.

The female is very prolific, producing from 5 to 10 million eggs, none of which were ever known to ripen while she was in fresh water, but which are all spawned at the one and only breeding time in their lives from which neither sex ever returns, both dying at sea after spawning.

Eyes of rabbits have fields of vision which overlap behind their head. With this arrangement they can see, without turning their heads, an enemy approaching from the rear.

—GEORGE W. BAUSPACH

There is no advantage in using a tapered line in fishing with live bait or with heavy artificial lures. As a matter of fact, a level line is best, for it will carry farther and straighten out better. The tapered line is intended for light flies—the thin end to land lightly on the water after the line has been carried out by its heavier section.



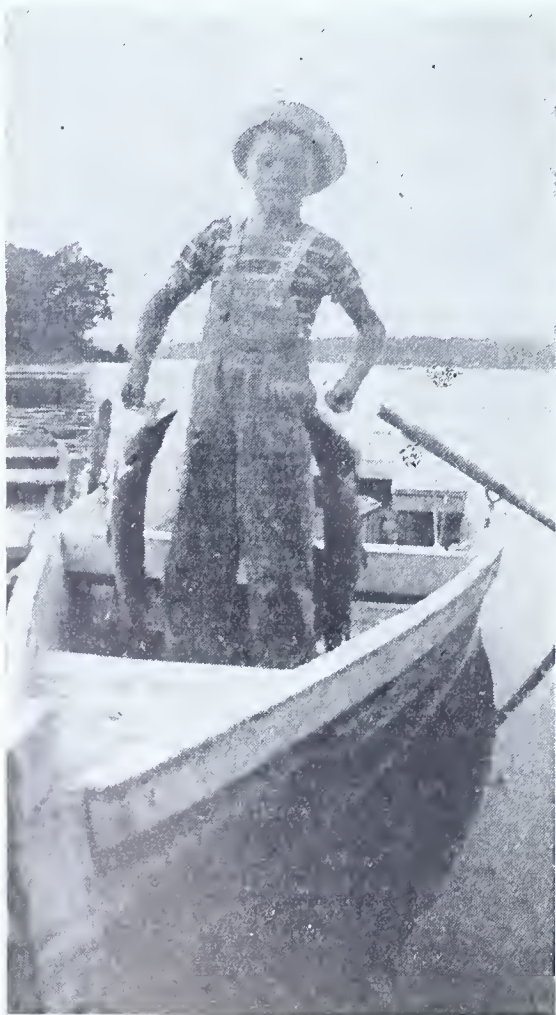


Walleye, 32 inches, 9½ lbs. from Pymatuning Lake  
by D. J. Frantz of Jamestown



George Ulrich of Lancaster and some fine Walleyes  
and Catties from Safe Harbor Dam

8 year old Rodney Hausman of Allentown displays  
two fine Pickerel caught by his Dad in Peck's Lake,  
Pike County



Paul Fink of Millersville with 30-inch Walleye he  
caught at Safe Harbor



George Cipra and four fine Brownies from Potato  
Creek, McKean County



# HIGHLIGHTS PENNSYLVANIA FISHING

**C**HARLES HOUSEAL, Maytown, caught a 29½ inch walleyed pike weighing 12 pounds, one ounce, in tide water of the Susquehanna river near Port Deposit. This is believed to be a top record catch for this specie, commonly known as Susquehanna Salmon.

Houseal was fishing from a boat in midstream between an island and Port Deposit directly opposite Wilkinson's landing, when the salmon struck the minnow on his hook. He was using a bobber and floating his line without weight purposely for bass and it was growing dark when the big fish ran with his line. He said the fish reeled in without much resistance until it got to the boat, then it surged away and he had a battle on his hands with very light tackle to play such a lunker. After about a half hour struggle he managed to bring it up along the boat and lacking a net, slipped his fingers under the gills and lifted the whopper into the craft.

It was weighed by Wilkinson in the presence of many fishermen who all claimed it was the biggest one they had ever seen or heard of being caught.

Modesty prevented a pictorial record of the catch to be taken and after showing it to friends about Marietta and Maytown it was prepared for consumption as any ordinary fish.



# FROM THE ANIA FRONTS

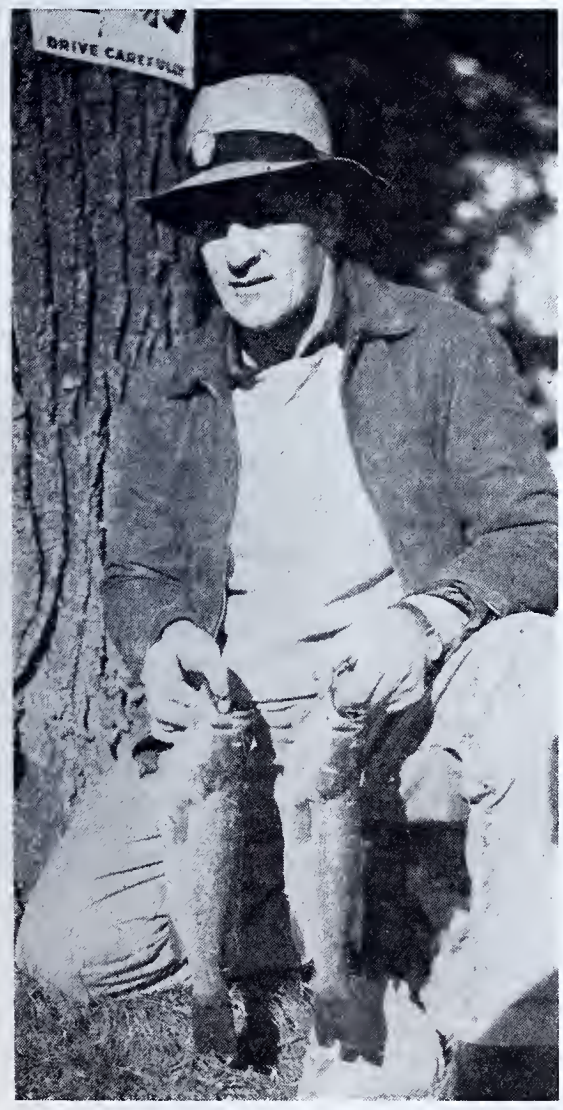
## FISHERMAN LANDS 19½-INCH BEAUTY

Jack Brenner, 530 Nutt Road, Phoenixville, hooked a small-mouth bass measuring 19½ inches while fishing in Rapp's Dam, French creek. The prize bit on a home made plug which Brennen fashions in his spare time.

## RARE 27-INCH FISH REPORTED

Reeling in a 27-inch Great Northern pike weighing five and one-half pounds was the luck of Brownie Wurster, local sportsman, who, along with Howard C. Stroup, caught the fish at Hunter's Lake, near Eagles Mere, recently.  
It is believed to be the only Great Northern pike on record in this area.

Two nice ones from Sugar Lake, by William Schmegeer of Pittsburgh



Joe Bering, Lebanon, takes 36¼-inch Carp from Safe Harbor Dam



Helen Duffee of Sharon, takes a dandy "Musky" 34 inches long, 10 lbs., from Edinboro Lake

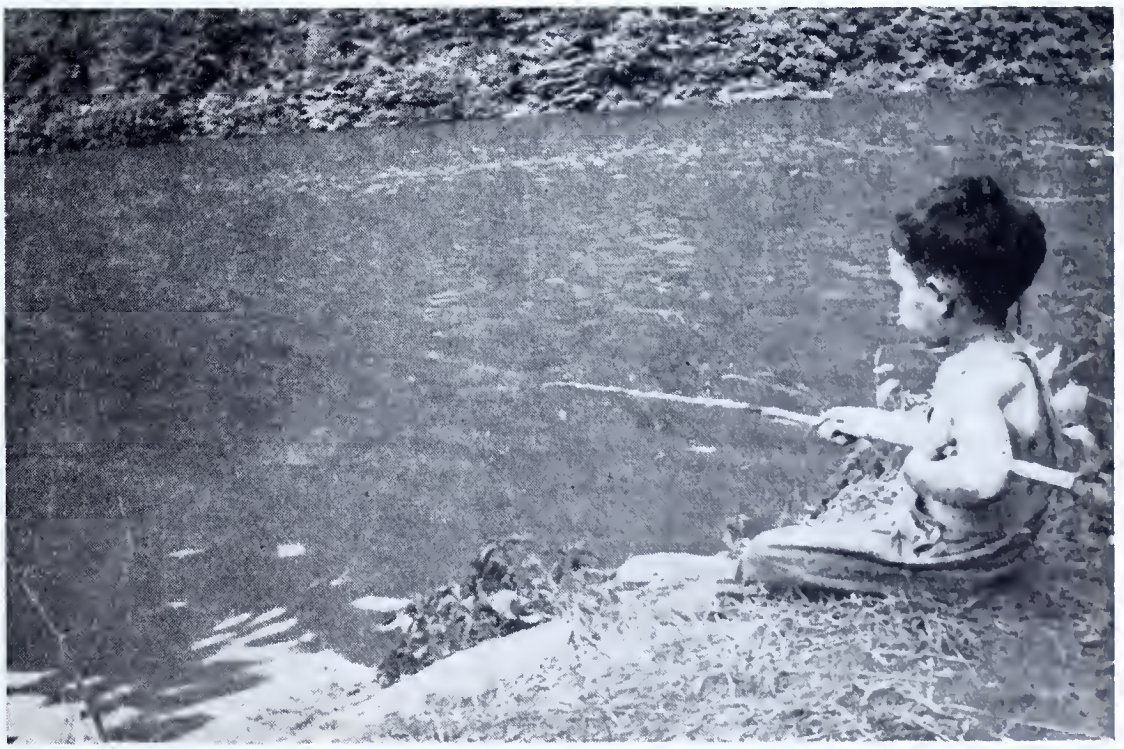
## TAKEN ON THE THIRD HOOK

John Wanner, of Audubon, reported this coincidence and swears by its authenticity: while fishing recently near Oaks, Pa., he hooked a medium size bass but failed to land the fish. The following day the same thing happened. Several days later, he brought in a 14-inch bass and in its mouth he identified the two hooks he lost earlier in the week.

*When autumn weather makes the evenings cool and crisp expect bass to do their most vigorous feeding during the afternoon and very early evening, when the water is warmest.*

4 year old Charles A. Miller of New Freedom is already a patient fisherman

Minnows are the favorite food of pickerel, so any artificial lure that resembles a minnow is a good one to use. The list includes small plugs, streamer flies, and spinners or spoons. Such lures are far better than floating bugs or other surface lures.





# For Better HUNTING and FISHING

By R. H. HOOD

**'Fishing the River for Fun' is Title of Soldier's Story. Written in Italy it Gives His Recollections of the Susquehanna**

Nothing shows so well how a Wyoming Valley soldier lived his fun over again in memory as the story here today of river fishing, told in fiction form. Right down to the smallest details did the boy in Italy picture it all. The story, written several months ago, was held for the middle of bass season and, as it happened, the author already has returned, with more than 100 discharge points, after nearly three years overseas, having been through the entire Italian campaign.—By SGT. FRANK W. ALEXIS, 306 Air Service Squadron, 38th Air Service Group

ITALY—The car rolled off the Narrows Highway and came to a full stop. Ten yards away the earth dropped suddenly to a steep grade of over 100 feet. From the edge of the embankment one could see the rolling Susquehanna and in the distance the city of Wilkes-Barre. It afforded a nice view on the bright sunny afternoon.

"Let's take five," Tony says, lazily shutting off the ignition.

"Good idea," drawls Fritz, reaching for his cigarets.

The talk drifted idly about the shop where they worked and finally drifted to the subject of fishing the river. Tony was no fisherman and Fritz was surprised to learn that he was taking an interest. Though friends for a long time, Tony just couldn't see a guy swinging a rod around in some water. Just a waste of time or the guy must be crazy, he would say.

**A Convert**

Fritz had returned from a week's stay camping up the river last July and proceeded to give him a detailed description of the week's stay. Tony listened with growing interest, while he told him of his experiences. About that hole just above the camping site, about the battle with the 18-inch bass that did NOT get away and of those delicious bass done to a nice brown. Even before he was quite finished Tony turned towards him and remarked:

"Well, Fritz, you got a guy to go with you next year even if I have to take an extra week off."

**Getting Ready**

As the time rolled towards July 1, Fritz had him all equipped in the way of tackle. As he was more or less the chief of all operations, it wasn't long before all arrangements were made, which took only a matter of two afternoons.

The day arrived soon enough and both were off for a week's stay. Fishing the river—for fun. The winding concrete highway was ideal that led towards their desired site, but the dirt road leading into the spot was as rugged as they come—twists and turns, ups and downs. The flimsy bridges looked as if they would topple were you to walk across, but the ol' jalopy eased over with six inches to spare among rippling rattle of old boards and a huge cloud of dust. Soon a large grassy clearing came into view.

"This is it," drawls Fritz.

It wasn't long before the 8 x 10 pup tent was up and things put in order. Over on one side Fritz was in a bunch of fishing tackle and attaching a 6-foot leader to his smooth fly line. Tony approaches him with an eager look.

"When we gonna start?" he asks.

"I think it would be a good idea to start up some chow and after that we'll get our tackle in good shape—after which we'll ease down to the river and catch us some caddies and clippers. We got to have bait, you know. Guess about

that time it'll be around 4.30—good time to start out and get in some evening fishing."

**The Start**

After the meal they started out for the river, only about 60 yards away. In about an hour they had enough live bait to last them for a while. They walked over to the boat, a beaten-up river boat it really was. Tony went in, Fritz pushed it out and climbed in.

"Where we gonna start?"



A creel of Brookies by Paul T. Defenderfer, from Moselem Creek near Reading

"See those rocks way up there, say about a half mile? We'll anchor there first and see what happens. Things usually do up there. That'll be our starting point. You oar the boat. I'll see if I can scare up a wall-eye trolling."

After looking over a few lures in his box, he attached a brass spinner to the 6-foot leader. Dropping it in the water he then proceeded to strip off about 50 feet of black casting thread. Fritz turned to Tony:

"Row nice and easy. Take your time."

Nothing much happened for a while but soon enough Fritz let out a yelp.

"I got something!" The short rod bent and quivered as he started to reel in. "Feels like a wall-eye," he says, reeling in slowly.

He kept on reeling, stopping at times as the rod bent more and more. Suddenly it straightened out. He reeled in quite fast.

"Did he get away?" Tony asked.

"Don't know yet." And then at that instant the line again straightened. "He's still on!"

Tony had stopped rowing, and the boat was

slowly drifting down with the lazy current. He had quite an eager look.

The line slacked again and this time Fritz reeled in all the line.

"You know, Tony," began Fritz, "I'm quite sure that was a wall-eye. Yellow bass, a good many fishermen call 'em. When you hook them, they almost feel like a log—or something. Not that they don't give you a good fight; they most certainly do. You have to be careful and not jerk too hard or too steady—or you'll lose him. They feed on minnows and such and you catch them quite often on small cattiees. The most popular method around these parts are trolling for them."

By this time they were slowly cruising around the rocks. "Sure is deep around here," remarks Tony. "Let's drop anchor by that small rock over there."

After dropping the two anchors, so that the boat pointed towards the shore, they proceeded to put their fishing tackle together.

"Fishing the river is a lot of fun, Tony. If you go in for it, you don't have to be able to toss flies or streamers like an expert to catch fish—just put on a nice juicy cattie, clipper or even the lowly night-crawler—and you'll get results when other methods fail. At this time of evening streamers should be ideal to use—throwing them toward shore. The big ones lie down in the large deep holes and riffs during the heat of the day—and ease over towards shore in the evenings and



George Cross, Penna. Fish Warden for Potter County, shoots deer in Germany



early mornings, too, to feed. We'll try streamers tomorrow but tonight we'll use a few clippers and cattiees.

"Put a catty on that No. 10 hook, then put a small bit of split buckshot above the hook. There's two ways of hooking a catty, either by the back of the dorsal fin or through the lips. The former method will make the catty live longer and be livelier. After you put the catty on, toss it in the water and let the current take it down about 50 or 60 feet. Then you can light up one of your cigarets and see what happens."

### Getting Settled

Ten minutes later they were settling themselves for a period of watchfulness. It was a nice evening, the river seemed quite still, not a ripple showed. The evening sky was becoming a light red as the sinking sun told the day was fading.

"Hey, Fritz; you got a nibble there."

Sure enough the line was slowly going for parts elsewhere. Fritz pulled off a few yards of line after which the line slowly stopped. In a few seconds it began to straighten out again. This time he set the hook. The battle was on.

"Boy, that must be a big one!" cries Tony.

Just then the tough black bass of the river leaped up and turned a dozen somersaults all over the place, causing deep ripples to gather.

Keeping a tight line, Fritz expertly guided him towards the boat, but the fish had different ideas and started for places down to the deep depths of the river. Reeling off some line Fritz let him have his way after which he had to reel in a few inches at a time as the rod looked like a St. Vitus dance in the fullest stage. Then came another series of flips and somersaults, after which he reeled slowly but surely. As the tired King of the River neared the boat the net reached over in a short arc. The bass struggled to the end but in a second 14 inches of black bass lay in the boat.

Fritz looked up and there was Tony frantically reeling in. The flip-flap of a fish attested that he had a nice one.

"Take it easy," says Fritz, as Tony's rod almost doubled.

"What'll I do now?" The line had suddenly disappeared under the boat somewhere.

"Just keep it tight, Tony boy."

And sure enough he did ease the fish over but then down the river he went. Tony reeled in easy and soon after a few more splashes he was admiring a 12-inch smallmouth.

"Well, I presume we have fish for dinner tomorrow, eh what?" says Fritz.

The rest of the evening netted two more fish—an eight-inch rock-bass and another smallmouth, 11 inches.

They reeled in their lines and started rowing down the stream which was quite easy and before long both were walking up the path to the tent.

"Sure did enjoy this evening," remarks Tony. "Didn't think you had so much fun fishing this place."

### It Gets You

"Yes," replies Fritz, "river fishing is plenty O. K. Once you get to know river fishing, it sorta gets under your skin. Dry fly fishing for trout is all right, and probably better. The worst part of that is the fact that there just aren't any good streams near here within short driving time. Though I do know a few, and it's just a few, that will get their limit pretty often—they're real fly fishermen and have been using flies for years and years. Bass fishing in the river is plenty good enough for me for my money. Not that I don't like to go for trout. I go for trout. It's just that I like this fishing better.

"Nothing much to do right now but get into our sack for some shut-eye."

It was getting quite late before they finally got to sleep.

There was no sound as the morning sun climbed above the hills. Inside the tent there was only the regular breathing. An hour later Tony eased out and started the stove and breakfast. It was after 9 when both finally had washed, eaten and were puffing away on a contented cigaret.

"Thought you and I were going to get an early start this morning," remarks Tony.

"I reckon this mountain air makes a guy sleep like a log and heck, we're on vacation," says Fritz as an excuse.

"What's the program today?" inquires Tony.

"Guess we'll lie around for a while, seeing it's too late for morning fishing. Afterwards we'll fix up a bass dinner. Then we'll go up to the rocks again and see how those rockbass enjoy a few grasshoppers or a couple fat nightwalkers. How does that sound to you?"

"Suits me fine," Tony lazily admits, and ambling his 210 pounds he spreads down flat on his stomach and quickly forgets as he dozes off.

### A Pleasant Part

After a while Fritz began the task of preparing the dinner. After cleaning and skinning the fish he lighted the kerosene stove and began fixing the bass with egg batter and cracker meal. Dinner was quite well prepared and they both did justice to it. They made the minor preparations for the afternoon fishing.

"These rockbass are tricky to catch most of the time—at this time of day," remarked Fritz. "They go for the very deep holes and stay there. You can catch them, but you have to be patient. If you bump into a school of them, you certainly will see action. Put on a sinker and try these delicious nightwalkers—they're so fat, I could eat them myself, almost. Sometimes that's the only thing they'll take—just worms and nightwalkers. Other times, you have to try everything in your tackle box before they hit."

After an hour or two they both decided to go back for some supper and then return for the evening fishing. It wasn't long before they had a short meal and were ready to establish another beachhead for some more angling.

Tony was vainly trying to toss the grasshopper out towards the shore. Each time the long-legged, winged creature would go sailing one way, the hook the other.

"Here, Tony, watch. Your retrieve is most important—be sure you wait a split second before you start the forward motion, so as not to jerk that hopper off."

After a few tries, he seemed to have better luck and before long he had a nice something as the hopper was drifting down the stream. It was a 11-inch black bass. He brought it in in great style.

"Well," he remarks, "no rockies?"

"Heck," Fritz answers, "you can expect to hook most anything now, not necessarily rockbass. At times the river is very undependable that way."

The week went by quite swiftly and ended all too soon. After packing up tent and tackle, they both bid so-long and thanked Artie, who owned the spot of ground where they had spent the seven days. Soon they were heading south.

"I sure spent a great week up there, Fritz. And it's going to be from now on, every year, or something similar."

"Yea," drawls Fritz, in his lazy-like manner, "the ol' river is plenty all right for my money. You take a 12-inch bass from the river and he'll give you a better battle than a 18-inch bass from

any lake around here. The bass live in flowing water and it's quite a hard life, battling against the current. When the floods come around they sure take a beating.

"The Susquehanna, from Pittston up, affords great bass fishing and comparing it with the lakes nearby, it's a good deal better. That is, if you like to fish the river. Some fishermen can't seem to take to river fishing. It calls, somewhat, for a variation in your fishing. The various lakes and ponds nearby are all right, but in recent years the public has been using them for picnics and such. It doesn't give a guy room enough to enjoy himself—too many people around; lots of motorboats, etc.

"The river has always been an ace in the hole for the state's fishing. It's very long and the fish reproduce in sufficient quantities to permit it to be almost self-supporting, despite floods and other natural causes which might affect it to some or great extent. There's carp there, too, as high as 40 pounds . . . even bigger, probably. You can have a good day fishing the riffles with streamers. Go wading down and you have your fly fishing . . . the deep holes are good to fish and you are more apt to get a few in them as not. Of course, you will get your off days, when no matter what you try—you won't get a thing. As far and as long as I've been fishing there I find that your luck, if you want to call it that, will be a lot better if you stick to natural bait—that is, clippers, cattiees and such . . . at least they are most consistent in catching those bass from the river.

"Yea, Tony, when I want some fun and action in my fishing I'll take the river for the bass season."

## DOWN HAPPY LANE

Over my head the stars, distant and pale and cold;  
Under my feet the world, wrinkled and scarred and old;  
Back of me all that was, all the relentless past,  
The future waiting beyond, silent, untenanted, vast;  
I at the center of all that has been or that is to be—  
The world lying under my feet and the stars looking down at me.

Out in the far beyond, waiting for God's good time,  
Splendid cities may rise, heroes may be sublime;  
The past may measure against the future that is to be  
As a fleeting day compares with a storied century;  
Prophets unborn may see with a vision that shall be clear,  
But the future is dumb, and I, dowered with speech, am here.

I stand at the edge of the past, where the future begins I stand;  
Captains may rise again, and conquerors may command,  
But greater than kings unborn or emperors under earth  
Am I, with the chance to test my courage and prove my worth!  
Under my feet the world; over my head the sky—  
Here at the center of things, in the busy present am I.

—ANONYMOUS

*After stepping into a hole in a river, Jack Clifford, of Northampton, Mass., went ashore and emptied his boots. To the ground fell a nice trout*



# BIG WALLEYE FROM THE PYMATUNING

**M**ENTION Pymatuning Reservoir to the average Western Pennsylvania angler and he'll snort, "Nothing in that mud-hole but carp, catfish and snags." Mention the lake to someone who doesn't fish and the reply usually goes like this, "Anyone could catch those fish up there, they climb on top of each other for bread."

However, those who know the lake know that there are big game fish there. Ross Buck, Fishin' Editor of the *Sewickley Herald* whose recent catch bears proof that all the big ones do not get away. The "big one that didn't get away" is a walleyed pike, known in Canada as a pickerel while in Eastern Pennsylvania it is commonly called a Susquehanna Salmon. It is measured 29 inches long, weighed eight pounds and was 15 inches in girth. It was caught while trolling a "flat-fish" plug over a bar near the Ohio side. And, it isn't the biggest one by a good deal. Last summer, Mrs. Charles Hanlon of the Brodhead Road near Carnot, caught one weighing 12 pounds and on July 15th this year, caught another weighing 9½ pounds. One day earlier in

that week, she had one on which she couldn't raise from the bottom of the lake, it was so heavy. Whatever kind of a fish it was, it just stayed on the bottom and chewed the line in two.

Ye fishin' editor was a guest of the "Creel Club," a group of Sewickleyans who own a cottage at Pymatuning, on July 22d, when he made his record (for him) catch. As witnesses he has A. E. Bonsey of Sewickley Heights, who subdued the walleye while the plug was being detached and the stringer placed through the gills; George Zeigler of Osborne, who handled the gaff hook and boated the big one; Charles Hanlon of Brodhead Road and Raymond Connelly of Charette Place, in another boat near enough to see the action; Otto Reibert of Centennial Avenue and W. A. Rand of Harbaugh Street, who were fishing near shore and caught several smaller walleyes; Mr. and Mrs. J. O. McPherson of Nevin Avenue and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Patton of Centennial Avenue, who were also staying at the cottage, along with Philip Patton of Erie and Dickie Burrell of Avalon.

## WITH ROD AND LINE

"RAINING LITTLE FISHES"  
By CLYDE ROLLER

**S**OME of the fellows were talking about the heavy thundershower over Eastern Pennsylvania, last summer, and during the course of the conversation someone, using a time-honored phrase, mentioned that it had "rained little fishes." That reference brought up a point which may call for a little clarification, the point being: Is "raining little fishes" merely a picturesquely conceived exaggeration or is there some basis in fact for the expression?

Perhaps the matter isn't particularly important to fishermen who plan on catching their fish with rod and line rather than depending upon them dripping from the skies, but it is quite intriguing nevertheless.

According to scientific sources reports of fish falling with rain are not necessarily figments of the imagination or fantastic folk tales. Reports of rains of organic matter have been recorded in various parts of the world from ancient times, it is pointed out, and the authenticity of some such reports is quite well established.

Among the objects said to have been observed as having fallen from the skies are fish, frogs, toads, birds, insects, earthworms and other things. The United States Weather Bureau has collected and published many references of such occurrences in a paper by Dr. Waldo L. McAtee.

Reports of toads and frogs falling in showers from the sky have come from various other countries but the Weather Bureau has found no such occurrence reported for the United States. However, there are several reports of fish having fallen with showers. As one instance, in the Monthly Weather Review for June, 1901, is a note that J. W. Gardner, a voluntary observer at Tillers

Ferry, S. C., had reported that during a heavy local shower about June 27, 1901, hundreds of little fish such as catfish, perch and trout fell and afterwards were found in pools between cotton rows.

Doctor McAtee, in his paper writes substantially as follows:

"All strong winds have some lifting power, as is well known, especially when they begin to whirl, when their lifting and carrying capacity increases enormously. It is on record that by a tornado at Beauregard, Miss., the solid iron screw of a cotton press weighing 675 pounds was carried 900 feet and there are records of other heavy material being transported distances by wind. There seems to be, therefore, no reason for general suspicion toward the accounts of organic showers. Waterspouts are reported as having emptied harbors and fish ponds to such an extent that the greater parts of their bottoms were uncovered. Naturally, under such circumstances fishes and other organisms in the water may change their habitat very abruptly."

There are a number of articles in scientific publications having to do with the subject of fish falling with rain. Articles such as "A Rain of Small Fish" in the Monthly Weather Review and Annual Summary; "Rains of Fishes," in Natural History; "Rains of Fishes and of Frogs," in Natural History; "Fishes Fallen from the Skies," in Science; "On the Fall of Frogs, Toads and Fishes from the Sky," in Recreative Science, and others. So apparently the falling of fishes from the skies is within the realm of possibility, although it doesn't seem likely to replace plying the old fishing rod as a popular method of producing a catch.

## BOYS WIN MEDALS FOR KILLING SNAKES

Harry L. King, Fish Warden for Washington County, has awarded medals to 10 boys of the area who have, this summer, killed 10 or more water snakes.

The medals, known as Junior Conservationist Medals, are attractive awards presented by Pennsylvania Board of Fish Commissioners to any boy or young man under 19 years of age who kills 10 or more of these destructive reptiles.

About an inch of the tails should be cut off Mrs. King says, placed in a bottle and taken to him at his home, 555 West Hallam Avenue, for verification.

Several hundred of the snakes have been turned over to Dean Paul Walker, California State Teachers College for study.

One of the medals has been placed in the window of the J. Mac Jones cigar store.



Gilbert Feehrer of Lancaster displays 27-inch Walleye from Susquehanna

## Sportsmen's Notebook

Never forget that in our hard-fished streams the bass see a constant parade of lures and baits, and in time they surely come to recognize the danger that lies in them. That's why it's good strategy to use some brand new kind of fly or spinner, or even a different type of bait. You will actually see an increase in the number of strikes you get.

*If your dog suddenly shows a lack of interest in prepared dog food, change to some different brand, and the animal probably will eat with enthusiasm again. A dog can get tired of the same kind of food all the time, just as easily as a human being would.*

BUY VICTORY BONDS AND  
KEEP THEM!



# TACKLE TERMINOLOGY

## NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ANGLING AND CASTING CLUBS

A

*air cast:* See "false cast".

*angler:* One who participates in angling.

*angling:* Fishing practiced not as a means of obtaining a livelihood, but as a source of recreation and pleasure.

*artificial bait:* Generally understood to mean a lure used in bait casting, such as a plug, spoon, etc. (See "bait".)

*artificial fly:* An imitation of a real or imagined fly, insect, or other object which deceives or attracts fish. Roughly divided into six groups: Wet, Dry or Floating, Nymph, Streamer, Bucktail, and Bug.

The first description of an artificial fly is by Aelian, 170-230 A.D., who wrote that the Macedonians when fishing the river Astraeus for a fish with speckled skins used an artificial fly tied as follows: "They fasten redish wool round a hook and fit on the wool two feathers which grow under a cock's wattles, and which in color are like wax." There is no reason to believe however, that this practice had not been going on for some years previous. In fact, over two centuries earlier, Martial wrote, "Who has not seen the scarus rise, decoyed, and killed by fraudulent flies." So far as is known, these few words are the first mention of a fishing fly.

*artificial gut:* There are many substitutes for genuine silk worm gut ("natural gut")—the two chief ones being "China Twist and Nylon." The latter is far superior to any other substitute and is preferred by some to natural gut because of its uniformity and the fact that it does not require soaking before using.

*automatic reel:* A type of fly reel that winds in the line automatically by means of spring pressure on the spool when its lever is engaged by the little finger of the rod hand.

B

*back cast:* A preparatory cast made to impart momentum to the line (in fly casting), or the lure (in bait casting), by bringing the power of the rod into play by flexing it, before launching the line or lure toward the intended target.

*backhand cast:* A cast usually made with the arm movement across the front of the body of the caster with the rod hand facing the same general direction as in an ordinary cast; however, due to the position of the arm, the palm of the rod hand faces more or less downward. This cast is usually used to avoid obstacles on the rod hand side of the caster or to counteract unfavorable wind conditions.

However, there is another, more literal type of backhand cast by which one may throw a cast to his rear (rod-hand side) without bothering to turn completely around. This cast, which is quite often a mere flick of the rod tip, is generally used to quickly cover a "rise."

*backing:* Running line. Line put on under the casting line to fill up the reel. However, when spliced to the line, it is available as reserve line for playing large fish such as steelhead and salmon.

*backlash:* An unexpected termination of the forward cast in bait casting, caused by the spool travelling faster than the pull of the line, which in turn causes the spool to overrun. The result is a snarl or "bird's nest" on the spool of the reel.

The two chief causes of a backlash are the improper thumbing of the reel when casting, and

the careless laying of the line on the spool when retrieving the lure.

*bait:* Natural lures used to catch fish. However, when preceded by the word "artificial" can mean any lure other than a fly—especially those used on bait casting rods.

*bait casting:* The casting of a lure (either natural or artificial) whereby the weight of the lure rather than the line furnishes the propulsive momentum which pulls the line off a revolving-spool reel. The lures are generally at least  $\frac{1}{4}$  ounce in weight—the average being from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  ounce—the other extreme being large "musky" lures which sometimes weigh several ounces.

*bait casting reel:* A reel having a comparatively wide, revolving spool of small diameter—generally quadruple multiplying, having an optional click or drag or both. There are some few bait casting reels having a very narrow spool of large diameter as well as being single action; however, these are the exceptions and quite often come built into the rod, forming one complete unit.

*bait casting rod:* A rod for casting baits of perceptible weight ( $\frac{1}{4}$  ounce or more), directly off

(generally size 6 or less) may be alternately designated as a trout or panfish bug.

*bird's nest:* See "backlash."

*bivisible:* A type of dry fly having a tail (generally short and bushy), solid wrapping of hackle on the shank of the hook the same color as the tail and several turns of contrasting hackle wrapped at the head, just behind the eye of the hook. This contrasting hackle is almost always white—"to make the fly more visible to the angler."—(Hewitt)

*blood knot:* A knot which draws up into a roll with the two ends sticking out at right angles in the middle. The best knot for fastening together strands of gut.

This knot which is more accurately called the "Double Blood Knot" was for years a jealously guarded secret until 1892 when its formula was discovered and publicized by A. H. Chaytor, a salmon angler and author of "Letters to a Salmon Fisher's Sons," 1910, wherein a full account of the knot and its history is given. This knot is sometimes mistakenly called the Barrel Knot which is an entirely different knot.

*blow line fishing:* An all but obsolete method of angling practiced in Ireland as well as in some parts of England, whereby the natural May Fly is used. The line is correctly made of floss silk, not twisted, and the lightness of this, used in



Waynesboro Fish and Game Association members await arrival of fish Commission Tank Car with load of Trout. They assisted Warden W. W. Britton of Chambersburg in placing them in nearby streams

the reel. Generally 5 to 6 feet long, having the reel seat above the hand grasp, and a series of solid ring guides leading from the reel to the tip top. Usually in one or two sections.

*bait rod:* A rod for still fishing with natural bait. Generally 7 to 9 feet long having a grasp both above and below the reel seat and a series of solid ring guides leading from the reel to the tip top. Usually in two or three sections.

*balance:* The way a rod feels in the hand with reel and line attached, when fly casting. In bait casting, the way a rod and reel feel with line and lure attached in the process of casting. A poorly balanced outfit does not handle well and makes casting difficult.

*barometer (fishermen's):* An instrument with a special dial, not common to the ordinary barometer, used to determine the alleged best fishing time.

*basket (fishermen's):* See "creel."

*bass bug:* An artificial floating bug, designed to be cast with a fly rod for bass. In small sizes

connection with a long rod, allows the wind to carry the fly out a fishable distance. In later years, practiced with any light, undressed line and artificial fly as well as natural.

*bob or bobber:* See "dobber."

*bobbing:* See "skittering."

*boots:* Worn by anglers in wading—generally hip length.

*boxes (fly or bait):* Used to facilitate the carrying of flies or baits (natural or artificial). Made in a variety of materials and sizes to suit every taste.

*brogue:* See "wading shoe."

*bulging:* A type of underwater rise causing a bulge on the water's surface, made by the sudden turn and consequent swirl of the fish's tail when chasing subaqueous insects in shallow water, generally over or near weedbeds. Sometimes the bulge is accompanied by a torpedo-like wave.

*butt:* The handle section of a rod.

(Turn to Page 17)



## THE LITTLE FROGS

(Continued from Page 7)

children how they would take a worm from your fingers if you held it quietly in the water. This palled on the kids after a while and they wanted to do some real fishing. So we rigged up a rod and line but instead of using a hook we simply tied the worm to the end of the string. It worked swell. The trout would grab the worm, run under the bank, and when the kids pulled would come out fighting furiously; until forced to the top of the water where he let go. No harm was done and we thought nothing of it when the fish quit biting after a while. But the next time we tried it we found out that those fish wanted nothing to do with a worm that had a white string tied to it. Nor did they ever take such a bait again though we did get some to take worms on a black thread and on gut leaders, but never as aggressively as they did that first time. They learned something. So did we.

I met a rather mature brown trout one day along a tributary to my creek. That was the year I learned that it is better to use a largespent-wing dry-fly for late season trout fishing than to putter with long leaders and tiny flies. A trout will come a long way in clear water to take a big fly when he will hardly move a foot to take a tiny one. Much easier and better to have the fish come to your fly than to try to approach too closely on a July day. It was the thrill supreme to see that great trout wallow into the shallow water and take a big floating Queen of the Waters. Not for long, though, for as soon as he felt the barb he plunged under these tangled roots and snapped my leader as easily as a bull would break a clothes-line. Certainly he took my breath away but when I regained it I climbed that leaning tree to watch for him. In a little while I saw him on the bottom, rolling on his side, rubbing that fly against the rocks. He got it out and presently resumed his feeding but no matter what I offered I could not get another rise out of him. He would come and examine everything, but when he saw the leader or the hook, he would turn away. Finally, in desperation, I caught some grass-hoppers and tossed them on the water; he ate every one but the one with the hook in it. I never did catch him and I doubt if anyone did for he was plenty big enough to have had his name in the papers. I think that he knew about hooks and lines when he struck the first time but that he was in too much of a hurry to grab that fly and get back, to examine it carefully.

Several warm-water streams we know that would normally be fished only by boys looking for sunnies or suekers have been classed as trout streams by the authorities and get an annual re-stocking of legal sized brown or rainbow trout. Most of the trout are promptly caught out by the fellows who get there on Opening Day. A few remain, but the amazing thing is the number of bass living in those streams who survive the torrent of flies and spinners, worms and minnows that descend upon the waters each spring. The time to count the bass is, of course, later when the water is low and clear. This does not mean that bass are smarter than trout. It just goes to show that having been educated in the ways of men and hooks and lines the bass disdain from biting, where the trout, lacking that education, are caught.

Several times I have seen the results of careless or accidental poisoning of fishing water. The latest and most vivid being that of what I can honestly describe as one of the hardest fished eddies in the whole country. This pool, within

the city-limits, has for many, many years been subject to continuous bombardment by plug fishermen living nearby. Not to mention the myriads of minnows, crayfish and worms that have been dunked in it. With all this fishing, it continued to produce an occasional nice fish; plenty to sustain the hopes of the neighborhood fishermen. When the sudden poisoning came we were all astounded at the size and numbers of the game fish which were killed; which had till then avoided capture by hook and line. Some were bigger than any we had ever caught.

The future, then with its ever increasing number of fishermen need not frighten anyone. My little creek has proved that given pure and fertile water, food and cover, the fish will carry on. And, though the fishermen try as they will, they can never exterminate the bass in my creek so long as they fish with hook and line, bait or plug or fly. The main point is to continue the fight against pollution wherever and however we can. Here, too, the future looks brighter than the past. If there is strength in numbers, we are,

or mighty soon will be, strong enough to rise and say that these streams are to be ours to fish in and not to be despoiled for any other purpose.

The tricks to use to catch these educated bass? We will discuss those, and soon, but right now we are going fishing.

A reader asks why black bass so often take hold of a live frog bait, run with it, and then drop it and cannot be hooked. Usually the reason is the wrong species of frog is being used. The small, bronze-green marsh frog is the proper bait. It is found in marshy ground and in the grass along the shores of lakes and streams.

*Repeated sneezing and head shaking and ear digging are danger signals in a dog. Such behavior may mean that the animal is beset by those vicious pests, the tick or foxtail. Quick attention is required by a veterinarian.*

Form 3526.—Ed. 1933

### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER published Monthly  
(Insert title of publication.) (State frequency of issue.)  
at Harrisburg Pa. for October 1945 19  
(Name of post office and State where publication is entered.)  
STATE OF Pennsylvania  
COUNTY OF Dauphin ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. Allen Barrett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Acting Editor of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER  
(State whether editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.) (Insert title of publication.)  
and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

|                   | Name of—                                | Post office address—                   |
|-------------------|---|--|
| Publisher         | <u>Pennsylvania Fish Commission</u>     | <u>So. Office Bldg. Harrisburg Pa.</u> |
| Editor            | <u>J. Allen Barrett (Acting Editor)</u> | <u>So. Office Bldg. Harrisburg Pa.</u> |
| Managing Editor   |   |  |
| Business Managers |   |  |

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

|                                     |  |
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| <u>Commonwealth of Pennsylvania</u> | <u>So. Office Bldg. Harrisburg Pa.</u> |
| <u>Fish Commission</u>              |  |

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

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|-------------|--|
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|-------------|--|

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is \_\_\_\_\_  
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

(LS) J. ALLEN BARRETT (Acting Editor)  
(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25 day of September 19 45

[SEAL.]

Harry D. Dando N.P.  
(My commission expires March, 9 19 47)

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POSTMASTER: BE SURE TO READ AND CAREFULLY OBSERVE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE OTHER SIDE.



# SQUALLS FROM LEE RUN BAY

By JAN DREWS

A platoon of military Mice have deployed from Camp Reynolds and dug in under our wood box. They must be radar equipped because they certainly are making it tough for our old-fashioned cat.

Those B-29 Herons made a final bombing run on a picnic from New Castle just before they took off for wherever it is they go for the winter.

One of those "Kamikaze" Bass in the Carpenter Eddy hit our black Jitterbug night before last.

After that rain Saturday noon, Uncle French broke the camp record for getting out of a wet shirt and into a dry Martini.

Charley, the thoughtful member at Dick's cottage always brings a bottle of "Absorbine

Jr." This is because some of the other members are a little bit stiff when he gets there.

There is a good story making the rounds of the Lee Eddy weed beds—about the Carp's daughter and the travelling Calico Bass.

It certainly was hot up here last Tuesday. We watched a Muskrat running up the opposite shore. It was carrying two empty clam shells. It would run about 20 feet and then it would put the clam shells down and climb up on them to cool its feet.

That big Salmon came up over the riffle into the Lee Eddy and spent the weekend with "Old Tom," the blind Muskellunge. Tom is trying to persuade his friend to go down into the Allegheny River with him and take oil treatments next winter.

## ANGLERS PLAN SUMMER COLONY IN MOUNTAINS

"LITTLE Clairton," a fishing and hunting community owned by Clairton sportsmen, may soon blossom in the mountain country north of Confluence, near the border of Somerset and Fayette counties. The community is being planned as a fishing and hunting paradise for members of the Anglers Club of Clairton and nearly one hundred members have already arranged for the purchase of cabin sites.

The club recently began negotiations for the purchase of a tract of land adjoining good water for fishing and intends to carry out a program of fish stocking and propagation for the exclusive use of club members. Lots one hundred feet square were plotted on the property and offered for sale to the members. The club limited the

sale to one hundred lots and a few of those remained without owners this week.

Other improvements included in the development of the property call for a common picnic and recreation grove and facilities necessary for hatching and stocking game fish.

The purchase of cabin sites carried with it lifetime fishing privileges to the buyers, but other club members also may acquire fishing rights at a nominal figure. John Straub of Clairton, is chairman of the Lake Site Committee and Stanley Bland is president of the organization.

Although one of Clairton's most recent organizations, the club has grown so rapidly that the directors have "frozen" membership at 150 men.

## THE SPORTSMEN'S CORNER

Autumn Fishing Pays Dividends—Larger Baits and Artificial Lures Should Be Used—  
Bass and Pickerel Are Found in Deeper Holes and Runs

By DICK FORTNEY

THE long, lanky chap was grinning all over his face. It was snowing outside and the wind whistled with cold fury as he sat on the edge of a desk, carefully unwrapped a piece of newspaper, and displayed the long-toothed head of a giant pickerel.

"I caught him yesterday afternoon on a jointed yellow plug," the angler explained. "I caught a nice bass, too."

It was the day after Thanksgiving. And the weather had changed over night from a balmy, sunny afternoon to a raw, bitter morning.

My friend had gone fishing, instead of attending a football game, after eating his Thanksgiving Day dinner. He had been richly rewarded.

### Autumn Fishing Good

Not an ordinary occurrence, it is true, but the incident serves to drive home the point that autumn fishing is good. The angler who puts aside his rods and lures soon after Labor Day misses a lot of sport.

It's not good for just plug fishing, either. The late Bill Mollenkopf, veteran Williamsport city health officer, used to make weekly

trips to the North Branch in the vicinity of Wyandot until the end of November. He fished with helgrammites, and invariably he returned home with fine catches of bass.

Sometimes he had to load himself down with warm clothes, but he found the bass and walleyes in a feeding mood.

### Colder Water Helps

Rivers and creeks become colder in the fall, especially after a couple of hard frosts, and the fish seem to increase in pep. Certainly their appetites are better, for in the autumn they instinctively gorge themselves with food to provide fat in their bodies to sustain them during the winter months when they feed very little or become dormant.

Most fall days, besides, are bracing and beautiful, particularly during those hours when the sun is shining, and never is there that sticky heat (nor even stickier insects) which prevail in summer.

The competition is less keen from other anglers—and those pests, the swimmers, have long since disappeared.

### Deep Fishing Necessary

The autumn angler must get his baits and his lures down deep, for autumn fish seldom feed on the surface. An exception, of course, is a day that is unseasonably warm, or perhaps during the very noon hour or so of a bright and sunny day.

The fish are in the deeper holes and rapids near the end of the season, and there the angler must go in pursuit of them.

At the same time, bass and pickerel will take larger baits and larger plugs in fall than in summer—because they literally are stuffing themselves in preparation for winter.

Pay particular attention to creek holes which have been cluttered up with swimmers during the summer. Contrary to some opinions, bathing in a creek pool does not drive out the fish.



Max Nettek of Lancaster and four Walleyes from the Lower Susquehanna

## TACKLE TERMINOLOGY

(Continued from Page 15)

C

**cast:** A leader with one or more flies attached. A term sometimes applied to a favorite section of a river—especially in salmon fishing. See "leader."

**casting:** The act of throwing a fly or bait in angling for game fish or for recreation. The following casting terms are defined: "air cast," "back cast," "backhand cast," "curve cast," "false cast," "forehand cast," "forward cast," "horizontal cast," "overhead cast," "reverse cast or Galway Cast," "roll cast," "snap cast," "Spey Cast," "steeple cast," "strip cast," "switch cast," "water cast," "wind cast," and "Wye Cast."

**casting line:** The line that is cast and to which the leader (in fly fishing), or the trace (in bait casting), is attached. Years ago, but no longer so used, "casting line" described what is now the leader. See "leader."

**caster:** One who participates in casting.

**check:** See "click."

(Continued Next Month)





22-inch, 3-lb., 2-oz. Brown Trout caught by John Adderty of Sharon, Pa. Adderty made his catch in the Lackawannock Creek

## THE DIE-HARD

(Continued from Page 3)

could see the fading sunlight glinting on lazily moving specks in the water, getting dimmer and dimmer until it faded out an amazing distance below. There was nothing more. Nothing moved. There was no life in the water, no rustle of leaves on the trees. The pond was like glass from the usual falling off of wind at evening. It was too still, too clear, unnatural. When he noticed his head was already in the shadows, Fred scrambled off the log and hurried back. All hope was oozing fast.

"Give me that rod, Jim," he said grimly. He selected a yellow and black semi-surface plug and attached it to the long leader. He picked out another plug which he put in a can in his coat pocket. To take off his pants and change his shoes was the work of a minute.

"Come on, old faithful," he whispered to the yellow lure dangling on his leader. "Don't fail me now. Let's go get 'em."

"I hope," he added, but not very confidently. Stepping into the chilly water, he waded out until he was knee deep. The edge of the shelf of rock he was standing on broke away abruptly about seventy feet ahead of him. Past the edge the water was deep and still. Fred sighted past the tip of his rod towards the edge of the shelf of rock where it met the steep wall of the quarry off to the left. He whipped the rod back and forth a few times. Then he brought it back sharply

and whipped the plug up and out in a graceful arc. Braking the reel and judging it nicely, Fred set the black and yellow wiggler right where he wanted it. As it landed with a slight "plunk" he twitched the rod down, starting the action of the plug the instant it hit the water.

Nothing happened as he worked it in from deep water. Nothing happened on the second cast, or the third, so Fred tried the other side, off to his right.

With the first cast he got action. A savage rush at the lure brought up the tip of Fred's rod in an automatic response. His heart leaped even though he quickly realized the fish he had hooked was not what he wanted, not by several pounds. But where there was one there should be more. A chance was all that Fred wanted.

"Bring the net, Jim," he called out as he brought the fish in without wasting any time. "I may need it soon."

Jim and the fish came to Fred's side at about the same time.

"Too small," said Fred, wetting his hand and releasing the barbs. "About two pounds. Here," and he loosed the struggling bass, "go call your daddy. Or if your granddad's bigger, get him. It's all or nothing tonight."

Jim bent over as though to watch Fred handle the fish.

"Don't look now, Uncle Fred," he said in a low voice, "but there's a pretty rugged character ashore watching us."

Before he looked, Fred knew. On the left bank stood a tall stringy farmer, a sunburned, unsmiling figure dressed in toil-worn overalls and a straw hat. Feeling like a little boy caught stealing cookies, Fred gulped.

"Hello, Angus," he said weakly.

"Who's that?" asked Angus without acknowledging the greeting.

"This is my nephew Jim. Home from the Navy on leave," explained Fred.

"We're—ah—fishing," he added lamely.

Angus said nothing for a couple of minutes while Fred fidgeted uncomfortably. Finally Angus spoke.

"You with Judge Foley?" he asked.

"Yes. Sure," replied Jim quickly.

"He went already," said Angus, suspiciously, it seemed to Fred.

"Oh . . . He caught his fish. We're staying. Ah, we're trying to catch . . . That is . . ." Fred's voice trailed off.

Angus chewed on that for awhile. His attitude, to Fred's surprise, wasn't belligerent, not even antagonistic. Yet it wasn't friendly; just curious and faintly disapproving.

"Beats me what you fellers'll do fer a fish," he said. And without another word he turned and disappeared into the bushes.

Not ten minutes had passed, yet Fred felt as though he had been through a long court trial, had been condemned, and had been reprieved at the last second. As though to signal the withdrawal of an evil influence, the leaves began to rustle and slight ripples marred the glassy surface of the pond. The faint stirring of air made Fred feel cold.

"What a cheerful old goat," he said. "Whew! I'll bet he scared all the fish into hiding. Say, that was quick thinking, Jim. Judge must have bribed him to fish here. And that was why he hollered so loud when he left, to bring Angus out. Good thing Angus thought we were with Judge. Else he'd have come with his shot gun."

Fred looked back at the pool. Squinting against the glare of the sun—with all of the pool already in the shadows—he could see the rippling surface of the pool broken here and there by

skittering minnows. The pool seemed to be coming to life. Fred's pulse began to quicken with it.

It was while Fred was cautiously walking forward that it happened. With his eyes intent on the slippery rock underfoot, he missed it entirely. But even had he been deaf he couldn't have been oblivious to the tumult caused by that mighty splash. Even from away off to the far side of the pool the splat of a heavy body on the surface jerked Fred's eyes upwards and started his nerves tingling.

"Did you see that?" exclaimed Jim from behind. "What a whopper! Right over there—right by that log."

Fred looked in dismay at the place where the broadening circles agitated the surface.

"What a spot," he wailed. "Right in the crotch of that snag. How will I ever get out that far?"

"We can walk out a third of the way before it gets too deep," urged Jim. "C'mon, Uncle Fred."

No further coaxing was needed. Carefully, stealthily the two felt their way along the slippery bottom until the chilly water lapped at Fred's shorts. It was still a long way, but now Fred had his fears under control. He had made casts as long and had hit targets as small.

"This calls for a heavier plug and a floater," he said, taking off "old faithful." "And here's just the thing. He took a white-bodied, red-headed plug out of the can in his pocket and attached it to the leader.

"This one get's 'em every time," he said.

"It's quite a distance, Uncle Fred," pointed out Jim.

Fred measured it with his eye.

"I can make it," he said grimly. "Maybe Judge couldn't, but I can. Watch now. Right in the pocket."

His practiced wrist brought the rod back sharply, then whipped it forward with a snap. It was a good cast, an amazingly good cast, surprising even Fred a little. But good as it was, it



Fred Sangrey of Millersville and two nice Walleyes from Safe Harbor Dam



still plopped a few feet short of where Fred wanted it. Maybe it would do. Tensely he counted to fifteen, to twenty. He gave the line a twitch. He started counting again—

Wham! In a shower of spray, with a shock Fred could feel to his elbow, a huge mouth engulfed the plug and surged for the protecting log. Fred reared back with the rod. It all happened in a split second.

"Get him, Unk!" yelled Jim.  
"Got 'im!" shouted Fred.

The hooks were set. All Fred could do was give it the butt and pray: pray that the hooks would hold, that the rod would hold, that the line would hold. It was like trying to check a runaway locomotive with a piece of twine. It didn't seem possible that his line could stand the strain of so determined a lunge. But somehow it did.

For a terrifying moment Fred thought the bass had got back under the log. For one long desperate lunge the bass tried. Then in a flash he shot to his left and plunged into deep water.

Down deep he dived, a mist spraying from the reel as the bass stripped off yardage. Fred gave him his head a little, gave him line. But he made him earn it. He made the bass fight the tip of his rod and the ball off his thumb.

Finding the going too difficult, the bass doubled back. Fred kept pace with him, reeling in the slack. The bass got mad. The taut line zig-zagged through the water in crazy patterns as the fish tried to rid himself of the steel slivers in his mouth. He had never been hooked before, but no one has to teach a large healthy bass how to fight. With an electrifying change of pace that whipped the tip of Fred's rod in ragged jerks, the bass fought for freedom.

"You got 'im now, Unk. Take it easy. Wear him out," encouraged Jim.

Oblivious to everything but the battle on his hands, Fred did not hear. There could be no relaxing, not with a scrapper like this one. From the weight of him, Fred knew it was the biggest bass he had ever hooked. From the strength of him, Fred feared the worst. And Fred's face displayed his fears. He was a man suffering exquisite torture. The wild gleam in his eye was hope. The tight line of his jaw was determination. The perspiration on his face was anxiety and desperation.

He did not notice the chill water which in the struggle had already drenched him to his shoulders. It is doubtful if Fred would have felt pain had he been standing barefooted in a bed of live coals. A prominent vein in his neck throbbed with excitement. And the bucking, headlong rushes of the desperate bass paced the pounding in Fred's veins.

Fred had a good rod, one that curved in a natural, graceful arc from butt to tip. And Fred made the most of the flex of the rod. He held the tip high to ease the strain on line and hooks. He forced the bass to fight the rod every inch of the way, giving him a little line every now and then when the fish went wild.

To Fred the battle was something new. Never before had he fought a bass which stayed stubbornly so far below the surface. Except for the first brief flurry, all the struggle was way down deep. That worried Fred more than a little. Who could tell what snags might be down there to entangle his line? Fred liked to see his fish jump. It always gave him a comfortable feeling. And it added to the zest of the contest.

How long it was the bass kept up that stubborn deep sea wrestling, Fred had no way of telling. Certainly it was as long a fight as any other fish had ever given him. And yet the bass con-

tinued to battle with as much dash and spirit as at the start.

With Jim excitedly coaching at his side, Fred stood his ground and matched wits with the bass. He could not relax, not knowing how securely the fish was hooked. Sooner or later, he knew, the bass would come to the surface as he weakened. And when that happened, Fred would have to be doubly careful.

"He's going to jump, Uncle Fred," cried Jim suddenly.

The bass came up with a rush, breaking through the surface like a depth charge. He stood on his tail and rattled the plug savagely in a desperate effort to throw it clear.

Fred's heart skipped at the sight. Jim screeched something unintelligible. In the fading light the bass looked monstrous, all mouth and cream-colored belly. Fred automatically checked the fish's leap.

Again the bass boiled to the top in a slashing, roaring bid for freedom. An instant later he hit the air, leaping completely out and flopping over in a somersault.

"Wow!" yelled Fred.

This was more like it. He shifted his feet to brace himself for the next leap. The bass beat him to it. His next tail spin caught Fred in mid-stride. Fred's foot skidded. Down he went on his right knee, chest and face in the water. The reel handle churned the water like an egg beater as the line raced out.

In a flash Fred scrambled to his feet. He was too late. The line lay slack on the water.

"Looks like he's gone," Jim spoke what was heavy in Fred's mind.

For a long moment Fred stared numbly at the limp line. Slowly he began to pick at the snarl. Bitter disappointment ravaged his face. Through no fault of his own he had been cheated out of a magnificent triumph. He hadn't made a mistake; it was bad luck that beat him out. Heart-brokenly he fumbled with the reel.

With a suddenness that almost knocked Fred over, Jim yelled, "The plug! Where's the plug, Unk? If he got away it would be floating."

Instantly Fred understood. He spun the line on the reel over the backlash. He thought the line would never tighten. The bass was in close again, down at the bottom. Almost without a struggle, he allowed himself to be towed in. He had shot his bolt.

"The net, the net!" yelled Fred.

Jim was ready—tense, watchful, standing like a hockey goalie ready to fend off the puck.

"Bring him over here," he directed. And as Fred complied, he lunged and swooped wildly at the exhausted bass.

"No, no! Not like that," yelled Fred as Jim,

the net, and the bass all tangled in a smother of foam.

"Got 'im, Unk. Got 'im!" shouted Jim, standing up dripping wet, clutching fish and net to his chest. Quickly he turned and headed towards the tackle box on shore. All Fred could do was follow like a puppy on a leash.

"D-d-d-don't let him get away," stuttered Fred, trembling now that it was all over. "Oh boy, does this call for a celebration."

At exactly ten minutes to nine, Fred stepped out of the car in front of Bill's shop. He presented a startling metamorphosis from the Fred Whitecomb of several hours earlier. Freshly scrubbed, clean shaven, he flicked a speck of dust off his best suit. With a wicked glint in his eye, he strode determinedly, if a bit unsteadily, up the stairs.

"Where's Judge?" he demanded of Bill as he entered the shop.

"He'll be back in a few minutes. He went to pick up the boys."

"Bring in the stuff, Jim," shouted Fred through the screen door.

Bill watched while Jim carried in two big paper bags, one of which clinked cheerfully.

"Judge already has some on ice," said Bill. "What have you got in the other bag? Sandwiches?"

"Yeah. Sanniches," said Fred settling himself in a chair. "Eight anna half poun's a sanniches." He laughed lightly as though it were a huge joke. "Yessir, eight anna haff poun's."

"You're a good loser, Fred," said Bill. "The way you're all prettied up you'd think you were going to have your picture taken. I'm glad to see you're not taking it too hard. Here comes Judge now. And he's got a couple of friends with him."

Fred Whitcomb beamed and slid lower in his chair.

"Let 'em come," he said as he straightened out his tie. "Boy, just let 'em come."

Casting a bass bug on an extremely long line is a handicap for any except skilled anglers. With too much line out, the lure cannot be made to twitch and pop properly and a fish is difficult to hook solidly. If the angler is quiet, a cast of say about 30 feet is sufficient to get a rise.

When a spoon or spinner is trailing a bit of weed or a sliver of leaf it seldom will be struck by a fish. This is a good point to remember with the approach of autumn, when the waters of lakes and streams carry much debris.

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# PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



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DECEMBER, 1945

## — COVER —

### THE YELLOW BREECHES AT CHRISTMASTIME

Photo By MARTIN J. MYERS  
Williams Grove

### *In This Issue:*

#### STUPENDOUS, COLOSSAL, EXCITING

By WILLIAM J. ELLIS, SR.

#### SKINNY DOES IT

By DICK FORTNEY

#### PICKEREL HARVEST

By JACK ANDERSON

#### STOCKING PENNSYLVANIA'S STREAMS

#### BAIT CASTING

By DON BLAIR

#### A MEMORIAL TO SAMUEL PHILLIPPE

By HENRY W. SHOEMAKER

#### TACKLE TERMINOLOGY

#### FISH COMMISSION HONOR ROLL



## EDITORIAL

### Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

Once more in the spirit of old-fashioned Pennsylvania hospitality, we reach out in the proverbial handclasp of goodfellowship to wish you the best of health and peace of mind at this glad Yuletide season. How true the lines of "I'll Be Home For Christmas" will warm many American firesides; still to many more it must again be "If Only In My Dreams." The curse of war and murder is past but time will not permit the complete return of all our dear ones—so—our heartfelt thoughts go out to those homes of the land where hope upon hope replaces fear and despair.

*"I wish I had the power to write, the feeling in my heart tonight—As with my eyes upon a star, I wonder where—and how you are. You know son, it's a funny thing how close a war like this can bring a family, who for years, with pride, have kept emotions deep inside.*

*"I'm sorry now when you were small, I let reserve build up a wall. I told you real men never cried and it was Mom—not I—who dried your tears and smoothed the hurt away and sent you laughing back to play. That kind of pride I once felt right won't fit the way I feel tonight: These eyes of mine will not stay dry; I find that sometimes men DO cry! And if we stood here face to face, I think I'd find men do embrace.*

*"Son, fathers are a funny lot—and if I've failed you in some spot—it's not because I love you less, it's just this so-called manliness. Now if I had the power to write, the feeling in my heart tonight, these words would stand out bright and true—I'm proud, my son, so proud of you!"*

(UNKNOWN)

And so we say to you and you and you, however and wherever you may be—Godspeed and good fortune.

In the handclasp of good fellowship we wish you an honest-to-goodness  
MERRY CHRISTMAS and A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



# STUPENDOUS COLOSSAL EXCITING!



TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL CASTING TOURNAMENT  
OF DOVER FISHING CLUB REVIVES MEMORIES  
OF OLD WEST AND SETS NEW SKISH RECORD



## By William J. Ellis, Sr.

A LITTLE over half a century ago when the late William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) visited William Penn's City of Brotherly Love for the purpose of locating a suitable spot to stage his famous Wild West Show, he rode through Fairmount Park and came upon an ideal plot of ground just north-west of the old speedway. In those days it was the Mecca of many of the city's best horsemen who liked to put their mounts through their paces for the benefit of society's admiring eyes. It was the home of the popular Cedar Park Driving Club.

As a youngster of seven or eight, I remember attending the spectacular drama of the Rugged West. I can still feel dad's firm grip on my shoulder as I gazed open-mouthed at the famous stage coach robbery; the Indian massacre of a white village; Custer's Last Stand; and the extraordinary marksmanship of that all-time hero himself, Buffalo Bill. I can still visualize that horse going at breakneck speed as Bill, without seeming to take aim, shattered the small glass balls as they were thrown aloft. It can only be described by the words of the barker, who shouted to the crowd in front of the ticket window: "It's Stupendous! It's Colossal! It's Exciting!"

Exciting! What a perfect description! Not only the show, but the very ground upon which those historic scenes were enacted. The ghost of Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Show has haunted that same plot of ground ever since and com-

manded that whatever takes place thereon must of necessity breed excitement.

In this year of 1945, the name of Buffalo Bill is a myth of ancient days. The Cedar Park Driving Club is only a matter of record. No barker stands in front shouting to the crowd, but the crowd is still there, and it finds plenty of excitement. There's also plenty of shooting, but one never hears the report of a musket as in days of old.

The name "Cedar Park" still holds, but instead of a driving club, it's now a casting field, and the shooting is not done by Indians, but by scientific anglers either striving for a perfect score with their tiny wood plugs, or a greater footage with those four-ounce leads propelled by the velocity of a double-grip surf rod in the hands of a Lentz, a Vollum, or a Berlinger.

On Sunday, September 27th, I stood on the exact spot, where as a boy, I had seen Custer make his famous stand; and although I couldn't feel dad's firm grip on my shoulder, nor hear the staccato report of the rifles, I was nonetheless excited as I watched . . . but wait! I haven't told you what this is all about! Did I mention that it was the Twenty-Fifth Consecutive Annual Casting Tournament of the Dover Fishing Club of Philadelphia? Gosh! No wonder it was exciting!

Ten big events. Every one of 'em stupendous, etc., etc.—No need to emulate the ancient barker. These casting events speak for themselves.

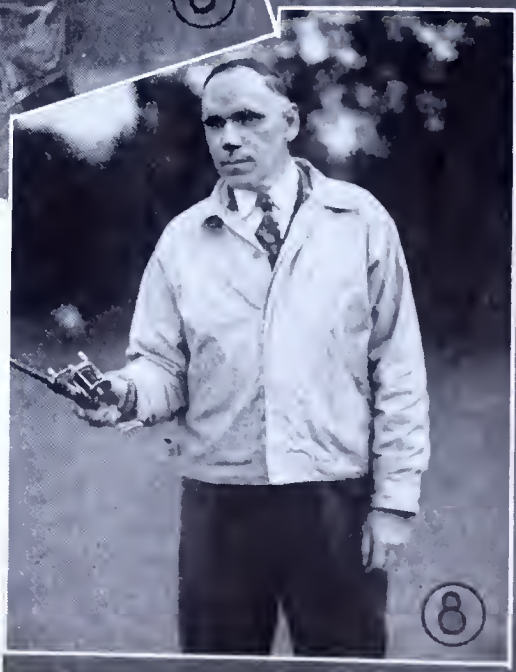
Nowhere in the entire field of competitive sports can one find the skill, the spectacularity, the excitement that goes along with this fascinating game of casting. It gets you.

Early in the day Jupe Pluvius pushed a few dark clouds out over the casting field and for a while it looked as if brother Noah would have to pass out rain checks; but Jake Busch, who always directs tournaments of the Dover Fishing Club, got Jupe down in back of the club house and made him promise to behave. The clouds stayed, but the Jupe kept his promise and even allowed the sun to shine for a few minutes later in the afternoon. In the excitement we forgot to get hungry till we noticed Hen Asam making a bee-line for the lunch room. Then we remembered . . . the ladies were serving sandwiches.

After washing down a couple of "torrid pups" with a cup of hot java, we went out to size up the casters. Several of them had travelled quite a distance just to compete in this tournament. There was Gus Price from the Baltimore Casting Club, his first visit since pre-war days; Willard Smidt from Wilmington, Del., who hasn't missed one of these events since they started in 1920; Bill Smith from the Long Island Casting Club, another regular; Herman Deiser of Paterson, who can cast a 5/8-oz. plug farther than he can toss a 4-oz. lead; Bob Lydecker from Englewood, N. J., a newcomer from a new club; and Walter

(Turn to Page 4)





1. Arthur Clark, Holmesburg star caster who was tops in the Dover Novelty Event.
2. Jake Busch (in rear) watches Walt Davis of Taunton to make sure that left foot don't cross the foul line.
3. Gus Price of Baltimore finished second in the distance Plug Event.
4. H. C. Milliken, one of Wilmington's star accuracy casters.
5. Willard Smidt of Wilmington casts at his twenty-fourth consecutive Dover Club Tournament.
6. Sam Weitz, all-round accuracy and skish-bait champion.
7. Plenty of distance here: Bob Lydecker (left), who captured the longest surf event, congratulates Herman Deiser upon winning the  $\frac{5}{8}$ -oz. Plug Event.
8. Al Freck of the Dover Fishing Club, who originated and introduced the popular Dover Novelty Event.

Photos by Sam Weitz



## STUPENDOUS

(Continued from Page 2)

Davis of Ab-A-Dab-A\* fame. These names mean the same to tournament casting as the name "Buffalo Bill" did to the Old West, and our posterity will read of them with awe, for like Cody, they also are making history.

The man has never lived who can accurately forecast the kind of fish that will take his lure while fishing in the surf. This same element of uncertainty exists on the surf courts in tournament casting. For example, just before the casting started, I was talking to Walt Davis, who seemed pessimistic:

"Not much use of us casting," he said. "But we didn't want to miss your first post-war tournament."

"Out of practice?" I questioned.

"No, out of equipment! There isn't a decent reel in our party! No replacements or repairs during the war, and everything's shot. Be lucky to get out one cast and not backlash."

This was no premature alibi. This was a cold, hard fact; and after looking over their reels, I agreed with him. But, at the end of the day the summaries showed that Frank Kostka—one of his party—had won the surf average event with the exceptional average of 450-ft., 5-in. and

FOOTNOTE: Ab-A-Dab-A is the name of a well-known New England surf club with headquarters in Taunton, Mass. The name, according to an old legend, originated with a tongue-tied Indian, who in trying to imitate the white man's language for "angler" called it AB-A-DAB-A. One qualification for membership is the ability to spell it backward as easily as forward.



THE LADIES SERVED  
SANDWICHES

ELLIS

Walt himself had taken third place with the enviable footage of 412-ft., 10-in.

In the same event Harold Lentz, who is recuperating from a recent illness, took second honors with an average of 441-ft., 6-in. Harold will be remembered as the world's champion surf caster back in the early twenties, who staged a remarkable comeback in the Ocean City Cup Event of 1943 by defeating all other contestants and setting a new record for that event. His performance this year indicates that he is still a leading contender.

Bob Lydecker casting for the Salt Water Anglers of Bergen County, took over the longest surf cast of the day with a heavy 443-ft., 9-in. Lentz was also second in this event with 440-ft., 5-in.; while Frank Kostka made third place with 440-ft., 3-in.; only two inches separated second and third places. Lydecker also won the Fisherman's Special Event with restricted equipment by casting 369-ft.

Here's a man that will bear watching. The next few years will probably see Bob Lydecker right up at the top of this surf casting game. Standing a little over six feet tall, he has the build of an athlete, and handles his twelve-foot, double-grip rod with the ease and grace of an old-time surfer. Bob is one of those casters that gets better every time he casts. I watched him a month previous casting in a tournament on the beach at Margate, N. J., and although he was casting right up with the leaders at that time, there was a noticeable improvement in his form at the Dover Club's tournament.

With apparently no extra effort, he had added about 50 feet to his distance cast. Give him another year with the proper coaching, and he'll be up in the 500-ft. bracket.

The Bechman brothers, Robert and Donald, made a family affair out of both Juvenile Surf Events by taking first and second places respectively in both the average and the longest. Robert's longest cast was 343-ft., 6-in., which is good casting for a lad under sixteen years. Donald, several years his junior, had to be contented with a footage of 208-ft., 6-in.

Richard Cross, of Margate, N. J., came in third in the average juvenile event with 197-ft., 4-in., and Eugene Bauer, a junior member of the New York Casting Club, took third place in the longest with 187-ft., 7-in.

Over on the south side of the casting field where the whirling-dervishes were putting on their act in the distance plug event, Herman Deiser of Paterson, N. J., took the highest honors by casting his  $\frac{5}{8}$ -oz. plug 280-ft., 6-in. August R. Price of the Baltimore Casting Club was second with a distance of 216-ft., 10-in.; while Floyd Minor and Barney Berlinger, both of the host club, took third and fourth places respectively with casts of 215 feet and 210 feet.

For Sam Weitz of the Dover Fishing Club, it was a veritable "field day." Just back from the National Tournament in Detroit where he learned a few tricks from some of the national champs, Sam provided enough excitement among the plug-accuracy addicts to make Buffalo Bill's peerless marksmanship fade out of the picture. His performance will go down in history as one of the most remarkable exhibitions of amateur plug casting ever to be made in one day.

In the Skish-Bait Event, which requires the caster to make thirty casts at targets placed at distances of forty, sixty, and eighty feet, Sam made twenty-eight perfect casts for a score of 93 points. Not satisfied with this unusual performance, Sam then shot the ten targets in the  $\frac{5}{8}$ -oz. accuracy event for a perfect score of 100;

and finished up a good day's work by only missing one of the ten targets in the  $\frac{3}{8}$ -oz. accuracy event for the exceptional score of 98.

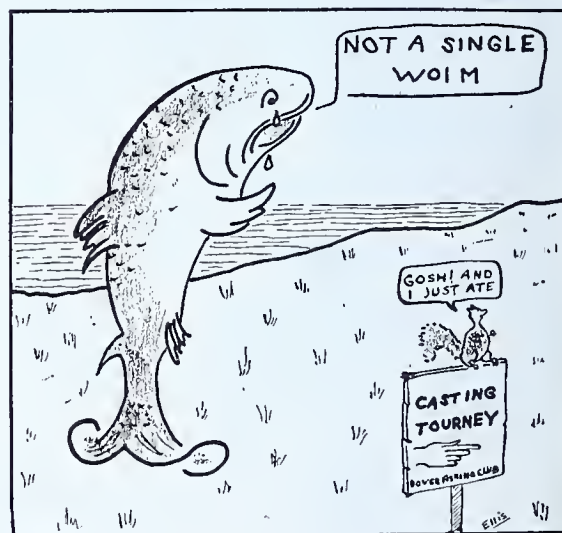
Forty-seven perfect shots out of a possible fifty... the most amazing exhibition of plug casting ever seen at a Dover Fishing Club Tournament in their twenty-five years of competitive casting. In looking back over the past records of these tournaments, I can find nothing to equal his score in the  $\frac{5}{8}$ -oz. event, and only once before was a perfect 100 scored in the  $\frac{3}{8}$ -oz. event. That was done sixteen years ago by the late Arthur J. Neu, the international plug and fly champion. Neu, however, had turned professional and was ineligible for competition.

Weitz was casting under considerable pressure, for when he started to cast in the  $\frac{5}{8}$ -oz. accuracy event, Ernie Jenkins of Lower Merion, had already scored a 98, which is good enough to win almost any tournament. Barney Berlinger had scored 96, and Floyd Minor, Arthur Clark, and Joe Hirsh had each scored 95. So, when Sam knocked off that 100, there were six casters in the event that had scored 95 or better. *That's close competition.*

In the  $\frac{3}{8}$ -oz. accuracy event, Berlinger took second honors with a score of 95; while Jenkins and Willard Smidt tied for third place with 94 each... more close competition. Ernie Jenkins also took second place in the Skish-Bait Event with a score of 66, while Willard Smidt and Hen Milliken, both from Wilmington, Del., came in third and fourth respectively with scores of 59 and 58.

The Dover Novelty Plug Event, conceded by all to be the most difficult of the accuracy events, again proved to be one of the most popular games of the tournament. Designed and introduced by Al Freck, one of the club's most popular casters, this novelty event has been featured at Dover Fishing Club tournaments for over twenty years. Prior to competing in the major accuracy events, contestants make use of this as a good means of practice. Re-entries are allowed and plenty of prizes are awarded for high scores.

There is a high and a low score for each target. To be credited with the former, the contestant must place his plug in a comparatively small hole cut directly in the center of the target without touching any portion of the target proper. If the target is struck, even though the



plug may roll in the hole, the caster is only credited with the low score. A cast striking outside of the target, regardless of distance, counts for nothing.

Five casts are allowed, and it is possible to make a perfect score of 100 only by clearing the center hole on each target. To the best of my knowledge, no one has ever accomplished this feat. Fifty or better is a very good score, so you



can appreciate the excellent brand of casting done by Arthur Clark, of the Holmesburg Club, to win it this year with a score of 59. Next in line was J. E. Crowley, of Wilmington, Del., with a score of 50. Gus Price, of Baltimore, scored 47 points for third place, while Ernie Jenkins and H. Milliken were next in line with 42 points each.

That's about all the excitement we can offer for one day, but the crowd was satisfied, and even the squirrels sat around watching with anticipation. Of course, there's a pathetic side to everything, even a casting tournament, for on the shores of Concourse, just beyond the boundary of the casting field, a fish jumped out of the lake and gazed at all the pageantry with tears in its little fish-eyes: "Waddayuno, waddayuno! All them experts and not a single worm!"

## 1946 FISHING SEASON SAME

Pennsylvania anglers are informed by the State Fish Commission that the various 1946 seasons would remain the same as this year.

Charles A. French, Commissioner of Fisheries, said the Board approved these seasons which are identical to those followed this year both in length of time and creel limits:

Trout—Brook, brown and rainbow, April 15–July 31, ten daily of combined species.

Bass—Small and large mouth, July 1–Nov. 30, six daily of combined species of not less than nine inches.

Pike—Perch—July 1–Nov. 30, six daily of not less than 12 inches.

Pickereel—July 1–Nov. 30, six daily of not less than 12 inches.

Muskellunge (western and northern pike)—July 1–Nov. 30, two daily of not less than 24 inches.

Fishermen also were reminded of the amendment to the motor boat law the 1945 legislature passed, which becomes effective next year.

The amendment provided that no boat of more than five horsepower may be operated on inland waters of the Commonwealth in locations where the stream is not more than 180 feet wide. The restrictions, however, do not apply to motor boats or other watercraft engaged in commercial navigation.

## Sportsmen Oppose Merger of Commissions

**ALLEN WIKER TO LEAD FIGHT AGAINST CONSOLIDATING FISH, GAME UNITS**

### Officers Named for Ensuing Year

The Columbia Fish and Game Association held its regular meeting at the Paul Revere Leber Post, American Legion, at which time officers were elected for the ensuing year and annual reports were read. The membership committee showed 417 members to date and the treasurer's report a balance of \$323. The sports club went on record as opposing the proposed merger of the Fish Commission and the Game Commission and Allen Wiker was named chairman of a committee to lead the opposition.

Another interesting phase of the session was the introduction of a resolution whereby boys of the community will be paid 50 cents for each rabbit trapped on land restricted to hunters. An effort will be made to provide traps for the youths of the community wishing to take part in such a project. William "Billy" Beck, incumbent, was re-elected to the presidency as was Lewis Heim, vice-president, Lyle Simmons, secretary and John J. Dietrich, treasurer. Beck was

opposed by William McDivett and Simmons by Arthur Raver and Allen Wiker. President Beck named McDivett, Wiker and John Downs on an entertainment committee. Those on the board of governors are: Lewis Heim, chairman, Ben Marshall, John Downs, Allen Wiker, Charles Holland, Paul Harry, Thomas Mable, William McDivett, James H. Rust, Jr., Bern Edelman, 3rd, Edgar Lockard, Lewis Knapp, Charles Holland, Jr., Arthur Raver, Fred Dinkel and Reuben Donley. Bern Edelman was awarded a subscription to the *Game News* and Russell Lehman, a box of shells. Arthur Stauffer spoke briefly on the shot gun shell situation.

## PLAN IMPROVEMENT OF FISH HATCHERY

Plans for the rebuilding of the fish hatchery at Rector were disclosed at a recent meeting of the Westmoreland County Sportsmen's Association held at the Murrysville Sportsmen's club house, Murrysville.



Outlet Creek, Sullivan County, Upper of Twin Falls

Thomas O'Hara, engineer for the Fish Commission investigated the hatchery recently, and the following report, with suggestions, was submitted to the sportsmen at their meeting.

The flow of water that could be turned into the hatchery at the lowest ebb is 250 gallons per minute, and the temperature is 62 degrees. Starting at the stream intake, it was suggested that a flood wall be erected on the lower side of the stream and a wall across the stream high enough to keep 30 inches of water in ditches, with a 12-inch pipe through the wall and two screens sunk 18 inches below the pipe to take care of the refuse.

These ditches will be started with 10,000 fingerlings. Each month they would have to be sorted—the larger fish being put in the first pool.

Very little work would be required on this pool. The middle wall would be taken out and the basin filled in about three feet on the sides. The outlets that are in the pool now would be taken out and an outlet cut to the bottom of the

pool with a plank and double screens. This would be cut in order to give a cross current in the pool. The fry would be put in this pool.

The middle wall in the first pool would be taken out and the sides filled in. The front wall would need patching on the outside and a six-inch wall cemented to the inside of the present wall. The new opening would be put in the wall and the old openings closed. The new opening would be located in a position to drain the water into the stream. All the small pools on the side would be eliminated.

## ROD AND GUN CLUB IS ORGANIZED AT PENN VALE CENTER

At a meeting held Sept. 25 at the Penn Vale Community Center a new fish and game club known as "The Penn Vale Rod and Gun Association," was organized.

The sportsmen who attended have pledged themselves to a six-point program, the objectives

of which shall be to protect and preserve all wildlife and their natural habitat; to assist the Pennsylvania Fish and Game Commission in their programs; to create and maintain a high standard of sportsmanship between hunters and fishermen; to help protect the farmers' land and promote an understanding of good will between the farmer and the sportsman; to build feed shelters and distribute feed for game during the winter months; and to educate the youth and get their cooperation in the association's program.

As part of the business of the evening, election of officers was held. The men chosen to serve were William Burke, president; Eugene Balsley, vice-president; Albert L. Vicchiarelli, secretary; and Robert Flick, treasurer. A board of directors, a delegate, game and fish chairmen, wardens, a field captain, and an entertainment chairman were also selected to assist in the association's program.

Membership is open to sportsmen anywhere.



## SKINNY DOES IT

# Lightly Dressed Spinner Flies Take Plenty of Small-Mouth Bass

By DICK FORTNEY



Dick Fortney

**F**LY fishermen in recent years have learned an important fact about trout angling. It is this: The lightly dressed fly, whether wet or dry, takes more and bigger trout. And as a result, wet flies, for example, are being trimmed down so that the hackle is little more than a beard under the head of the fly instead of a bush around the eye, and the wing is little more than a sliver of quill or hair.

That the same principle applies to the fine sport of spinner fishing for small-mouth bass is the conviction of this writer and of other anglers who have experimented with different types of lures.

In hard-fished streams the old style spinner fly—with a bulky body and large quill wings of rainbow colors—is giving way to the sparsely dressed fly that more closely resembles the minnows on which the small-mouth loves to feast.

And better catches of bass are the result.

Incidentally, the experiments have proved that combinations of red and white are excellent; that a bit of red somewhere in its make-up improves the fish-taking ability of any spinner fly, and that a bit of gold or silver tinsel also is a great attraction for bass.

The anglers who make their own trout and bass lures—and they are legion in Pennsylvania—will discover, besides, that the stream-lined spinner flies are easily and quickly made.

No new angling method is involved. The "skinny" flies are fished exactly as are the patterns that have been in use for many years.

My own favorite is not original. The pattern fly was given me by Fish Warden Max Noll one day when we met on Wyalusing Creek.

It is tied on a Size 4 or 6 hook, regular shank—that is, a shank about one and one-eighth inches in length from the eye to the beginning of the bend of the hook.

The body of the fly is made of wool in some shade of red. I have used maroon most often, but a bright red also is effective. The wool is wrapped around the hook often enough to make a body about a quarter of an inch in diameter in the center, the ends being tapered off to facilitate attaching the tail and the wing.

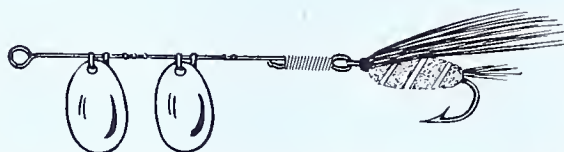
The tail consists of a dozen barbules pulled from a bright red (dyed) saddle hackle and is about half an inch in length.

On top of the fly, directly back of the eye, a bunch of dark hair is tied. This is the wing, and it should remain on top of the fly. Its length should be sufficient that it extends from just

back of the eye along the top of the fly to the point where the tail is attached. Max Noll's wing is made from dark hair from the body of a woodchuck. I have found that a bunch of hair from the tail of a black squirrel is just as effective.

The finishing touch is a strip of gold tinsel of medium width which is spiraled around the body of the fly, spaced so that three or four wraps are made between the head and tail.

This fly, when used with a spinner with two copper blades, each about the size of the nail of a man's index finger, has proved one of the best



This is the spinner fly with red wool body and dark hair wing, used with a copper spinner of medium size. Note the lack of heavy dressing.

bass and pickerel flies I ever have used. While it has proved effective with several types of spinners, the double-bladed copper type has proved to be the best combination.

The second type of spinner fly which we have found to be a good bass taker is even more simple in construction than is the lure just described.

For this fly the hook used also is Size 4 or 6, although because of its construction the Size 4 is recommended. And the hook must have a long shank, extra long if it can be obtained. That means the hook should measure around one and three-quarters inches from the eye to the bend of the hook.

The body is made by covering the shank of the hook with a single layer of silver tinsel, using tinsel about one-sixteenth of an inch in width. This narrow tinsel is better than broader because it better produces a body with a segmented appearance. Embossed tinsel also is preferred to plain.

A tail is optional. If one is used, a dozen or so barbules from a saddle hackle matching the wings of the fly is the material used.

The wings are attached last. They consist of four saddle hackles trimmed so that when the butts are tied to the hook just back of the eye the tips of the feathers will extend not more than a quarter inch beyond the bend of the hook.

The hackles should be attached to the sides of the hook at the eye, rather than on top of the hook. Two are tied on each side. When the spinner and fly are in use these wings move freely and give the lure the appearance of having genuine life.

A wide variety of color combinations is possible in this lure, but use over a period of years has proved that red and white are the most effective. Since four feathers are used, that may be divided so that on each side of the fly are one red and one

white feather. For the sake of variety, the feathers should be attached so that on some flies the white is on the outside and on others the red is outside.

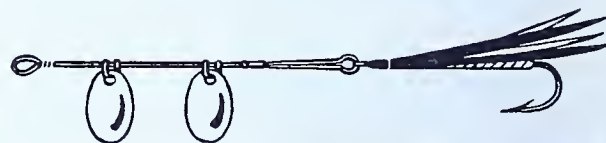
Care must be taken on two points in this fly. Neither the tail nor the feather wings should extend more than a quarter inch beyond the bend of the hook, else a striking fish will take the trailing feathers rather than the hook.

A different type of spinner is recommended with this fly.

Experiments have shown that the best spinner is one with two nickel blades, each about the size of the nail of a man's little finger.

I'll not attempt to explain why a medium sized copper spinner works best with the wool and hair spinner fly and why a small nickel spinner is best with the tinsel and feather fly. That's simply the way it has worked out for me the last three summers. It may not be so at all in the waters you fish—or even for me next year.

That's just how uncertain bass fishing is!



Here is the spinner fly made simply with a tinsel body and four saddle hackles, two white and two red. This fly is best with a nickel spinner of small size, as the illustration shows. This fly, especially when wet, has a very realistic minnow-like appearance.

Incidentally, there's a lot of room for further research in this matter of spinner flies.

I'm going to find out next season, for example, how the bass react to Max Noll's spinner fly if a body of some other color—yellow or black, for example—is substituted for the maroon or red, and if the wing is made with deer hair or gray squirrel instead of woodchuck or black squirrel.

A variety of color combinations have been tested in the spinner fly with the tinsel body—these including barred rock, black, ginger, and brown wings—but the red and white remains supreme.

One fact has been conclusively proved, finally.

The sparsely dressed spinner fly takes more bass, just as the sparsely dressed wet or dry fly catches more trout.

Skinny does it!

*Saved*

"That colonel over there is ugly enough to scare a regiment of Japs."

"Do you know who I am, sir? I'm that colonel's daughter!"

"Do you know who I am?"

"No."

"Thank the Lord!"



# PICKEREL HARVEST

By JACK ANDERSON

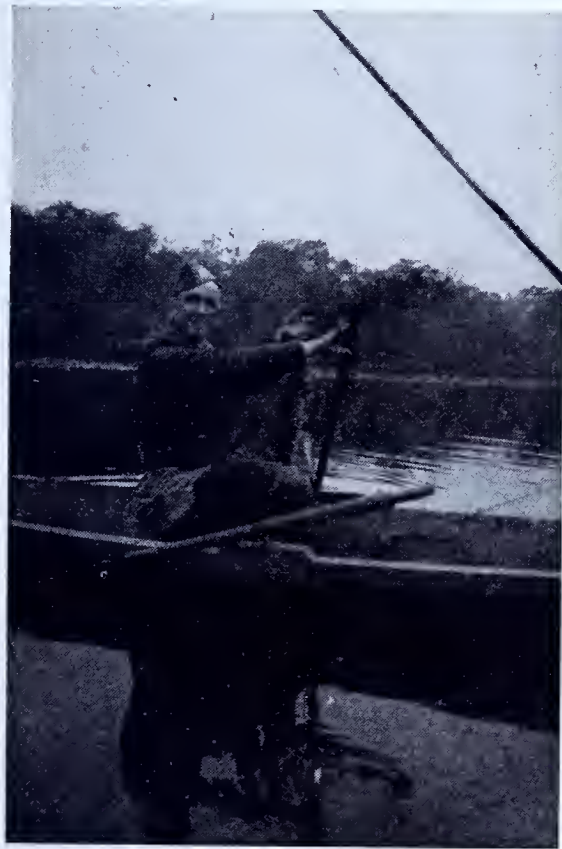
I'VE been going fishing with Hank Wallis now for the past twenty years, and this morning was the first time that he was ever ready in time. And it was a gloomy morning, too; what should have been daylight was an expanse of dark gray, with the air filled with a spray of cold September rain.

Rich Weaver, who sat by my side on the front seat of the car, had started it. "For two cents I'd ditch work for tomorrow and go fishing!"

"This is the time for pickerel!" Hank Wallis had added. "Let's hit for the Poconos!"

... So off we were, to the land of laurel, rhododendron, gray birch and pine; to the land of cold, shallow lakes and tumbling, amber-colored mountain streams. Rich Weaver knew a good pickerel lake, he said.

And good pickerel lakes, be it known, are getting rare. Peck's Lake, Promised Land Lake, Lake Harmony—these used to be the places you could get these slim warriors. Now at these places you can get a toboggan ride, a cocktail, a root beer and hamburger, or perchance a dance



The Author Showing Rich and Hank a Pickerel harvest

with a blonde. But a pickerel! No! ... Not as a rule.

But Rich Weaver's dream blew up in our faces. "Sorry, boys! You can't fish! It's posted!"

We were sort of sour grapes, and I murmured to Hank, "Some guy got rich and bought it while we were in the army!"

For a short time this disappointment stamped an expression on our faces which was very like the weather. It was now seven-thirty in the morning. It was still damp, rather cold, overcast; the only cheerful aspect was that a light wind had cleared away the icy drizzle. There was a fine lake that waited patiently across the hill beyond, but it was not for us. And then Rich

Weaver saw a small ribbon of water about a half-mile beyond.

"What's wrong with that?" he demanded. "Damn it, there's at least water!"

We hopped into the car again and told jokes to liven our spirits until we reached the lake.

And the lake did not seem to offer too much. It was small—not more than ten acres. It was nestled in the center of a long, flat meadow. Clusters of lily pads and weeds fringed the shoreline. A long wooden dock, apparently somewhat dilapidated, almost cut the lake into two parts.

The lake was plainly visible from the road. And the road was a modern concrete highway that linked Stroudsburg and Bushkill. Stroudsburg was only eight miles distant, and along either side of the road were tourist inns. The land about us was semi-forest: a patch-quilt of cornfields, stands of gray birch, brushfields.

"It's too close to civilization to be any good!" grouched Hank. "But it's better than nothing!"

Rich Weaver pointed to a sign which was an appendage to a large, rambling farmhouse beside the road. "That's Blue Ridge Lake," he announced, "and I'll bet here's where you rent the boats!"

... And he was right. Hank discovered this after a short bout with an unfriendly dog. He arrived triumphantly with the oars.

"Now we've got everything but the boat!" he exclaimed.

"And the fish," I added.

He laughed. "Oh, what the devil, there's water there, anyhow!"

We began our fishing in two boats. Rich and Hank decided to fish together, because of preference for still fishing. They knew that I was a pickerel fiend, and that I loved to bait-cast.

The lake was still. We had everything to ourselves. The splash of the oars was a disturbing sound, and I followed with short dips, to muffle the sound. As soon as I had fastened my pickerel spoon (a red-and-white dardevle), I took several sounds. The lake was apparently shallow.—Good pickerel water! It was ice-cold, shallow. Only the stumps, a favorite pickerel haunt, were missing.

By the time my first cast sent the dardevle toward the rim of the pond lilies, Hank and Rich had anchored. Their muffled voices drifted with the breeze. Ten or so casts later, sudden splashing turned my head, and I saw Rich as he directed a fish toward the boat. He noticed my curiosity. "Yellow perch!" he said, in hushed tones.

I nodded, spaded quietly with my oars. The dardevle flashed again and again in the gloom, but the retrieve—in slow, erratic jerks—was uneventful. At length I paused, rigged up my fly rod with a cable leader, set a cork at five feet depth, and fastened a lively shiner under the dorsal fin. I cast this shiner as far from the boat as I could, then drifted slowly about five feet from the edge of the pond lilies. ...

About this time, the splashing began again. It was Rich Weaver again. I heard Hank moan, "Doggone! And I can't get a blasted nibble!"

I thought: You haven't anything on me. And as I thought this, my cork popped and dipped under. I reached for the rod. I could see the cork dipping and rising beneath the water, racing towards the weeds. ... Mentally, I measured the length of the shiner. It wasn't a large one!



Docked with the Pickerel

I set the hook. The hook set into something heavy—something heavy that wrenched, lunged.

It was a pickerel, and he fought a deep, hard battle. At first he put all his strength into a long, fast run—as fast and savage as possible, a mad race for freedom; then he made short, twisting runs, with sudden changes of direction. And after this, he did not travel, but tore at the hook like a bulldog, shaking himself, all the fury and voracity that is born within him bursting forth.

I kept steady pressure on him, feeding him line only when he demanded in a savage way that could not be denied. And then, abruptly, true to

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Stopping over for a visit



## Electric Fence "Rides" Herd on Fish Family

THE fish in the state hatcheries at Pennsylvania's famed Pymatuning Lake reservation, near Linesville, are well behaved these days—and an instrument as modern as the radar used in military operations is helping to keep the finny tribe in line.

The new device—an electronic fish fence—keeps the fish in waters where they are protected, thereby saving millions of them for later "planting" in the streams and lakes of the state.

Invented by Henry T. Burkey, of the Electric Fish Screen Company, Hollywood, Cal., the screen, or "fence," consists of one or more rows of metal electrodes, either as rods or strips, through which electrical impulses are sent to set up an electric field in the water.

The special electronic generator through which the electric impulses are controlled and which has made the operation of the screen possible was built by engineers of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation.

"This electric impulse creates an electrical

force that gives the fish an effective but harmless shock and sends them scurrying back to a safe area," explained Donald W. McGill, manager of the Machinery Electrification Section of Westinghouse. "The electric impulses are produced at a relatively rapid rate from the electronic generator, resulting in a special wave form of electric current that turns back both large and small fish simultaneously, an impossible feat with ordinary current."

The right wave form was the result of several years of research by engineers of Westinghouse and by Mr. Burkey.

At Pymatuning, the electric fish fence prevents the fish from migrating to open water where they would be caught by fishermen or eaten by larger fish.

The "fence" has other extremely practical applications in preventing fish from being destroyed in the water intakes of irrigation projects, hydro-electric plants, and industrial works. A number of the rod-type "fences" have been installed in California with marked success.

Today the reservoir is probably the greatest wall-eyed pike fishing grounds in the state. Hundreds of these delicious food fish have been taken from the water of the lake. Credit is due to the Fish Commission for introducing the species. Mother Nature is not producing them, under natural conditions, in far greater numbers than can be produced artificially. In fact, the reservoir today is supplying the eggs from which fry is hatched to stock other bodies of water throughout the state.

Another species destined to become a favorite is the "silver" catfish stocked by the State of Ohio. Today there is a group of fishermen who angle solely for this species, which range up to 12 lbs.

Most of the fishing done for the "silver cats" is in the vicinity of the outlet of the upper lake. The lure is usually a dead minnow, the peeled tail of a crawfish, or fresh shrimp. Instances are known where the angler was unable to heave out a silver cat.

Crappies are also plentiful almost everywhere in the lake with the largest concentrations at Jamestown, Linesville and at the causeway between Espeyville and Audover, O.

An interesting development has taken place



### EX-FISHERMEN

Said Fisherman Redd,  
"One must keep a clear head  
If one is to use a canoe.  
To be sure I don't tip,  
I've a cache on each hip,  
Where I carry a bottle or two."

When last he was seen,  
Zizzagging the Green,  
He already held plenty to daze him;  
They found his Old Town,  
Quite at rest . . . up-side-down . . .  
The next thunder storm's apt to raise him.

—CARSTEN AHRENS

## FIELD AND STREAM

By R. E. ANGST

MUCH has been written about Pymatuning Reservoir but to eastern Pennsylvania anglers it is still comparatively unknown. Readers will doubt that there is a body of water where the fish are so thick the ducks walk on them, but actually it is a fact. A little below Linesville, at the spillway of the upper lake of Pymatuning Reservoir, this interesting scene may be viewed.



Photo by Clarence E. Miles

Gov. Edward Martin at Valley Forge Veterans' Fishing Lake

When amazed visitors drop stale bread from the bridge the ducks and fish vie with each other to get the food. The fish converge where the bread falls upon the surface, seemingly climbing up over each other, with the result that those on top of the pile are inches above the water level. Surmounting this mass will be the ducks, trying to gain the bread before the fish devour it.

It is a strange sight, this conglomeration of fin and feathers. Few people realize that here is an actual demonstration of what Mother Nature will do in reproduction, when the three necessary factors are present—food, shelter and protection.

Hundreds of tons of carp have been removed from both the upper and lower lakes, yet there seem to be as many as ever. Carp were never stocked in the reservoir. Those thousands upon thousands of carp are the result of abundant food and shelter in which reproduction may be carried on with protection from their natural enemies. Not one penny was ever spent by the Fish Commission to produce this amazing tonnage of fish.

on the upper lake set aside as a game refuge. This area has become so thick with carp that their constant rooting about the soft bottom not only prevented new aquatic plants from growing but also uprooted the existing plants. As a result of this activity the refuge water became barren of food for migratory waterfowl. On land, the profuse planting of evergreens makes shelter almost impossible. In short, the game refuge supports practically nothing but carp. The biologists suggest the removal of this species of under-water hog.

### Can't Fool Him

A negro boxer was to fight a deadly champ. When the colored boy reached the ring, it was noticed he hung back.

"It's all right, Sam," soothed the manager. "Just say to yourself, 'I'm going to beat him' and you'll win."

"Sorry, Boss, dat won't work. I knows what a big liah I is."



## STOCKING STREAMS IN PENNSYLVANIA IS GREAT SPORT AN EXCELLENT SPORTS-CLUB ACTIVITY!



Here members of Lykens-Wiconisco Club are placing trout in Rattling Creek

### Sportsmen display keen interest helping Pennsylvania Fish Commission place fish in streams of the Commonwealth

John P. Hoffman (Left) and Charles (Swill) Watkins, holding hand of child, Sec'y and Pres. respectively of big Lykens-Wiconisco organization, supervise stocking of trout in Upper Dauphin stream



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## Outdoors Calling Where to Go in Brief

By BILL WOLF

TWO large orders arrived in the mail and it's going to be hard to fill them without writing a few thousands words. One was from Mrs. A. Fisher, 155 Westdale Rd., Upper Darby, whose name fits her inquiry:

"I enjoy reading your articles on fishing. Could you give us any information on some good places to fish not farther than 100 miles from Philadelphia?"

Sure, but what kind of fishing? Salt water—and if so, what kind? Fresh water—and if so, what kind?

If fresh water, there are many places. For the greatest possible variety in fish, I would suggest the Susquehanna below Conowingo. It's only 60 miles distant down the Baltimore Pk. Buy a three-day non-resident license for \$1.75 in the town just before dropping down the hill to Conowingo dam, turn left at the dam and rent a boat. Fish available: Large-mouth and small-mouth bass, striped bass, wall-eyed pike, white and yellow perch. Take them on bait, trolling with spoons or casting plugs.

Any distance up the Delaware from 60 to 100 miles will provide good fishing for bass and wall-eyed pike. Stop wherever the water looks attractive. Or drive up to Lancaster county above or below Columbia (about 80 miles) and fish the Susquehanna there, or try the creeks flowing into it. Any stream entering the Susquehanna, unless polluted, is a good bass stream near its mouth. Try them all.

#### SALT WATER

There isn't much salt water fishing left if that is what Mrs. Fisher had in mind. Still available is outside angling from almost any port along the Jersey coast or surf casting. The latter is best around Seaside Heights and Lavalette, but any inlet is popular.

### FISH WARDEN PRESENTS MEDALS TO 3 BOYS

Junior Conservation badges were presented to three boys by Fish Warden Robert Greener, Lancaster, representing the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, at a meeting of the Conewago Rod and Gun Club held at the Kennewood Hotel, Elizabethtown. The boys are J. Brandt, Werner Fedder and Clayton Floyd. Each killed 10 water snakes during the summer.

Warden Greener was the speaker. He asked the coöperation of fishermen in respecting the rules while fishing on the property of the power companies along the river. He also reported the county streams well stocked with catfish and bass.

These officers were installed: President, Milt Heilman; vice-president, Walter Longenecker; secretary, Redd Alexander; and financial secretary, George Doyle.

The club has received seven cans of fingerling large-mouth bass and eight cans of blue-gills from the United States for stocking in the two large ponds owned by the club. They will be stocked in the county streams after they have matured. Last year, the ponds were seined for the first time in three years by Warden Greener and the fish moved to the county streams. Bass measuring 17 inches, 22-inch suckers and large sunnies were stocked at that time.



## *Trout Streams are Beautiful in Winter Garb!*

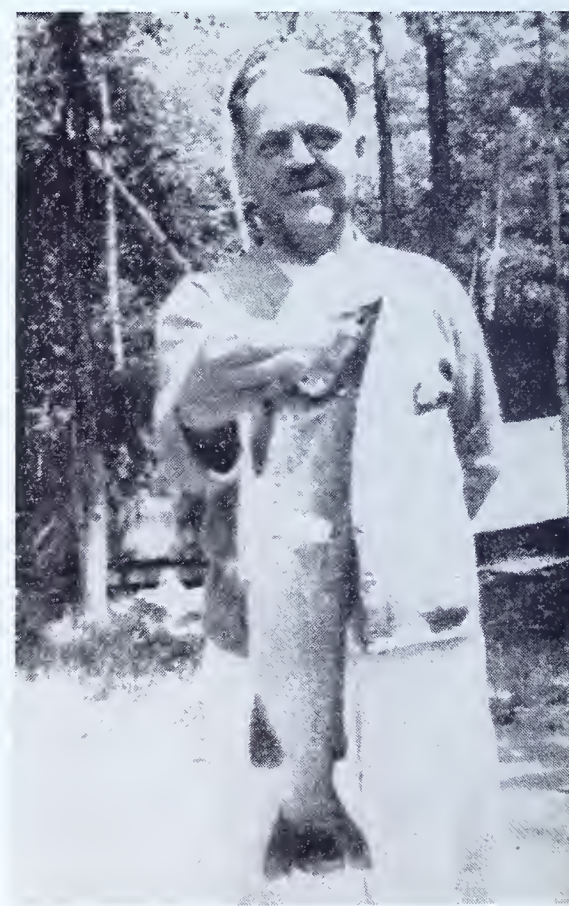


Barney Gresh of Long Level and some dandy Rainbows he caught in Fishing Creek, York County

## MOTHER NATURE PAINTS MOST PICTURESQUE CHRISTMAS SCENES ALONG THE STREAMS IN PENNSYLVANIA

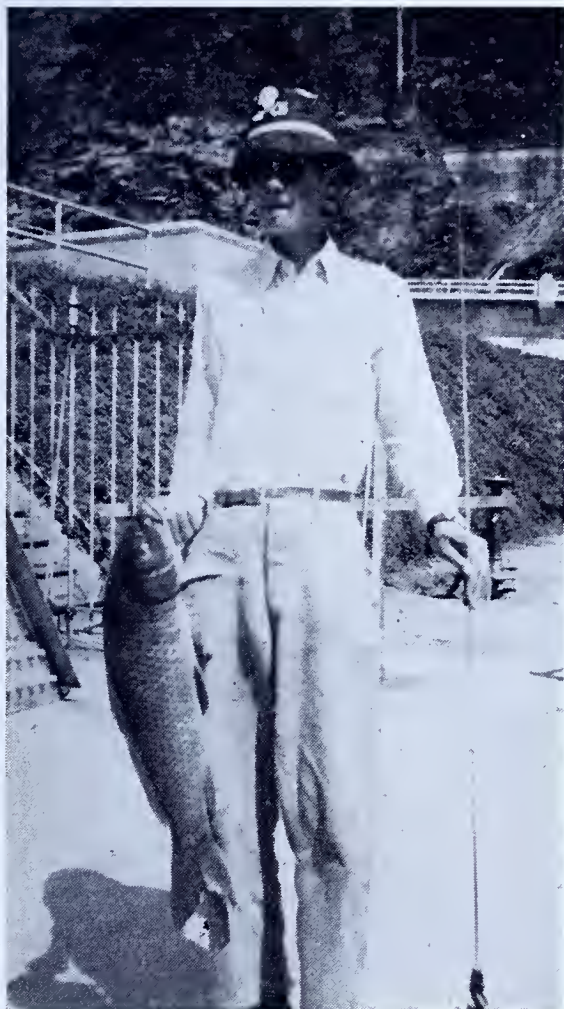
Photos by Staff Photographer

H. F. Theilacker of Carroll Park, Philadelphia, and the fine 23-in. Brown Trout, 4¼ lbs., he caught last season





## Fishing Highlights FROM PENNSYLVANIA



David Colehower of Reading and 30-in. Carp he took at Safe Harbor

Mark O. Muschlitz of Nazareth and fine Rainbow he caught at Wallenpaupack, 25 $\frac{1}{4}$  in. long and weighing 6 lbs., 2 ozs.



Merle Klingensmith and the exceptionally big Muskellunge he caught in Conneaut Lake on October 9, 1945. Klingensmith was assisted in landing his catch by Fred A. (Fishy) Hudson of Conneaut Lake. This is the largest taken from Conneaut this year (1945) and the third largest all-time record. In the picture L. to R., "Fishy" Hudson and Merle Klingensmith.

Picturesque setting at Lykens Reservoir in Upper Dauphin County





# BAIT CASTING

By DON BLAIR

Copyright 1945 by Donald B. Blair

THERE is a certain mechanical contrivance, usually built into a stout box with a lever on the side. Pretty lithographs of bright lemons and some other fruit whirl about whenever a coin is inserted and the lever yanked. It carries a peculiar fascination for many American people. Once in a long time something happens to the cogs inside and it belches a cupful of coins which are known collectively as the Jackpot. Oh, happy day! But, since the little cogs move in their own mysterious ways to perform their rare miracles, few people have ever become financially independent by their whims. Tussling with the lever provides a certain amount of exercise and, too, each yank carries with it a sort of forlorn hope that this is the one that will finally bring success. How like bait-casting for fresh-water game fish. The cast, the whirling cogs, the forlorn hope that goes out each time and returns, dwindling. Then, when you least expect it, the jolting strike, the breathless battle, and success.

Lady Luck can be a hard task-mistress as well as a generous one. She will reward the just or the unjust, the amateur or the expert, with equal carelessness. In an old dictionary, under "fisherman" I saw this definition; "one who catches fish." The up-to-date word-pond has this to offer: "one who fishes," it says nothing about his ability or his luck. So I say, if you would catch fish by casting plugs and spinners at them, cultivate Lady Luck. With her by your side you are bound to be successful, without her you are doomed. How to invoke the mistress? Why, any boy can show you how to split on your bait. Charlie's expression, after I have suffered some especially disastrous bit of bad luck, is: "You don't go to church often enough." And he is probably right.

My fifteen year old cousin and I were prowling the creek one day. We came to the deep, dark pool the beavers had made, and spied a fisherman, an old man, sitting on the bank.

"A beautiful day."

"You bet you."

"Any luck?"

"Nothing doing today, I guess."

As we talked he reeled in to examine his bait. And it was without doubt the biggest run chub I have ever seen. He cast it out again.

"What you fishin' for?"

"Pike." (*Esox Lucius*)

"He must be a big one."

"He is. I been fishin' for him all summer. But he ain't bit yet."

He turned to the boy whose eyes had bugged when he saw the bait. Running his eye over the light casting rod, the thin line and the tiny plug, he said to him:

"Why don't you give him a try? He lays right by that old stump."

"O. K." said the boy. He stepped forward, dropped the plug to his hand and pointing it at the stump, expectorated neatly through his teeth upon his hand. He grinned, reeled the plug up to the rod-tip, wiped his hand on his breeches, and sent the plug out to drop expertly by the stump. The brown water boiled green and silver. The plug disappeared. That pike looked big around as a stove-pipe. Then the thin line snapped. Nobody said anything. The old man

reeled in his big chub, unhooked it, and dropped it into the creek. As he gathered up his tackle he finally spoke.

"Well I guess I can get at my potatoes. He won't bite now for two weeks anyhow."

So you see it pays to keep Lady Luck always beside you if you can. Like a lot of other girls, she will make things hum when she is around. But you have got to do your part. She won't untangle backlashes or drop your plug expertly by a stump. You can't expect her to climb a tree to retrieve a plug or to fetch the bottle of mosquito-dope you are always forgetting. Her part is to provide the excitement, the drama.



Photo by Chas. Maurer

Rattling Creek, popular Upper Dauphin trout stream, tumbling past "Pee Wee" Rock, Southeast of Lykens

Yours it is to do the practising that makes a skilled caster, to do the observing of the fishes' habits so you will know where, when and what to offer them. So we had better begin.

Let us assume that you have a good bait-casting rod and reel. It need not be expensive, here in America, to be good. But here I have a tip for you. If it is expensive, you will take good care of it. And it will serve you many times longer than a cheaper one that you neglect. Besides, you will be a better caster if you cherish your equipment. We also assume that you have learned enough about casting to be able to toss a plug fifty or sixty feet with some accuracy. If you have progressed to or passed this stage you will soon come to a fork in the road. One path will lead you into being a caster for casting's sake or the other one will take you down the road to being a fisherman. We will further assume that you turn to the right; that is, you want to catch fish.

To keep first things first, after learning to throw the plug with a little accuracy the next important problem is where to throw it. The

first plug I ever saw was about six inches long and if my little boy memory is correct, it had five gangs of treble hooks. Some of the older fellows had it and during the course of the casting demonstration that ensued, one of them hooked a by-stander squarely in the cheek with it. I, the little boy, stood by and watched Doc cut those hooks out, wash the blood away and cover his face with bandages. I never forgot it. Every fisherman has eyes in the back of his head or if he has not, he looks.

If the small-mouth bass is to be your favorite quarry you will learn quickest about his habits, his feeding and loafing hang-outs, if you fish along a small clear stream. You will learn, for instance, that no amount of loud talk has any effect on him, but a careless foot against a stone will send him racing. So you have our permission to swear at the top of your voice when things go wrong. You will learn that plugs coming swiftly downstream faster than the current get more vicious strikes than those being pulled up against the current. You will learn the places where he lies

in wait for food, in the weeds, beside a stone or under a cut bank. A quiet spot beside the current or often on the bottom under the current where he can flash up to kill his supper. But, by all means, learn how shy and scared he is when you approach and when you graduate to bigger streams or lakes don't ever forget how few you caught in the little creek after you had scared them. Even where you can't see, he can. Remember that he does most of his hunting at night, like an owl.

After you have caught some fish you will probably buy more plugs and then some more until you end up with a sizable boxful. That is all right. Uncle Sam gets a nice little royalty off each one in the shape of excise tax and he always needs the money. So be as patriotic as you like. But after a while you will notice that you always pin your hopes on the same two or three every time you fish anyway, so why lug that big box around?

The accuracy of casting is most important, no question about it, but I would far rather have you practice it along the creek than in the





Kenneth Jaillett of Polk, Pa. and 25-in. Pike from the Big Sandy Creek in Venango County

hack yard. That is the place where you may learn that your plug, dropped squarely into his hiding place, is most likely to provoke an instantaneous strike. But that if it drops three or four feet away he will only scoot for safety, or at best, eye it with disdain. You will not be a fisherman until you have learned to finish out a cast and start the retrieve with your right hand while you are swatting mosquitoes with your left. Nor can you learn, at home, to make a side-swipe cast in under the low branches of an elm, or a little hack-hand cast when you are tangled up in the willows. If you love to fish you will learn these little things without conscious effort. You can learn that a plug landing with a gentle "splat" is much more liable to be struck at than one landing with a loud splash. So you develop the system of halting the plug in mid-air over your target so it will fall into the water instead of diving in with all the velocity of the cast. That your shadow must never precede you to the water. If the sun is shining in your eyes—O. K., but if it is coming over your shoulder—had. All these things and many more can be learned, and quickly, if you will fish along a small stream where the water is clear and you can watch the fish. And they will apply not only to the bass but in considerable measure to the other game fishes, the trout, the pike or the muskellunge. You may also learn the all-important secret advantage we bait-casters have over the live-bait fishermen.

One day when I was a young lad I lay on a big rock and watched a half-dozen bass loafing in the clear water. I hooked a soft crawfish to my line and dropped it into the pool whereupon the bass all gathered round, like people at an accident, and watched it sink to the bottom. As it righted itself and started to crawl toward a little stone one of the bass moved in, grabbed it by the scruff and gave it a vicious shake. Then he dropped it, backed up and resumed his place in the circle. They all watched, and when the crawfish showed signs of life another one of the bass moved in and gave it the same treatment, for all the world like a terrier with a rat. This time it was finished and after they had watched it a few moments they turned away, hored again. They killed three like that before I got wise and moved on.

One afternoon Forrest and I were floating down the Allegheny. We came upon a fisherman anchored at the head of an eddy.

"How they bitin'?"

"Not bitin'."

"What you usin'?"

"Crabs and minnies."

"Well, that's a good place, they ought to bite."

"I ain't had a bite all day."

Forrest and I had been casting casually as we

drifted along for it was yet early and the eddy we wanted to fish was a mile farther on. Forrest said to the fellow, joking;

"I bet there is a bass under your boat."

And he dropped the plug about three feet from the side of his boat, as we drifted past. There was. And he struck. He was a dandy. And he almost jerked Forrest into the river before he woke up.

So it is, these game fishes have a lust to kill that makes them strike sometimes even when they are not hungry. The success of some plugs that resemble nothing whatever that a fish might call food helps to bear out these observations. Thus we have, with our plugs and spoons and spinners, opportunities to catch fish that the live-bait fishermen do not. Their chances are limited to the contents of the fish's stomach; ours include not only his appetite but what may be in his head, as well.

Since you more than likely learned to cast in the copy-book manner, with a hook (real or imaginary) under your elbow, and thus mastered the fact that casting is not a matter of main strength but simply of storing energy in the rod on the hack-swing and guiding as you release the power in the forward cast, the whole trick began to seem very simple. Once it became clear to you that the easy way was the best way, hacklashes were no longer a problem. And that a thin line, ten, twelve or fifteen pounds casts easier than the heavier ones. You may find, as I have, over a period of a great many years, that you land a better percentage of large fish with a light line than you do with a heavy one! With confidence in a heavy line you fight harder and either pull the hooks out of the fish or enlarge the holes in his flesh so he can get rid of them. Because a thin line is more elastic it is easier to keep taut during speedy maneuvers. But you must keep those hooks needle sharp.

On the subject of lines, you may sometime experience a spell of discouraging hacklashes. Don't be like the poor Indian and chop off that offending thumb. First try another line. Some lines lose their water-proofing and swell or turn sticky so that casting with them is practically impossible. Along the Allegheny water-shed nearly all the water has a film of crude oil floating upon it at times. After your line has picked up a little of this—but it is no doubt just as well that you have not heard some of the comment made by strangers here, anent their casting abilities, once their lines have been oiled by this Pennsylvania crude. I can't recall any that would be printable.



Earl Gougler of Quakertown and his 32-in., 20-lb. Carp

By confining, at first, your bait-casting to a small, clear stream you will be able to see how important is the beginning of your retrieve. The instant your be-hooked gadget hits the water it must begin to get the—out of there or your fish will find out what it is, a lifeless thing for which he has no use or need. As the plug approaches the spot you extend your arm, pointing it and rod at the target, you check the cast with your thumb and begin the retrieve with your thumb on the spool. Bringing the rod back and up with your thumb still in place you may be surprised to discover that you can bring it a good ten feet at whatever speed you please without once touching the reel-handles. Now, keep the rod-tip at a good angle to the line as you change hands on the rod to finish reeling in the cast. Please don't ever point your rod at your plug at any time during your retrieve. There are certain long, slender fish that delight in striking your plug just as you lift it from the water. Keep your rod at an angle to the line, let the rod absorb the shock. Believe me, I learned the hard way, broken

(Turn to Page 17)



J. Allen Barrett, Jr. and Bob Enders of Harrisburg, try some dry flies below the Falls at Ellendale, Dauphin Co.



# A Memorial to Samuel Phillippe

By HENRY W. SHOEMAKER

*Pennsylvania Alpine Club's committee making progress with memorial for Samuel Phillippe, inventor of split-bamboo fishing rod: A sketch of the distinguished sportsman's career.*

ACCORDING to Mahlon J. Robb, chairman of the Pennsylvania Alpine Club's committee in charge of securing a suitable memorial for Samuel Phillippe, Reading-born inventor of the split-bamboo fishing rod, all progresses satisfactorily. In fact so many interesting events have transpired that the work of the committee has become an unforgettable experience to them. Quoting from the *Easton Express* of Tuesday, April 24, 1936, some worthwhile data concerning the Phillippe family is revealed, as follows:

"The Easton public library has placed on display in the reading room a trout creel, made by Solon Phillippe, and a fishing rod made by his father, Samuel Phillippe, both well-known gunsmiths and fishing-rod makers of Easton. Solon, who died in 1925 at the age of 84 years, will be recalled by many Eastonians today. The creel, which he left unfinished, reveals expert workmanship; he had commenced it many years before, and in the year of his death wished to finish it, but was unable to find material to match it.

"John Farquhar, of Easton, succeeded in procuring some, which was shown to Mr. Phillippe, who approved it. However, he was then on his deathbed, and consequently the creel was never completed. It later came into the possession of Mr. Farquhar, who presented it, together with the coil of unused material, to the Northampton County Historical society.

"The Phillippes, father and son, were both skilled craftsmen, in metal and wood, but Samuel, the father, achieved more than local prominence, for he is recognized as the inventor of the split-bamboo fishing rod in America, and as first in the world to make a four section rod.

"Dr. J. A. Henshall's authoritative 'Book of the Black Bass' devotes a number of pages to Samuel Phillippe and fixes the date of his first rods as early as 1845. His books show that he sold his first split-bamboo rod in 1848. His earliest rods were for his own use, and for a few friends, but in 1848-49 he was making complete rods of four and six strips of split bamboo. Most of these were sold to Andrew Clark & Co., New York City, who were the first dealers in split-bamboo rods.

"Dr. Henshall describes one of Phillippe's first rods, a trout fly rod, 11 feet and 4 inches in length, and weighing exactly eight ounces. It was made of four sections of bamboo, except the butt, which was of stained ash. One of his later rods, a six-section rod, was handsomely finished with solid silver mountings, neatly engraved, and was accompanied by a creel of mother of pearl.

"Samuel Phillippe was born at Reading, in 1801, and at the age of 12 moved to Easton. Here he learned the gunsmith's trade with Peter Young, who was one of a family of gunsmiths long resident in Easton; in fact, early Youngs supplied arms for the Continental army. Peter Young died in 1847, and was succeeded by his

son, William. Eventually the business was taken over by Edward Losey.

"Samuel Phillippe married twice; his first wife was Elizabeth Messinger, of Forks township, and his second was Mary Able, sister of John Able. The Phillippe home was for many years at 112 North Second street, Easton.

"Samuel Phillippe was a versatile and talented man, for besides being a great sportsman, an enthusiastic fisherman and an expert gunsmith, he also made violins, and was a natural musician of some ability. He received a silver medal for one of his violins from the Franklin institute fair at Philadelphia. The last time Ole Bull was in Easton, Samuel Phillippe visited the great Norwegian master at his hotel, measured his violin, chatted with him on sport and music and listened to his playing.

"As a trout fisherman he often fished the streams in the Poconos in company with other local lovers of the sport. Among his fishermen friends were Judge James Madison Porter, Colonel T. R. Sitgreaves, William Green, Phineas Kinsey, John and Abraham DeHart, Edward Innes, Sheriff Hackman and others.

"At the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, Samuel Phillippe's portrait and two of his rods were exhibited in the Fisheries building. The portrait, which was done in oils by Harry E. Brown, is described by George Roth, who saw it, as that of 'an old man with a bald head, Horace Greeley whiskers, and spectacles on his forehead.' The picture was labeled 'Samuel Phillippe, of Easton, Pa., born in 1801, died 1877. Inventor of split-bamboo rod.' There were also two of the rods on display, and a silver click reel.

"The late Cass Pollock, of Easton, owned one of Samuel Phillippe's rods. Upon his death his sister gave it to Mr. Farquhar. He presented it to the New York Angler's club and it is now a part of their collection of early fishing rods."

Mr. Robb says that suggestions for the Phillippe memorial keep pouring in on the committee. The latest and most ambitious is a bronze bas-relief portrait and historical inscription to face the bas-reliefs of Dr. J. T. Rothrock, the founder of Pennsylvania forestry, and Dr. J. H. Kalbfus, organizer of the Pennsylvania Game Department in the rotunda of Pennsylvania's state capitol, Harrisburg. It has been mentioned to have the governor deliver the dedicatory address, and the plaque unveiled by Charlie French, Secretary of Fisheries. It is sad that the grim reaper recently removed Mr. Nathan R. Buller, "the Doctor Kalbfus of Pennsylvania fisheries," and an active member of J. W. "Bill" Sheibley's Oetogenarians' club. When the Samuel Phillippe memorial plans were discussed with Mr. Buller, the veteran fish conservationist said: "I am one of the few to have seen the great rod inventor in action, when I was a teen age angler in the Poconos. He was good enough to take notice when I landed one particularly big trout and said I displayed skill. I was using an ordinary rod, and I returned the compliment by asking to examine his beautiful split-bamboo masterpiece. 'I don't claim much for it,' he said modestly, 'but I do say that it makes the sport pleasanter and easier, which is what we are all out to do.'"



Earl Kaufman of New Wilmington and fine 24-in. 5½-lb. Brownie he took from the Little Neshannock Creek

## LANDS LARGE WALLEYE IN CONEWAGO WATERS

J. Clair (White) Allabach, well-known sportsman of York County caught a big Walleye, 28½ inches long and 7¾ pounds, in the Conewago. Congratulations, "Whitey."

## 75 TURN OUT AT MEETING OF SPORTSMEN

Seventy-five members turned out for the monthly meeting of the Titusville Sportsman's Club in the Rainbow room recently. President William Helfrich presided and an unusually interesting movie, "Game in Pennsylvania," was shown.

The club now has 576 members with 142 in service. The last two men to join were E. Zahner and Frank Zubitz. Dave Cairns took high honors by securing 31 new members.

The following announcements were made:

The beaver dam at Mystic Park will be destroyed.

The Rabbits won the outdoor Rifle League championship.

A new indoor range will open in about three weeks.

Posters will be put up for the club's dog area on South Perry street hill.

Forester Leonard Hotaling said that the fire strips from the Drake Well to Miller Farm and Miller Farm to Petroleum Center have been completed at a cost one-third less than estimated. The extra money will be used for annual spring care.

*A line that is too heavy will quickly soften and ruin a good fly rod. Check the weight of line which the manufacturer of your rod specified for it and use that line. You will be able to handle the tackle easier, and the rod will not be subjected to harmful strains.*



## D. E. JEFFRIES NAMED HEAD OF FISH-GAME ASSOCIATION

D. E. Jeffries, of Loganton, R. D. 1, was elected president of the Southern Clinton County Forest Fish and Game Association at a meeting held at the Sugar Valley Vocational High School.

Other officers elected are: first vice-president, Stuart Tyson, Jersey Shore, R.D. 2; second vice-president, Don Orner, Loganton; secretary, Ernest Guisewite, Loganton, R.D. 2; treasurer, Ralph Welshans, Loganton, R.D. 2.

Ernest Wetzel, Jersey Shore, R.D. 2, was appointed chairman of the game committee; Fenton Wagner, Tylersville, chairman of the fish committee; Gilbert Hancock, Loganton, chairman of the membership committee. Randolph Thompson, lecturer for the State Game Commission, showed pictures on hunting and trapping.

## ANOTHER ANGLE!

The fisherman's poor luck isn't always due to lack of fish, but has other causes, including lack of effort on part of the angler, according to Harold Titus, in a recent issue of *True* magazine.

Titus, a member of the Michigan Conservation Department, asserts that extensive investigation in New York, Michigan, Illinois and other states after complaints about fished-out waters, disclosed that lakes and ponds frequently were overstocked with natural food and thus the angler's lure had little attraction for his would-be victims.

Investigators drained lakes and poisoned waters and discovered tons of fish in waters where the fishing was notoriously poor. Many lakes were overstocked with small blue gills, a natural food for the large-mouth bass. In other cases the investigators learned that small forage fish were dumped in well-stocked lakes and these became the prey of larger fish and made fishing poor.

## SCHAEFFERTOWN ANGLER LANDS BIG SALMON

One of the largest wall-eyed pike (Susquehanna salmon) caught in the state of Pennsylvania was snared by Harry W. Smith, of Schaefferstown, district representative of the United States Civil Service Commission.

Smith took a ten-pound, thirty-inch monster from the Susquehanna River at Falmouth.

Fishing alone from a small row boat, Smith felt a light strike from what he thought was a small catfish or sunnie. But when he set the hook, he thought he tangled with a submarine. Like a torpedo, the wall-eye streaked for deep water. It sulked there for several minutes and then began to yield line gradually.

After awhile the Schaefferstown angler brought the finny specimen up to the boat, but the sight of the craft gave the fish a new lease on life. Under the boat it dashed and then out again toward the deep water. Then it rose to the surface and churned the water with a terrific splash.

Thirty minutes later, Smith got his landing net under the wall-eye and as he lifted up on his catch, the hook fell out of its mouth. But the net held and Harry tossed the giant salmon into the boat. Luckily, he was using an 18-pound test line.



Mrs. Charles Crone bass fishing at Ditters Mill Dam in York County

## WEST SHORE SPORTSMEN MEET

THE West Shore Sportsmen's Association held its regular quarterly meeting at the Citizen's Hose Co. in New Cumberland. About seventy-five members were present for this important meeting immediately before the small game season.

Mr. Paul Baker, Chairman of the Game Committee, reported the Club purchased one hundred and fifty pheasants. Fifty of these birds were placed on the Club refuge on Ray Steward's Farm and the rest were released in the County. Mr. Baker also reported the local Boy Scouts were building 15 or more feeders for use this winter in feeding the game surviving the hunting season.

Mr. Charles K. Fox, Chairman of the Fish Committee, reported no stocking of fish during the summer months but did say the White Hill Industrial School was considering the establishment of a game farm for ringnecks at the School.

Mr. Cal Miller reports the Club game farm on Mr. Steward's farm was progressing favorably and that no foxes were seen recently. Mr. Miller called for volunteers to help patrol the posted game refuge during the early days of the hunting season. Mr. Miller also says ringnecks seem plentiful in the County.

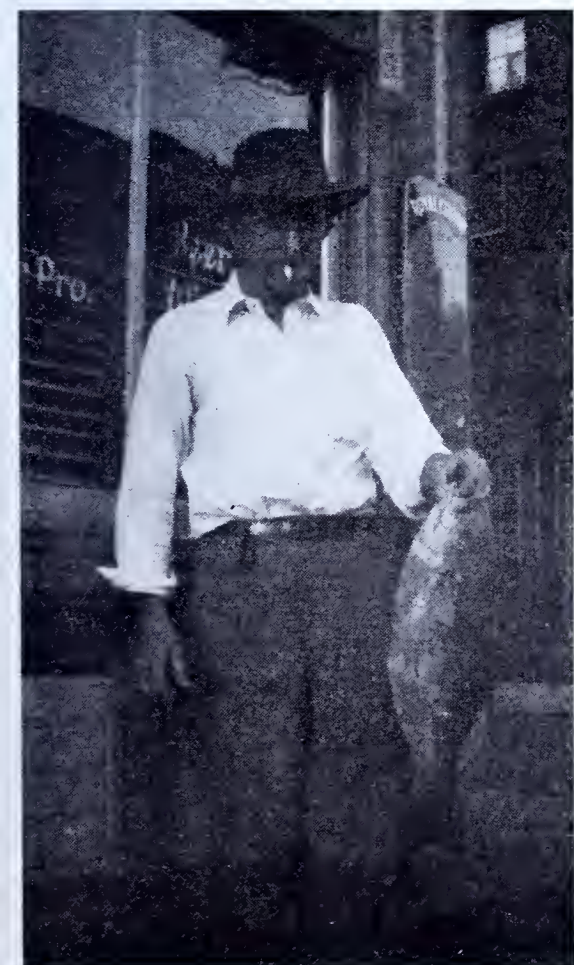
Mr. Ray Goudy was appointed chairman of a committee to arrange for shooting matches to

be held during November and December.

To further the interest of the younger generation in the activities of the Club it was decided to admit boys between the ages of 10 and 16 years of age to social membership free. A slogan "Bring the Boy Along" will be used on all future meeting notices. Returning members of the armed forces throughout the area will be invited to join up with this fast growing organization and reap the benefits of the combined Sportsmen's Clubs in the State. About 35 new and renewed memberships were received at the meeting. The new Club year started November 1, 1945.

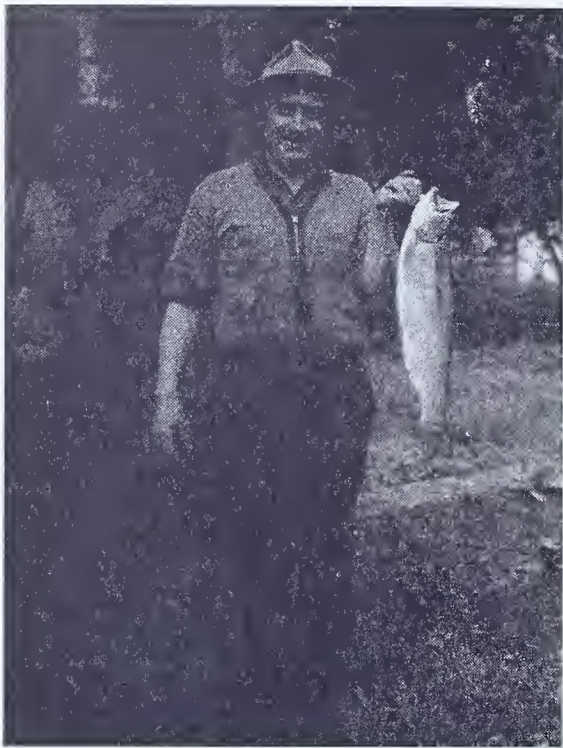
The result of the election of officers is as follows:—Mr. Claude C. Wolfe, President; Mr. Charles S. Newton, Vice-President; Mr. Charles F. Peters, Secretary and Mr. E. C. Shelley, Treasurer. Mr. John W. Martin, the retiring president, was given a rising vote of thanks for his untiring interest in the Club activities and in turn asked all members to stand by and support the new officers in the same way in which they supported him in the past.

Mr. Wm. Douglass showed some timely films in technicolor on Duck and Wild Geese Hunting in Missouri and on Quail which were very good and greatly appreciated by the members who then turned to the refreshments supplied by the committee.



This fine small-mouth Black Bass was caught by Don Holt in Lake Ontelaunel





John Golby of Johnstown and the fine 25-inch, 6-lb. Rainbow he caught past season at Fisherman's Paradise. John is an ardent booster of the project.

Amos Tash: "What is the difference between a church bell and a politician?"

Hi-Brow: "One peals from the steeple—the other steals from the people."

# TACKLE TERMINOLOGY

## NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ANGLING AND CASTING CLUB

(Continued from November, 1945, Pennsylvania Angler)

*click:* The mechanism which keeps the spool of a reel from overrunning. When reels have a silent click or check, the word "check" is more applicable. Most fly reels have stationary clicks because they are never used free-running, but mainly as a line storage.

*China Twist:* A hard twisted silk line, semi-transparent and quite stiff when dry—formerly made in Japan and until recently, more commonly known as "Jap Gut". Its chief popularity as a gut substitute was due to its comparative cheapness.

*clearing ring:* A ring used to disengage a hook when caught under water. Generally made of lead or brass.

*creel:* A basket or bag, slung from the shoulder, and used to carry fish—especially when wading.

*Creel:* The name of the official publication of the NAACC.

*creel harness:* A combination of straps used to keep the creel in place, and the rod arm and shoulder free, when wading.

*curve cast:* One, which by the use of a side or horizontal cast, places the line and leader on the water in a curve. May be either a right or left curve. A fly casting term.

D

*dapping:* A method of angling whereby the fly is repeatedly touched to the water and lifted off, in imitation of a natural insect depositing its eggs on the water. A natural or artificial fly is used just off the tip of the rod so that nothing but the fly touches the water. Generally, but 3 or 4 feet of leader extend from the rod tip (unless angling from a tree or high bank), and of necessity, a fairly stout outfit is required since one is usually confined to pretty cramped quarters.

*detached body:* A term applied to artificial flies having bodies of this type—actually, semi-detached. The body curves up from the shank of the hook instead of terminating near the bend of the hook as is generally the case. Most commonly used in the construction of artificial May Flies.

*dimpling:* A type of surface rise whereby the fish sucks in his prey with the least possible disturbance, showing only a dimple—usually indicative of a large fish.

The very opposite of this is the explosive type of rise, caused by a fish catching or attempting to catch an insect that is just about to leave the water.

*dipping:* See dapping.

*disgorger:* An instrument used in disengaging a hook in the mouth or gullet of a fish. Especially desirable for returning undersized fish to the water with a minimum of harm.

*divided-wing:* A term generally applied to a quill wing composed of 1 or 2 clippings from the correspondingly opposite wings of a duck, starling, or other bird, tied upright and divided by criss-crossing the tying thread several times between the tied-in clippings, forming the wing of the fly. See "split-wing".

*dobber:* A float used mostly in still fishing to determine when a fish takes a baited hook. Generally made of cork or quill.

*double-built:* A term generally applied to twelve-strip bamboo rod construction, forming a double layer of six-strip construction, for the purpose of added strength. Some heavy rods, usually salt water types, are triple-built, however, this is not common.

*drag:* An unnatural motion of the fly on the water due to some portion of the line or leader between the fly and the rod travelling at a different speed than the fly, thereby causing the fly to be dragged. While generally applicable to dry or floating flies, the term is also used in upstream nymph or wet fly angling.

*drawn gut:* Strands of natural gut that have been drawn through a sharp-edged die (preferably a diamond) to reduce their diameter and make them uniformly round. The "X" designations denote the number of times the strands have been drawn through the various dies to make the successive reductions in diameter. Strands average 16 inches in length. For sizes in thousandths of an inch, see NAACC Tackle Standards.

*dropper:* A piece of gut fastened to the leader to project at more or less right angles so as to keep the fly or split shot attached to it from fouling on the leader proper. Using a size heavier gut than the section of leader to which it is attached, also aids in preventing fouling. The fly attached to this gut is known as a "dropper fly".

*dry fly:* An artificial fly so constructed that it floats easily when kept dry. In a conventionally tied pattern, the hackle fibers project at more or less right angles to the hook shank so that their

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## BAIT CASTING

(Continued from Page 13)

lines, skinned knuckles; but worst of all, big ones that got away. I have asked a lot of fellows along the river why they pointed their rods this way, at the plugs, and most of them told me, to prevent wearing out their lines—I can buy new lines, but I cannot buy a prize fish.

In the beginning we advised your courting Lady Luck. In summation, we are thoroughly convinced that the best way to catch fish is to have her on your side. A number of years ago Floyd fished with Charlie and I quite a bit for bass. We fished in the afternoons, with crawfish. But he changed jobs and that meant either fishing at night with plugs or on Sundays with us. He had scruples against fishing on Sunday and Charlie and I respected him for it. We felt, too, that since according to the Book, the fish were here before we were, they should have a Sabbath, if they so desired it. But later we decided that most of the fish loafed most of the time anyhow and they did not need a day to rest. So Floyd took up plugging, and without success. He fished, and he caught nothing. We loaned him baits we had caught fish with, and still he caught none. Finally, one night, we went along. We stood in the river, a few yards on either side of him, and caught bass; he never had a strike. Eventually Charlie and I tired of fishing and sat upon a rock, spoiling the clean night air with a lot of flippant advice. Floyd kept doggedly at it. So Charlie said:

"I bet you the best cigar in the store, you don't catch one in the next ten casts."

That did it. Floyd started to reply but he never had a chance. He was the busiest man you ever saw, fighting his first plug-caught bass. And, once the ice was broken, or Lady Luck had changed her mind, he caught them right along with us. To be quite truthful, as a fisherman ought not to be, he and his luck have beaten us any number of times.

points, when resting on the surface of the water, support the fly, and together with the tail fibers, cause it to float in a horizontal position. There are many variations of this, one of the most novel of which is known as the "parachute" fly, as well as other less descriptive names. However, any fly having a buoyant body as its chief means of support is not a dry fly but a trout or panfish bug, since it would presumably be too small to be called a bass bug.

The earliest reference to the dry or floating fly appeared in "The Improved British Angler" by Robert Huish, 1838; however, it was not until much later that the eyed hook was evolved, causing the dry fly to really come into its own. See "eyed fly".

**dubbing:** The various materials (chiefly fur) used in making a rough or hairy body on an artificial fly by spinning together on a thread the various clippings of fur, etc., which in turn are wrapped around the hook shank to form the body.

This type of body is chiefly used on wet flies because of its translucency when in the water.

**E**

**eyed fly:** An artificial fly tied on a hook having an eye for attaching directly to the leader. Mr. Henry S. Hall of England is generally credited with having evolved the eyed hook in 1877 together with the method of tying split-winged dry flies. Actually, Mr. Aldam's "Quaint Treatise", published a year earlier, contained plates of May

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## STOCKING STREAMS IN PENNSYLVANIA



Fish Commission Tank Car arrives in Lancaster County with Black Bass for the Susquehanna

Placing Black Bass in the Big Conewago Creek in York County



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Flies tied on eyed hooks. It remained, however, for Mr. Hall together with Mr. George Bankhart to design a better hook and publicize this new method of construction which is substantially the same as we use today.

**F**

**false cast:** A cast made in the air in which neither the fly or the line touch the water. This cast is used, both to dry the fly and vary the length of the line in dry fly fishing.

**fanwing:** A fly having a wing composed of two breast feathers (generally duck) that curve outward when tied in an upright position. When viewed from the front, they should appear as two curved lines (not surfaces) extending upward from the hook shank. This reduces twisting of the leader (caused by the fly spinning) to a minimum.

**ferrule:** The metal plug and socket, which when fitted together (male and female) on the joining

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## PICKEREL HARVEST

(Continued from Page 7)

his kind, he came up, rolled on the top. I brought him in—a seventeen-inch pickerel.

It was the first pickerel that I had seen in five years, and it was a welcome sight. For a moment, my heart was warmed to fireside warmth as I thought how much I had missed this homeland of the pickerel. How often had I thought of these saddle-back mountains: the rock ledges, wind-falls, wide swamplands, the rough-board hunting and fishing camps; the frigid, vegetation-colored streams which rushed wildly down the rocky hillsides; the tiny glacial lakes.

I slipped the pickerel on the stringer, fished out another shiner, spaded quietly with the oars again. . . I threw out the shiner, drifted along in the quiet. Again the silence was intense. A grouse drummed from the brush behind the lake, but somehow this only deepened the quiet.

While drifting along, I began to cast again. But nothing happened. At length I pulled my boat beside my companions.

Hank said, "I saw you get one. Nice pickerel, wasn't it?"

"Not bad! How are you doing?"

"Rich the lucky stiff got some nice perch and a few bluegills. And me! Damn if I don't think my hook is poisoned!"

Rich laughed. "Fish stay clear of his line like it was off limits!" He dug into what looked like debris on the bottom of the boat and came up with a fat brown bottle. He uncapped it with a short upward twist and handed it to me. I took long draughts while I watched the fishing.

Rich's cork went down again (to the tune of a long moan from Hank) and he set the hook. Sharp bumps on his rod told the tale: a fair-sized fish. A minute later Rich netted another nice perch. "Funny how these babies lay still in the net!" he said.

"Shut up!" cried Hank. "I'm actually getting a bite!"

His cork danced up and down. It didn't go under; merely danced up and down, like a nervous child. Rich said, "What the devil" . . . And Hank lost his patience. He declared, "Enough is enough!"

Hank set the hook. He made solid contact. His rod was bent almost double. But the weight seemed steady, lifeless, like a dead weight. And yet Hank said, "It's something that moves a little! Doggone, I wonder if I have some new species of fish. . . !"

Rich roared. "A mud turtle!" he said.

Hank bellowed his disgust. The turtle wasn't hooked, and released his hold on the minnow. The line flew upward. Hank began what proved to be a considerable criticism of the way things were going—in Hank's own way. His words can be something like a blow torch.

I finished my beer and resolved to do a little fishing once more.

Another car pulled in beside mine along the highway, and soon another boat was launched on Blue Ridge lake. Two fishermen were in it. They talked noisily in Pennsylvania German. I watched them out of the corners of my eyes as I fished and deducted soon that they were casting with semi-surface plugs.

I rowed along slowly, trolling with a shiner, casting about with my dardevil. The surface of the lake rippled now; a stronger wind blew down from the northeast.

Finally I headed into a tiny cove. Here, the vegetation stood high, obscuring the shoreline, and growing here and there in the lake itself.

It looked perfect. But several casts with the dardevil also revealed that it was very shallow, and that the bottom was covered with moss. I had to quicken my retrieves.

Finally I hooked into something solid. At first, I thought of a heavy patch of weeds, and jerked sharply to free the hook. The line cut suddenly through the water like a motor-driven knife, whirring at a terrific pace toward and then past the boat shocking me for an instant. A pickerel! . . . He had hit the spoon swimming toward the boat and I had felt no savage strike!

In an instant I realized that this was no small pickerel. His lunge demanded line, line! I fed this line by thumbing my reel, retrieving when the pickerel attempted to rest or turned toward the boat.

He fought entirely in long, savage dashes. Once, I put too much pressure on him. In a flash he dove upward, clearing water, framing his fat green body amid a pile of foam. My heart leaped into my mouth.

But he didn't shake the hook. He worked the bottom again, digging frantically against the weight of my casting rod. Gradually, I could feel less enthusiasm in his rushes. I thought: He'll roll over soon. And he did. He rolled over like a dead duck. I reeled him in. . .

Then he saw the boat. With a suddenness that amazed me, he bored again for the bottom. He caught me unawares and I was certain that the hook would tear from his mouth. "You sap!" I told myself. "Never forget that last mad rush of a pickerel!"

And it was his last mad rush. He rolled on his side again—and this time came into the boat. He was a beautiful, sway-bellied pickerel, twenty-one and a half inches in length. He was a dark green color (considerably darker than the smaller pickerel), and the chain markings were dark and distinct.

I heard excited voices in Pennsylvania German, and looked up to see the strangers talking and pointing excitedly toward my boat.

But I was steamed up now for certain. Anxiously I cast again. . .

That, however, ended it for the day.

Rich Weaver and Hank did quite well with yellow perch and bluegills. Hank managed finally to land a few fish, but for him it was definitely an "off" day.

On the way in to the landing, however, we learned of a fine pickerel hole. The strangers were having a bit of fun with corks and minnows. When we left the lake, they had caught five nice pickerel between them.

Rich said, as he placed his first foot on shore, "Well, for being so darned close to the highway, this wasn't bad at all!"

"I didn't do so hot," Hank grouched. "I knew when that dog chased me it'd be a bad day!"

"It was a perfect day for pickerel to bite," I remarked. "Cloudy, cold . . . and September is pickerel harvest time, too!"

We felt jolly—Hank included. And we needed this good humor. Before we had driven long down the highway, an unpleasant discovery was made: I had steered into a big rock on the lane where I had parked, and had bent a tie rod on the car. It was slow driving to Stroudsburg—and a long wait in the garage.

But it was still a great day in the Poconos.

## TACKLE TERMINOLOGY

(Continued from Page 17)

ends of the sections of a rod, assemble the rod.

fly: See "artificial fly".

float: See "dobber".

float trip: A method of angling whereby the angler is floated down stream (usually in a substantial, flat-bottomed craft) and allowed to cast over the likely spots on the way.

floating fly: See "dry fly."

fly casting: A method whereby the weight of the line itself furnishes the momentum to carry the lure to its target. The leader and fly or flies being attached to the line; the momentum of the line carrying out the entire cast. Lures of no perceptible weight or wind resistance cast easier—this is especially true when using a light outfit.

fly casting reel: A reel having a comparatively narrow revolving spool of large diameter—generally single action with a fixed or stationary click or check.

fly fishing—A method of angling embodying fly casting.

fly rod: A fly casting rod sufficiently resilient so that the weight of the line, when cast back and forth, flexes the rod perceptibly and thus utilizes its power in imparting additional momentum to the line and its attached lure. Conventionally, it has a reel seat below the hand grasp so that the line may be readily stripped from the reel by the free hand. This position of the reel also effects a balance which causes the rod to feel lighter when held by the hand grasp. Usually 7 to 9½ feet in



length, composed of two or three sections, and having a series of snake guides starting with a solid ring "stripper guide" 18 inches or so above the hand grasp and terminating with the tip top—permitting a free passage of line along its entire length.

fly tying: The art of fixing various materials on a hook to represent real or imagined flies or other objects which deceive or attract fish.

forehand cast: A cast made with the arm movement at the side or partially in front of the body of the caster, and the palm of the rod hand facing the same general direction as the target.

forward cast: The casting motion necessary to place the lure (either fly or plug) in the direction the caster is facing.

foul: A tangling of line and leader or both, without or with the rod.

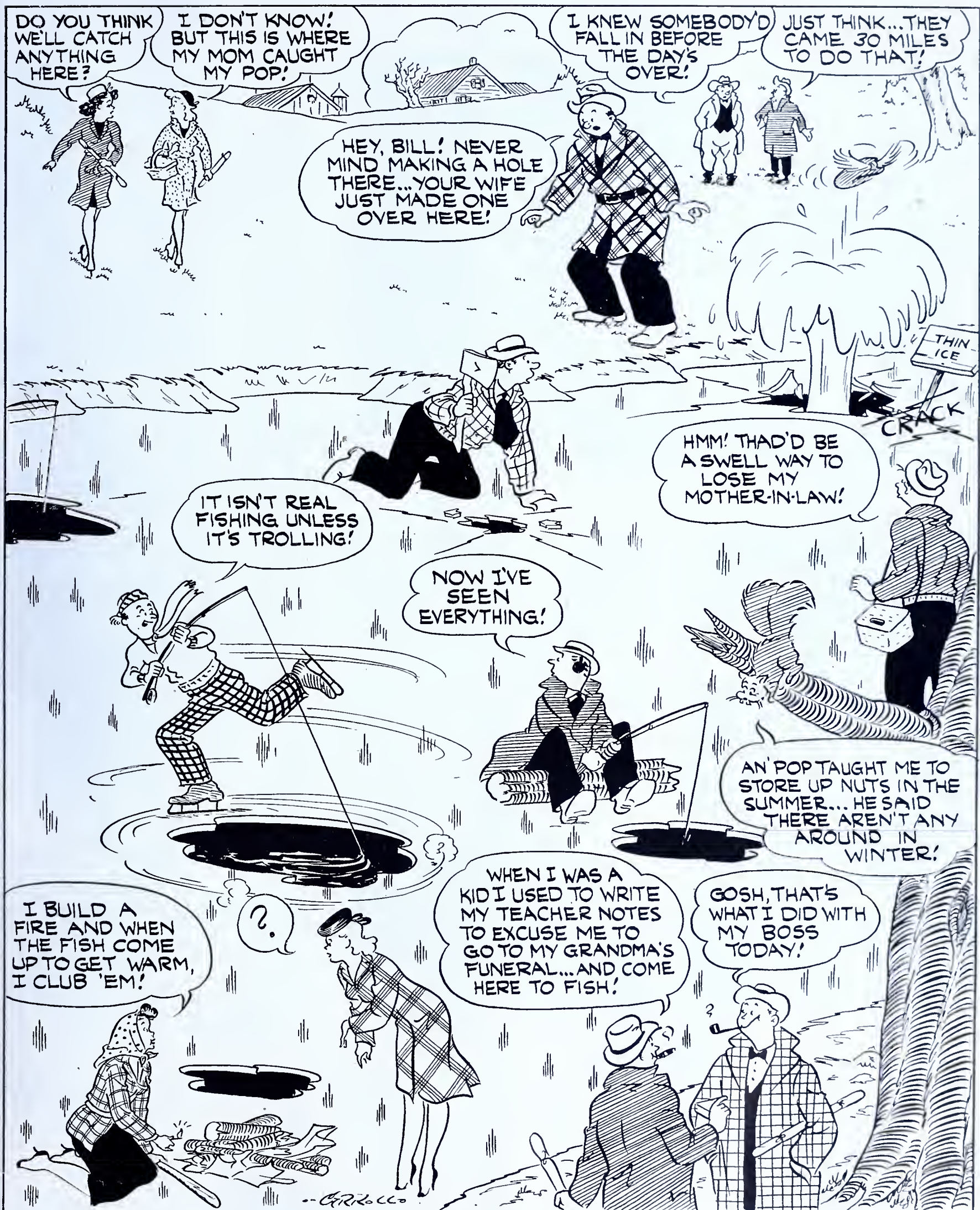
foul hooked: A fish hooked outside the mouth.

free hand: The hand not holding the rod. In fly casting it is also the "line hand".

free spool reel: A bait casting reel in which the spool runs free of any other mechanism when the lure is taking line out during the cast. In some reels this action is automatic, in others it is optional, the moving of a lever being necessary before the cast is made, to have it operate "free spool".

(Continued Next Month)







(Continued from Page 17)

## STOCKING PENNSYLVANIA STREAMS



York Waltonians stock Black Bass in Conewago Creek, York County



A tank car arrives at point of distribution



John M. Haverstick, a game protecting supervisor, helps stock Bass down Lancaster way

## Horrifying

Two young ladies were walking down Fifth Avenue. Suddenly one cut loose with a piercing shriek. "Look," she cried in amazement.

"What is so terrible?" asked her friend. "They are only midgets."

"Thank goodness," said the other girl, greatly relieved, "I thought for a minute they were rationing men."

## No Swimming

Country Constable: "Pardon, miss, but swimming is not allowed in this lake."

City Flapper: "Why didn't you tell me before I undressed?"

Constable: "Well, there ain't no law against undressin'."

"Looks like a smart dog you got there."

"Smart? All I gotta say is, 'Are you coming or aren't you?' and he either comes or he doesn't."

## TOM TREMELLEN SHOWS 'EM HOW!

Tom Tremellen of "Pumpkin Hollow," Washington Boro RD1 recently attained an exalted position in the eyes of piscatorial advocates, after having shown uncanny luck and skill catching deep sea monsters.

A few weeks ago Tom was as unfamiliar with fishing as a new born babe, so when he was invited on a marlin trip, friends anticipated having a chance to poke fun at him. He even questioned them why they were going for marlin when no one was interested in splicing rope. Then a kind-hearted member of the party spelled it out for him and explained that it wasn't marlin-spikes they were after but swordfish.

Tom raised his eyebrows and wondered what swordfish were, although he said not a word, thinking surely they were pulling his leg. However, instead of bungling his chances he succeeded in landing a 6-foot swordfish with apparent ease, which took the wind out of the sails of the crew who were puffed up ready to sweep him off the deck with jocularly.

Tom scoffed at the suggestion of having the fish mounted, saying "Wait till I get a big one." He amazed them by acting as unconcerned about handling the marlin as a housewife lifting a goldfish from a bowl while changing water.

No one else caught a fish and the "Old Salts" explained later that it was beginner's luck. They soon cooked up another trip so this disillusioned beginner would be set back in his proper place. Tom fooled them again by being the only one to snag the coveted marlin and this time it was a prize 8-footer.

Still he belittled the achievement, claiming it was a woman's sport and such a "small fry" to be unworthy of hanging above his fire-place.

Treating this big game fishing like a tiddly-wink pastime got under their skin but they had to grin and bear it while Tom basked in the glory of praise and wonderment of the outer world. Now his companions rue the day they asked him to accompany them as they tip their hats, bow and salaam in his presence to show their respect.

Tom (or Old F. S. as his close friends call him), is figuratively placed on a pedestal in the Elks lodge and beset by requests to take his brother Elks fishing at their expense.

## SPORTSMEN ELECT 1945-46 OFFICERS

The Fort Crawford Sportsmen's club held election of officers at their last meeting—choosing Jack Gillespi as president.

Well-known for his shooting prowess, Mr. Gillespi will have the following as fellow officers:

John Milburn, vice-president; C. W. Carnahan, secretary; Fred Grau, treasurer; Joe Ferguson, range officer; Thomas Kramer, game director; Fred McKean, fish director, and Mrs. C. A. Bickerstaff, social director.

*A reader suggests keeping helgrammites in lettuce leaves instead of packing grass or other kind of vegetation in the bait container. The helgrammites eat the lettuce, and it makes them hard-bodied and active.*

*Being hooked by a bass was the experience of Don H. Thompson, of Spokane, Wash. In landing the fish, which weighed two pounds, the hook was imbedded so deeply in Thompson's thumb that a doctor had to remove it.*























